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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JULY, 1921

AN ONLOOKER IN UPPER SILESIA

BY SANFORD GRIFFITH

THE application of democratic methods, as a plebiscite in regions where such institutions are unknown, has produced strange results in Central Europe. I visited Upper Silesia before and during the plebiscite, March 20th, to find out how the plebiscite ideal worked in application. In East and West Prussia, where the Germans had a large majority, it had been parodied by the Prussian authorities. How would it work here where Germans and Polish sympathizers were about evenly divided?

For nearly two years, plebiscite preparations were made by parties who never really wanted it. The German Government proposed to keep these provinces, whatever the people there might want, on the simple ground that the region is essential to Germany's economic life. The Poles wanted the coal on the same grounds, backing their pretensions by flimsy historical arguments.

The French, too, who presided at the Upper Silesian plebiscite, were sceptical of any democratic idea introduced since the French Revolution, and above all, were opposed to pervasive ideas which might be turned to the advantage of their late enemies.

The day of the plebiscite, despite the gloomy predictions of everybody, passed off with a calm and correctness which might well be copied in elections anywhere. At the twenty-odd polling places I visited in as many different towns, I found that some

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ninety-five per cent of the population registered had quietly voted.

The real parody of the spirit of the plebiscite—a free determination of peoples—came before and after. Both Poles and Germans used every weapon of propaganda from gold to dynamite to convert or to constrain the population to their way of thinking.

The Poles are for the most part peasants on the large estates, and miners. The remainder of the population is the German overlord-class, and comprises the land- and mine-owners, the manufacturers, and an army of omnipresent functionaries.

Curiously enough, social issues at no time came to the foreground during the plebiscite. Upper Silesia in this respect is very backward. Over sixty per cent of the land is owned by some seven princes and landlords, and these are among the fifteen richest men in Germany. The peasants live in almost feudal relations to their lord. They receive a wage not over half of that paid in some other parts of Germany. The condition of the Polish miners is almost as bad. Wages here before the war were thirty per cent lower than elsewhere in Germany. To visit these mining towns to-day makes a painful impression. The workers are badly housed. The children were barefoot at the beginning of March, and show retarded development from three years of malnutrition.

The democratic ideal in a plebiscite presumes not only that order be maintained at the polls, but that the people voting know approximately what sort of government they want. Both Germans and Poles, however, conducted their propaganda on the presumption that the people did not know. Instead of giving them political ideas however they played up their aversions. The keynote of the entire campaign was hatred. Germans and Poles were very much like two bankrupts who each imagined that he could patch up his business by proving the bankruptcy of the other. The vote therefore was less a positive political affirmation than a popular expression of what the people did *not* want to be.

The nature of this propaganda gives a clue to the degree of political development of the inhabitants. Neither Germans nor

Poles introduced abstract political ideas such as freedom of speech, local government, and the like. Both made their main appeal on economic grounds. Successful German propaganda showed the shrinkage in the buying power of the Polish mark as compared with the German. Posters which pictured the more or less imaginary prosperity of the Upper Silesians living in neat little German houses, while across the way a poor Pole sat disconsolately on a manure pile with only a tumbled-down thatch, were less convincing. The natives of Upper Silesia were accustomed to see Polish farmers at markets, and knew that at least conditions on the other side were not much worse than at home.

The Poles stopped at no material appeal. They pictured the poor Pole crushed down by a mighty weight of German taxes and war reparations. Another poster showed a butcher wearing a spiked helmet, sharpening a knife for a calf standing by with the inscription under it: "Only a stupid calf walks in to the slaughter." The Poles circulated the article of the peace-terms which required the Germans to replace cows and other cattle. Dr. Korfanty, in contrast, recklessly promised the Polish supporter free cows, free land, and whatever else took their fancy at the moment.

Practically no emphasis however was put upon social issues. Both the German and Polish Governments avoided them. The natives, too, have finally gone off in a political frenzy without asking themselves what change this or that government would bring into the ownership of mines and land or the improvement of working conditions. The Poles, however, circulated one effective poster, borrowed no doubt from the French Revolution, showing the peasant crushed down by a plank upon which stood a Lutheran pastor, a German Jewish banker and a Prussian officer.

The strongest Polish appeal has been the religious one. They picture the Polish White Virgin protecting Upper Silesian children in the folds of her cloak from a mad ape wearing a Prussian helmet. Another shows a friendly old bishop welcoming his children to Polish soil "made holy by the blood of a thousand martyrs," as one effective pamphlet concludes.

Religion plays the largest part in the political life of the Poles. Even Communist meetings in Upper Silesia, where Moscow should

supply the guiding Soviet star, have been broken up in disputes as to whether the White Mother of God (the Polish Virgin) or the Black one (German) has superior powers. The former is usually more popular because it is known that she understands only prayers in Polish, and hence is attentive to appeals in the local dialect. No Communist would think, for example, of not taking his children to be baptized or of not sending them to communion. Outside Communists hoped that they could induce the Poles to register a vote of protest by putting in a ballot for Moscow. But the religious issue predominated, and most Upper Silesian Polish communists voted Catholic Polish.

Hatred has been the key-note of propaganda in Upper Silesia. The result of two years of agitation has been to intensify racial differences to a point where it is becoming impossible for German and Polish sympathizers to work side by side. Where the Germans have a majority they are ousting the Poles. In towns such as Beuthen, where they are about equally divided, they live in constant fear of one another.

The people have developed a hearty fear as well as hatred for each other. During the day of the plebiscite I found the various military missions overloaded with appeals for help from people who expected hourly to be murdered. Nearly every village requested the Allies to grant them a division of troops the day of the plebiscite. Oftentimes both Poles and Germans sought help.

"Everybody in Upper Silesia is armed," a British district commander remarked to me. "Whether we raid German or Polish houses we collect a pile of arms." He showed me the list of a day's haul which comprised nine heavy machine-guns, three trench-morters, and several bushels of hand-grenades. "All these were preparations for the plebiscite, and would no doubt have been used had we not doubled our garrisons," the officer added with a laugh.

The British Colonel wore several rows of war-medals, but assured us that he had never been under such constant strain as on this Silesian front.

While we were chatting with him the day before the plebiscite, at least a dozen appeals came in for help. From one village two delegations, one Polish and the other German, came at almost

the same time asking to be saved from each other. "We are being murdered. Help us before it is too late," was their common cry. The first delegation consisted of two husky Polish miners who fumbled their caps. Each looked appealingly to the other to be spokesman. "But how many killed are there?" the Colonel always insisted. The miners finally admitted that as yet there were none, but that there might be many.

The German plebiscite chairman made an eloquent appeal for a company of soldiers to protect his house from frightful Polish bands. "But is your house actually being stormed?" the Colonel questioned. "Not yet," the chairman admitted, but pointed out that there were several groups of Poles on the streets. "Were you in the army?" the Colonel asked. The man admitted that he was. "Then you should know that a standing army is not attacking," the Colonel answered reassuringly.

One of the German delegations we saw was of Poles who had been identified with the German frontier police, the so-called German "*Stosstrupps*." They therefore feared their fellow Polish citizens. There had been four brothers. Two of them had been killed during the past month by bombs thrown in through their parlor window. The Colonel, however, made it clear that he did not intend to supply British body-guards for German assault-troops any more than he did for Polish, and promised them support only when their lives were actually menaced.

The terrorization in Upper Silesia was a reality which was bound to influence the plebiscite. The country, with a wide assortment of conflicting jurisdictions, has become an eldorado for highwaymen from both Germany and Poland who welcomed a democratic plebiscite as the one assuring them the greatest freedom for their own operations. But there are also political causes for discontent. The bitterness of the Upper Silesian Poles against Prussia is much like that of the Irish of South Ireland against the English. They regard the latter as the outsiders. They it is who hold all the public offices, who collect the taxes, who recruited for the army, and who are the foremen on the large estates and the mines. They too are Protestants, and oblige the natives to contribute to the maintenance of Protestant churches.

This latent hostility began to take positive form only under Bismarck's restrictions of the local Polish dialect and his vigorous German colonization policy. It deepened under the heavy war burdens and was fanned into flame after the armistice by agitation from all sides. The region was dominated and terrorized by so-called frontier defense armies, which were actually the remnants of the old Prussian army partly subsidized if not directed by a German Socialist Government. They were really intent on taking out on the Poles what they were unable to give the French. These bands made no distinction between the local Poles, many of whom had been loyal German soldiers throughout the war, and the neighboring Poles. They brutally suppressed Polish sympathies wherever they found them, with the result that they embittered an entire population which had been passive under Prussian rule.

I called upon Dr. Korfanty, the Polish Plebiscite Commissioner, on my arrival at Beuthen. He has his headquarters at the Hotel Lomnitz. It could be recognized by the fact that there are always a number of old American army cars before the door doing Polish courier service.

A group of surly, strong-armed men, unwashed and collarless, eyed me suspiciously as I passed. Others with bulging hip-pockets lounged out of the neighboring wine-room at the first notice. No one passes up the stairs without a signed credential.

The disused elevator-shaft was incased in heavy wire-netting. This was to discourage visitors from throwing bombs up the shaft. The railing, too, was wired for the same reason. At the top floor was a heavy iron gate. Behind this was the retreat of Dr. Korfanty. But to reach his office it was necessary to pass through a series of corridors and two other offices.

Finally I was in the presence of the Polish defender of Polish ambition and the head of the Polish campaign in Upper Silesia. One could not fail to observe that there was an intentional simplicity about this office. There was a broken-down washstand, a slop-jar, several tables piled high with papers, and a few remnants of food strewn here and there. A large map, showing historic frontiers of Poland extending across Europe, adorned one wall. There was a cheap print of Kosciuszko receiving a Polish flag

alongside it. I noticed that Dr. Korfanty's windows were also heavily wired, undoubtedly to stop bombs which might be tossed from across the way.

Dr. Korfanty gave something the impression of a prisoner in a self-constructed cell. He had an unwholesome pallor, and a certain heaviness of gesture which goes with life-timers. He admitted that he was convinced he would be murdered at sight were he to appear on the streets of Beuthen.

His explanations of the Polish case and of the methods used in Upper Silesia were more astute than convincing. He attacked the Germans for terrorization. When one of his guests suggested that the Poles might also have used similar methods, Dr. Korfanty only half denied the charge, saying modestly, "We do not pretend to be angels." When charged with spending large sums of money for propaganda purposes Korfanty replied indignantly, "We are honest in our propaganda. We have not spent nearly as much money as the Germans. What's more, I've never put my name to anything compromising."

Korfanty takes particular pains with foreign correspondents. Before the pressure of business became too great, he made himself familiar with the writing of the man he was to meet, and casually referred to one of his articles in the course of conversation. During interviews, his secretary will sometimes burst hastily in with a telegram of some new German atrocity. The night I was first there a telegram, brought at the opportune moment, read that Germans at a frontier-town had held up a train of Polish plebiscite voters.

No visit to the Lomnitz is complete without meeting Moritz, the faithful wolf-dog of Korfanty. When his master opens the door of an adjoining room this beast dashes out with a fierce growl ready to attack the calf of any unfriendly visitor. A timid Dutch journalist decided to placate him with a pat and a "nice doggy," but Dr. Korfanty pulled him back with a warning, "Don't touch him. He bit a French journalist the other day."

Whether an Upper Silesian feels himself a Pole or a German is entirely a matter of environment. If he is an educated man and made a living by a profession in Upper Silesia or elsewhere in Germany, he must have effaced his early Polish training, because

as such he cannot advance as teacher, lawyer or priest. An architect at Beuthen told me that he had met so many obstacles with a Polish-sounding name that he had finally felt obliged to change it. A Catholic priest at Deutsch Piakar described the misery of his Upper Silesian boyhood in changing from one world to the other. "During my early years at home," he said, "I heard nothing but the native Polish dialect. Then I was put into school, a typical Prussian one taught by an outsider (Prussian) who didn't understand a word of our dialect. We did not understand German, but were not permitted to speak a word of anything else. Those early years of study were a nightmare. I found the same discrimination against us even in the church. Instead of being permitted to remain here in the region I was sent to a poor Berlin parish. Natives of the region in the Prussian system had no chance of advancing and rarely of getting posts in the region. Their only hope on selling their souls was to find a subordinate post somewhere else in Germany."

This priest was to all appearances a cultivated German student. He was open in criticizing the unscrupulous propaganda methods used by both sides. It was evident, however, that he had revolted against the old system and that he regarded the plebiscite of that day as the beginning of freedom. He took us up a large hill back of the church. We passed by a holy shrine to which natives come from miles about to adore. I thought his mind was upon this, but no, he took us up to the top and pointed to a little stream winding in among the hills below. Beyond it were a few cottages and huts. "There is the frontier, and that is Poland's," he said.

Urbanek is for the Germans in Upper Silesia what Korfanty is for the Polish sympathizers. He too is a native of the region and is just as fanatical in his German solidarity as the Polish armored knight of Beuthen is in his. He is supposed, however, to be more scrupulous in his methods. His headquarters were in Kattowitz.

I visited him two days after the plebiscite. As his hotel has been raided twice by Polish enthusiasts, he too has resorted to barricade methods. A large iron door with a grill at the top now opens cautiously when visitors apply.

Urbanek's office also was at the end of an intricate corridor, so that any enemy trying to reach him would have to pass over the dead bodies of some hundred and twenty-two stenographers, tract-writers and messenger boys.

The Leitmotif of all German propagandists in Upper Silesia is Polish atrocities. Urbanek received us joyfully, reassuring us that he had an entirely new stock of stories for us. While awaiting the legal adviser, I looked about the room. It was in severe simplicity, like that of Korfanty. There was not, however, the conscious simplicity symbolized by dirty breakfast dishes that I had found by the hero of Beuthen. Dr. Urbanek had his desk cleared for action, and gave the impression of being a highly efficient functionary. He, like Dr. Korfanty, is a native of the region, using propagandist weapons with an elegance and astuteness which the usual propagandist from Brandenburg could hardly have used.

The legal adviser finally came in with two large folders of affidavits—"all crimes which have been committed by the Poles in the last ten days," he explained to us. But I had not time to wait. He therefore passed them over to me so that I might feel how heavy they were.

At this moment there was a dramatic cry. "My people of Anhalt are being massacred." A young man in clergymen's stock came into the room. His face was tense, and his eyes a trifle protruding from fear. In a nervous, high voice he began his tale. From time to time his companion, also a pastor from Kattowitz, chimed in with a note of resignation, as much as to say, "God's will be done." That the little Protestant colony of Anhalt was being massacred seemed to us very probable in view of the uprising there a year before when Polish bands burned down half the village. We therefore listened sympathetically, determined to do anything we could to bring the matter to the attention of the French authorities.

The massacre, however, reduced itself to threats and menaces, and a fear that something might happen. The only real violence was from a Pole who had waved a pistol in an unpleasantly suggestive fashion under the pastor's nose when he left town the day before.

The village of Anhalt is a little group of some three hundred Protestants, an old Saxon colony originally in the midst of a hostile Catholic Poland but transplanted here by Frederick the Great. Now it is again the centre of a hostile Catholic people who threaten to take revenge for Prussian bureaucratic oppression upon this harmless, peaceful community. We took the pastor with us to the Interallied Commission at Oppeln. Since my last visit I have been told that the colony has felt obliged to flee for safety.

Anything seemed possible the day of the plebiscite. The Allied commanders had told us that they had tanks and troops ready to move, and expected bloodshed. Appeals for help were coming in by the hundreds. One of these made repeatedly throughout the night seemed urgent enough to the commander to cause him to send a couple of trucks full of French troops to the rescue. The French lieutenant commanding asked me to join him as interpreter. We found a trembling German plebiscite committee member. It appears that during the night a Polish band had broken down his door and threatened to kill him for having supposedly denounced the movements of one of their Sokols. But this had happened at two in the morning, and we arrived on the spot about ten o'clock. The appeal for a company of troops seemed a trifle late. It was finally reduced to a humble request from the German inhabitants that Polish boys be kept off the streets during the day. "What are their parents for?" asked the French lieutenant innocently.

The German Commissioner at Beuthen promised us any number of atrocities. We therefore agreed to take a turn with him, and cover the plebiscite much as a police-reporter does a day's beat.

He took us to the villages about Deutsch Piakar, a German frontier town, and began a futile search for atrocities. We found a German who asserted that he had not been permitted to vote. After getting the support of the six local policemen, although there was no indication that the Poles used force to keep him away, the German Commissioner took him triumphantly to the polls.

This, after all, was not an atrocity, and the German Commis-

sioner felt that our day was not what it should have been. As we neared Deutsch Piakar he pointed to a group of boys dressed in their Sunday-best, and whispered triumphantly, "Polish assault troops." "But I see no arms," I objected incredulously. "They all have pistols in their pockets," the Commissioner assured me. The British answered a German appeal for help from a Polish assault troop. When troops arrived on the spot they found an assault troop,—a squad of young Poles playing football.

But violence there has been and will continue to be. Villages which have a large majority in Germany, as in East-Prussia, will make life intolerable for Polish sympathizers who live there.

Nearby was the estate of Tillie Winckler, one of the largest land and mine owners of the region. We discovered that his property had not been in the least disturbed by the miners even though he had openly declared his German sympathies. He was fairly popular among the workers then. Many of the German foremen were also not molested. Several Germans, however, who were particularly unpopular had been pitched out of their houses that day.

I would conclude, therefore, that the hostility among the miners and peasants has no direct social significance, and only a secondary political one. It is primarily personal, and directed against Prussian officials who made themselves particularly disliked.

No frontiers have, as I write, been given to Upper Silesia. Unrest continues, and the Allies find themselves under the necessity of keeping garrisons there. The plebiscite was not decisive enough in the industrial triangle to make a division purely in line with popular will a practical one.

From these difficulties, however, it should not be concluded that a democratic method such as a plebiscite has no place in settling frontier questions among backward peoples. In Upper Silesia the plebiscite had the positive result of showing the world that a million Poles refuse to remain with Prussia. This discord the Germans themselves would never have admitted. That they choose to join Poland should settle, and undoubtedly will settle according to both British and French plans, the fate of Pless and Rybnik. Here the people by a large majority want to

go Polish. Through their will, demonstrated in the plebiscite, and from nothing else, Poland has claims to them.

The same plebiscite proved the emptiness of Polish claims west of the Oder, and to the region including and north of Oppeln. It does not, however, settle the real matter of discord, the industrial triangle. Here both Germans and Poles have good claims. But it is certain that neither the German nor Polish solutions would give sufficient security and order for successful exploitation of the region unless the rights of minorities, who are bound to remain there, are fully protected in the original spirit of justice which inspired the plebiscite.

SANFORD GRIFFITH.

FUTURE IMMIGRATION

BY FRANCES KELLOR

THE passage of the law, operative for a period of a little more than one year, which limits immigration to 3 per cent of the number recorded under the 1910 census, marks a new era in immigration legislation. Its significance lies less in the fact that it provides against an emergency created by numbers than that it ignores the traditional conception of the United States as an asylum for the oppressed and persecuted peoples of the world. An amendment exempting political refugees was proposed in the House and passed. An amendment exempting refugees from religious persecution was proposed in the House and defeated. The Senate declined to adopt either of the proposed exemptions, so we may conclude that, after mature deliberation, the policy of this country is now shorn of a loose idealism which practice has often belied. The country, by this law, places immigration on a wholly economic basis and makes its affairs international in their future practical operation.

This modification of American tradition and law is the culmination of profound changes which have been taking place almost unnoted in our American life. These changes have altered our conception of our country to the extent that we now believe it to be economically independent of immigration in the sense that industries and production can proceed unhampered without it. It is a question now of the pace, rather than of the necessity. The question of a labor supply to develop industry has thus become subsidiary to the larger economic questions of international commerce and finance from which immigration seems likely to be inseparable in the future. This tendency is increased by the fact that the United States has become an emigration as well as an immigration country. Once the flow of immigration is established on fairly even terms in both directions,

economic laws alone will prevail, modified only in such ways as the political and social concepts may determine.

It will help us to understand how these modifications have taken place, if we recall the conditions of immigration before the war. The early immigrant heard stories of conquest and of fabulous wealth to be had for the seeking, and the spirit of adventure lured him from his native country. Leaving his native land was a simple affair. He sold his property, "packed up his family," and left. These pioneers were followed by the more cautious ones, who awaited assurances of the success of their predecessors. Later, immigration depended largely upon prepaid tickets and definite promises of work or assistance. In this way, immigration became first a racial matter, and then, later, almost a family affair. To-day, practically 80 per cent of all immigrants travel on prepaid tickets, their departure having been stimulated, and their reception and distribution managed, through racial channels.

This ascendency of a racial system of selection and assimilation occurred because the desire of the American immigrant to bring over his relatives and friends, and their willingness to come, fitted the policy of the foreign Governments whose nationals they were. European countries were flush with population. They seemed fairly secure in their power. They had men to spare, and when their subjects did not like conditions in their own countries their emigration was encouraged. It was reckoned more profitable to expedite the emigration of rebellious or ambitious subjects than to provide educational facilities, to grant lands, to increase economic opportunities, or to abolish class distinctions. The only effective barriers were those erected by countries of immigration. These were set up as the result of violent contests carried on between those who wanted immigration and those who were opposed. Countries of origin regarded such contests with indifference, if not detachment, since the individual immigrant was primarily the person affected.

But the war upset the system and set Europe thinking. Some of the countries involved in the war found a considerable percentage of their fighting forces in other lands or in alien armies. Many of their emigrants did not respond when the recall was

sounded. Even the spirit of sacrifice, when measured by relief funds and service, did not meet the expectations of the native land. This experience, when viewed in connection with the prospect of future wars, of slow economic rehabilitation, and of the instability of the Governments of some of the new nations, has created doubts about the wisdom of continuing pre-war immigration policies. Then, too, the problems facing Europe in securing foreign markets, in enlarging fiscal policies, together with the fear of American economic power, are making European Governments exceedingly reluctant to contribute gratuitously an adult population to build up a greater America. The emigrant is now regarded as an asset that can be used to advantage in the international economic struggle.

But the war also set the American thinking more seriously about immigration. His experience with alien enemies, his discovery through war activities of the persistence of racial traits, his realization of the delay in Americanization, and his closer acquaintance with racial colonies, societies and press, are transforming racial detachment into positive antagonism. His faith in automatic assimilation has given way to apprehension. He, too, has become distrustful of the wisdom of past immigration policies.

This distrust is the background of the present demand for the suspension of immigration. It accounts for the willingness of the American to believe that millions of immigrants are coming to this country, even when it has been shown that the capacity of steamships will limit the number to less than a million a year. Instead of accepting facts, the American constructs phantom ships. This distrust is the basis upon which new laws are enacted. These laws are intended to safeguard the country from "undesirables" even when the immigration law already excludes them. This distrust explains the panic over typhus at a time when the quarantine law, under Presidential proclamation, could have been invoked to suspend all immigration from all areas where disease prevails. Always on the defensive and inclined strongly toward restriction, the American has now come to regard restriction if not suspension of immigration as a national necessity.

With both America and Europe in favor of curtailing emigration, it would seem that the policies would be in harmony. But, unfortunately, the spirit of retaliation and the desire of countries to take advantage of each other are the motives behind the policies. When Americans talk percentage restriction, it is with the intention of "skimming the cream off the populations of Europe." When Europeans talk about curtailment they have in mind capitalizing their emigration for purposes of national rehabilitation or for international trade expansion. An attempt on America's part to handpick immigrants in a stranger's garden will meet with the same reception as an attempt on the part of European countries to withhold their nationals from American naturalization and assimilation. The misunderstanding which will arise from such efforts will be concerned less with the amount of immigration than with the status of aliens in the various countries.

The American attitude of mind is not especially disposed to regard the immigrant as an international human being. Neither is it concerned with much more than numbers. Proceeding upon the assumption that this country will continue to be a favored one for immigration, the American sees no need to change the national policy of dealing with the individual immigrant. He reasons that thirteen millions foreign-born people, and as many more whose ancestors were born abroad, will supply this country with more immigrants than it needs; that the vast areas of uncultivated lands, the thousands of deserted farms, and the regions not reached by railways and as yet undeveloped by irrigation are a sufficient attraction for future immigrants. He thinks the aspirations of American business men to increase production and develop markets will maintain wage rates and standards of living which for many years to come will be the envy of Europe. He believes the American form of government to be superior to any other and that men who are satisfied with economic conditions in their native countries will, nevertheless, come to America to obtain liberty, equality and fraternity. He sees nothing but an unlimited supply of immigrants and believes that all this country needs to do is to open or close its doors at will. To him it is unthinkable that there will not always be a long waiting list.

But evidences are accumulating which indicate that this position is not as tenable as before the war. The census figures for 1920 have proved a great surprise. They show that in the past decade, the gain in population from immigration has been but 2.6 per cent, or about 358,442: an average gain of 30,000 per year. During that period the immigration reports show that 5,715,811 immigrants entered the country, and 2,174,123 returned. In other words, for every two immigrants who entered, approximately one returned, giving this country a turnover in its immigrant population of 50 per cent. There is also an unknown quantity to be accounted for. If the gain was but 358,442, the question is what became of the three million who are not included in the increase or in the departures.

The European attitude of mind, on the other hand, is tending steadily in the direction of international coöperation. There are many new questions which seem to have no method of solution except through international agreement; there are many prevailing practices in individual countries which are viewed with disquietude. For instance, the American practice of regarding races as equally desirable, while characterizing certain immigrants as unwelcome, does not carry with it an assurance of confidence to countries vitally concerned with the success of their emigrants. Such nations would prefer a more definite understanding with this country. Then, too, countries having a large emigration have long regarded, as a matter for future adjustment, the waste and exploitation inherent in an immigration based upon individual impulse and initiative. Their statesmen have followed the history of emergency legislation in the United States with a good deal of care, and many of them have about reached the conclusion that they cannot afford to depend upon the United States as the chief future outlet for their surplus population. They regard the intelligent placement of manpower by the Government as part of a national economic policy, as a matter of far too great importance to the native country for individual immigrants to continue to roam about the world at will.

How fast or how slowly this state of mind will operate to change the conditions under which emigration will take place depends upon European conditions now in process of adjustment. That

changes in immigration policies will accompany, rather than wait upon, such adjustments is everywhere apparent. Many countries are improving working and living conditions, distributing land, granting political freedom, improving educational facilities, creating new opportunities with the intention of keeping emigrants at home. They are making provision with equal care for emigration where that is advisable.

In accordance with the belief that its immigrants were not especially desired by the United States, Italy has issued a decree suspending immigration to the United States. It took similar action with regard to Brazil a number of years ago, when conditions of settlement in that country were unsatisfactory. It is now perfecting negotiations with South American countries and Mexico to receive immigration; and a commercial corporation, endorsed by the Government, is being organized to handle its distribution in a businesslike way. Sweden has a semi-official anti-emigration society which is having a marked effect, not only in decreasing emigration, but also in inducing many Scandinavians in the United States to return home. In certain European countries, where the Canadian Government has sought to reëstablish its colonization offices which existed before the war, it has been informed that no stimulation of emigration will be welcomed, as the policy is now definitely against emigration.

But not less significant than these nationalist movements are the international agreements now being negotiated in Europe. The object of such treaties is to locate the surplus population of one country in a country that needs labor, under conditions that will not prove burdensome to either. Such treaties possess the advantage of locating nationals within immediate call in case of war, and of providing living conditions which keep them fit.

Typical of them is the treaty between Czecho-Slovakia and France, under date of March, 1920. These Governments mutually agree to grant all administrative facilities to citizens of each country and their families who repair to their countries for labor purposes, as well as for repatriation. It also authorizes the collective registration of workmen. It provides in general that immigrant workmen, for equal labor, shall receive the same rate of pay as nationals in the same category, and that they will

enjoy the same protection accorded to native workmen. It provides for the payment of pensions, indemnities and compensation for injuries upon terms as satisfactory to foreign as to native born workmen. Inspectors and correspondents who speak the language of the immigrant workmen are to be employed by the country of domicile to see that these provisions are carried out. No especial authorization is required for nationals either to enter or leave the country of domicile. But they may secure a contract of registration, in which case they will be directed to their destination and may receive free shelter and care *en route*. These centres will also provide employment. If employment is unobtainable the native Government will be advised and provision will be made for their return. Under organized registration, the two Governments fix by common accord the number and category of workmen who will be the object of registration in a way not to harm either the economical development of the country or of the workmen. A joint commission meets at least once a year to determine the number and kind of immigrants, the transportation, sanitary protection and other measures necessary to their transfer. Registration is effected through the central labor office and careful inquiry is made into conditions in establishments in the country applying for labor in another country, as to strikes and lockouts and labor agitation. Approved demands for labor are then transmitted through diplomatic channels to the country where registration is to take place. The conditions under which the savings of immigrants may be transferred to the savings banks of the native country are prescribed.

But it has remained for the League of Nations, through the International Emigration Commission of the International Labor Office, to indicate the trend of European immigration policies. By means of a questionnaire, and the appointment of a correspondent in each country, including our own, this Commission proposes to discuss at the session August second and report its findings at the Fall meeting of the League of Nations, concerning the following questions:

Of ensuring, by agreement between the countries of emigration, of transit and of immigration, the best application of the national laws by coöperation between different countries; of simplifying and unifying the formalities to be

accomplished in the different countries as regards the entry and departure of migrants, so as to ensure their full efficacy with a minimum of inconvenience to those concerned; of ensuring to immigrants recourse to efficacious tribunals with the services of competent professional advisers, interpreters, assistants.

. . .

The elimination of agents interested in promoting emigration, and their replacement by competent public officials entrusted with furnishing information to future emigrants; the creation of national systems of labor exchanges and information offices in the countries of emigration and immigration; the abolition of the system of "Padroni" and the institutions exploiting immigrant workers; the protection of emigrants handicapped by their ignorance of the national language and methods of work.

But of the greatest significance is the proposal to determine if the International Labor Office is to be entrusted with the following tasks:

Adjusting, if possible, the difficulties which may arise in regard to questions of emigration of workers between countries of immigration and emigration; studying the means of coördinating, in agreement with the governments concerned, the legislation of different nations so as to reduce the points of unnecessary friction; ensuring the application of the measures of an international character which the Governments may deem proper to establish by common accord with a view to the satisfactory working of their national laws concerning migrations; protecting immigrants who are not entitled to consular protection; supervising the application of the international conventions which may be concluded relating to the recruiting of workers in foreign countries; coöperating in the organization of labor exchanges for immigrants and emigrants; and establishing systems of recording international statistics of emigration.

With this trend of thought, it can only be a question of time when the immigration treaty and international conference and joint Commission will be presented to this country as a means of solving some aspects of immigration hitherto but hardly considered. As our forefathers framed consular treaties to enable the young country to grow; as they adopted commercial treaties to enable the new country to prosper; as they framed naturalization conventions to enable the ambitious country to protect its citizens all over the world; so we to-day may frame immigration treaties which will enable this country, still young, to safeguard a future inseparably linked with the past of many peoples from European lands.

FRANCES KELLOR.

TEACHING VERSUS BUSINESS

WHY I REMAIN A TEACHER

BY A COLLEGE PROFESSOR

NEARLY three years ago, pedagogues were leaving their desks to go into the offices and laboratories of certain "essential" industries, in order that their abilities might be put to the greatest advantage in helping to win the war. Some of them never went back to the classroom. One in particular I recall, who, in a magazine article, by means of many complaints against teaching, explained why he remained in Industry. Will you permit me the same cloak of anonymity, so that I may dare to explain why I find it conceivable that a man might not want to return to Industry who had voluntarily gone from it into the vocation of teaching? My pen sticks a little at the use of the term "industry" as wholly distinguishing business life from work in a college classroom and office. Some college professors are industrious, and some business men are not. But after all, any terms will do, so long as they are understood.

The commonest and most obvious arguments against college teaching are all reducible to terms of dollars and cents. Low salaries, meager facilities for work, slow promotion and the benevolent or superior attitude of that section of the public which evaluates a man by what it knows he is paid; these are some of the forms.

A second group of considerations has to do with depressing academic tradition, as, for instance, the importance placed upon titles and degrees for their own sakes, leading to a sort of academic oligarchy, with its attendant envies, jealousies and injustices; and the existence of an artificial code that makes it difficult for a college teacher to seek readjustment or self-advancement.

There is a third argument even more difficult to condense because of the many forms in which it appears. It cites the effect

which any long period of teaching has upon the teacher himself. Its upholders refer to the evil effects of constant association with immature minds. They claim that it produces a certain arbitrary or dictatorial mode,—an unconscious affectation of omniscience. They call attention to the "professorial manner," which corresponds to that of the clergyman and the doctor and the dentist.

Then there is the alleged effect of an abnormally cloistered life, a resultant tendency to unpracticality, to a certain ingenuousness, a weakening simplicity in affairs of the world. College professors tend to become visionary, with specialization carried so far that sane judgments outside the special field become impossible. Even within their special fields they are merely theorists who never test their own theories in practice.

A fourth argument is closely related to this. A community made up of specialists, and impecunious specialists at that, each immersed in his own pursuit, is an unsatisfactory community in which to live. Its life must be narrow, and narrowing. One's neighbors are all of the same sort. The days become full of petty annoyances. There is over-much gossip and squabbling.

Finally there is the argument that the college teacher is denied complete intellectual freedom. He "is stifled in an atmosphere of intellectual censorship."

I trust that I have made the indictment against the profession sufficiently strong. I have heard all these charges stated in one form or another and have turned them this way and that, to study them as fairly as I may, in the light of my own problem.

First of all, do not expect me, in defending the business of teaching, to defend the whole social fabric of our time. Colleges are not unrelated to the world about them. They are a part of it. I must keep in mind the question "Teaching *versus* Business: which shall it be in this present-day world—for myself?" The siren of Business strums some alluring chords. It sings of good pay, of merit promptly rewarded, of complete facilities for work, mental or physical. It points to men of apparently poorer equipment at the start who now enjoy a vastly greater number of luxuries. It hints of practical idealism in the study and application of sick benefits, industrial insurance, profit-sharing plans, better

housing, and the like. It promises more broadening contacts, and complete freedom of thought and independence of action.

I think that I need not argue at any length the question of financial return. College professors are underpaid. They are underpaid by institutions which now receive as students the sons and daughters of our wealthiest business men. A prosperous captain of industry accepts college education for his son at a low rate knowing that he is getting something for which he pays too little, and knowing that his son's teachers are underpaid. Business men serve as trustees of these institutions, and it is because of their final decisions that income has gone into equipment of buildings rather than into better payment for the teaching force. Or, if their hands are tied by the terms of bequests, it is because those terms were laid down by business men who preferred to leave buildings and material equipment as tombstones graven with their names, rather than to endow faculties. But they are dead, and doubtless are now surveying these questions with a discernment I am unable to apply.

No, I shall not argue the question of salaries. Egotistically I believe that in dollars and cents I am underpaid. I hope that the men in industry who have made themselves responsible for the situation will see that those who come after me are more adequately rewarded, and I trust that the funds will be raised without the use of such slogans and phrases as are current in drives for charity!

I would give even less space to the financial argument if the question had not been so widely discussed of late. Making money is a business in itself. Men can do that who can do little else. The teacher is engaged in other businesses that he finds of greater interest. I hope society will insist that these shall yield in time an adequate financial return, and for the sake of my family I must try to make them do so.

Other arguments in this discussion deserve far greater consideration. Likelihood of promotion, for instance; ready recognition of talents and industry; fluidity of employment: these are matters of great importance, unless ambition is to be crushed and apathy take its place, and friendly emulation give way to jealousies and distrust. In the first place, we must be careful not to confuse

instances with generalizations. I can cite business offices where jealousy is far more generally rife than in any college, where the highest executive officer of them all regards with evident suspicion the rise of anyone to a place near his level; and I have seen that spirit carry itself down through every grade. I have heard business men say that one of the most important future efforts in their establishments must be directed toward the development of *esprit*, because their output is curtailed by the existence of ill-feeling and distrust.

As for fluidity of employment in business and in teaching: the general manager of a railroad said some time ago: "I find that I deal with two types of fellow manager, when I am looking about for men. If, for instance, I turn to Jones' road for a competent assistant, and offer one of his men higher place with me and better pay, Jones is angry. He seems to consider the matter a personal attack, and he makes both of us as sorry as possible that the offer was ever made. On the other hand, Brown considers it a compliment to his organization and his training if I offer one of his men higher place in my company. If he wants to keep the man, he makes a counter-proposition. If he cannot afford to do that, he says to him, 'Accept the offer with my blessing; I can move Robinson up into your place. At least it gives me a chance to reward a good man below you.'"

The ex-professor who rejoices that he is out of teaching and in business is fortunate in the concern which now employs him. He might have been unfortunate. He is right about the slowness of academic promotion, and this again is the old argument of dollars and cents; the rewards of teaching are not measured entirely by the speed of promotion. But is not industry crowded with men of middle age living close to their incomes, and worried as to the future, afraid to bring up the question of a needed "raise" lest it might be a step in the direction of discharge? In the university there is at least some sort of tenure-of-office law, and some protection against whimsical discharge. As for promotion, universities are improving in that regard, though improving a little bit more slowly than business houses. This phase of college management is generally controlled by the business men who serve as trustees.

As for the teacher's opportunities of higher place elsewhere, when promotion within his own university is blocked: the field is large, and the profession of teaching undermanned. College executives differ, just as railroad executives differ. If an instructor desired to stimulate invitations from other institutions, for justifiable reasons of his own, why should he not go to his executive superior, make his reasons clear, and ask friendly assistance, rendered in such a way that it would be an endorsement rather than a detriment? As for writing letters in my own behalf to persons who might be of aid to me, of course the question largely depends upon how such a letter is written. An officer in a business house hesitates to write to other business houses direct, offering his services, while he is still presumably in good standing in his own concern. "It isn't done," says the ex-professor. Of course it is done, just as much in the academic world as in the business world. If it is done right, it may be effective, and if it is done wrong, it injures the writer's chances, and quite properly so. We are both basing our arguments upon individual knowledge or experience. He says that he wanted to do it, and was told that he mustn't. I say that if I wanted to do it, I certainly should. It is one professor against another.

It is the charge that teaching injures a man's personality which I naturally find most irritating. "As an instructor I was a man among children," confesses a writer, "dictating year in and year out to immature youths unable or unwilling to talk back," and he longs to be a man among men. Then for Heaven's sake why was he not a man among men? There are men enough; the fault lay with himself alone. Colleges unfortunately do know the type of teacher who is never a man among men, and that university is most blessed which has fewest of them. A teacher who "dictates" to immature youths usually influences them about as much as would a katydid. He misunderstands his function, which is not to provide them with ready-made conclusions. There are two or three men living who were my teachers in my undergraduate days, whose friendship I cherish to-day. As teachers they stimulated discussion. As I remember it, their students were neither unable nor unwilling to "talk back." Those old teachers have spent a lifetime in the companionship of immature

youths without losing manly force or the ability to be men among men. Yes, both kinds of college professor exist, but surely the discouraged or debilitated one will do less harm in industry.

Does it not amount to this: that some men fail in the vocation of teaching just as some men fail in the world of business—because they are unfit for it? I do not believe that the qualities which unfit a man for one necessarily fit him for the other; neither realm wants the other's discards! But that a man should fail to find in his first choice those satisfactions which he discovers in his second proves nothing, except that he made a mistake which he was fortunate enough to correct in time.

The most interesting of the contentions in favor of industry contrast the practical idealism of business, and the visionary, vague or ineffective idealism of the college. Two thoughts come to me in this connection. Industry is more and more demanding a college training for its directors. The new leaders of industry to-day are college-trained men. If they are bringing to business a practical idealism that is so warmly described, it is fair to assume —and in fact they frequently assert—that they gained it in their college years, under men who succeeded somehow in instilling it. If it is true that those instructors were unpractical, perhaps it was because their task had to do with theory,—in the firm establishment of *principles* in the minds of embryo industrialists. Yet the ex-teacher I have once or twice quoted is himself an example of the college professor who, when the nation's call came, left the classroom, and was able at once to make his training of service. He was willing to lay aside his robes and soil his shirt-sleeves in an industrial laboratory. It is a matter of worthy record that hundreds and hundreds like him did the same thing, and then, when the task was done, returned to the classroom to resume their teaching.

The final argument I have cited is that of intellectual freedom. It is true enough that there have been notable examples, even recently, of great universities which attempted to restrain their teachers in the expression of their views. Instances have received wide publicity, and it has been good for the health of higher education. But two or three facts deserve emphasis here, even in connection with these instances. Pressure was brought to

bear not on what teachers thought or said, but upon what they arbitrarily taught; and the pressure was exerted not by fellow teachers, but by certain business interests represented in the control of the college. Men of extreme conservatism, to say the best for them, acting in all sincerity and in the belief that they had a great responsibility to prevent the inroads of "pernicious" and "false" doctrine, took such action as they did. Are there no business firms which would in one fashion or another rid themselves of "radical" managers or foremen, especially if such men felt it their duty to be propagandists? I do not seek to justify—but merely to deny industry's superiority in this regard. It seems to me that a teacher should recognize two kinds of freedom, demanding the one and not the other. One is the freedom of belief, and the right to *express*, not to enforce, his conclusions. The other is the freedom to make an offensive noise just because it will be offensive to those with whom he differs. Of course it is foolish for a university to martyrize one of the noisy sort. There is a phrase recorded in New England colonial history which comes to my mind. It seems that the Quakers, who were the boisterous protestants of Roger Williams' day, were not a problem in his colony, nor had they been in Plymouth; for the simple reason that neither colony barred them out. "For," said Roger, "they go only where they will find trouble." A teacher and a propagandist are two different things!

It is interesting to note the conflicting testimony on this very subject. Our radicals tell us that the colleges are refrigerators of conservatism, where every teacher is an intellectual slave to the great financial interests which have endowed the institution; or, if it be a State university, to the financial interests which control the political party which elects the legislature which votes the budget.

On the other hand, your conservative business man or politician is protesting that the colleges are hot-beds of radicalism; that every crazy "'ism" is represented on our college faculties; and that if a radical demagogue arises in the land, he is sure to number among his followers a large group of college professors. Which is right? There is some comfort to be gained from this conflict of testimony.

Every established institution, educational, political, spiritual, is to-day being scrutinized and tested from all points of approach. Democracy is at least vigorously alive, though it may not be highly developed intellectually. If our colleges were hermetically sealed, I should think it possible that faculty and students might pursue a serene course along a road hewn and walled in by some long dead intellectual pioneers of the institution. But they are not so sealed, and neither the trustees nor the men of their faculties have the power to make these open-eyed, newspaper-reading boys and girls think what they are told to think, and reach ready-made conclusions, unaware of conflicts raging in the world outside. The best that can be done is to help them to straight methods of thinking, to question intelligently, to recognize sincerity and distrust plausibility.

Enough of such contentious arguments! I have touched upon them one by one, well or ill, according to my lights, and yet I find myself conscious of the fact that there has been no direct answer to the question, "Why should a college professor not go into industry when offered the opportunity, and consider himself flattered, to boot?" Such a question is heart-searching. It is not easy for one who dreads sentimentality to frame an answer. Perhaps business experience has given me a shade of cynical distrust of my own higher motives. Let me then touch on the lower motives first.

In the two-semester organization of the college year, still generally followed, there are only thirty-two weeks of actual teaching time. There are many ways in which the college professor may use the free third of his year. He is under obligation to keep himself in training professionally. He must acquaint himself by study with the new developments in his field. The same is true of the business man, but the latter must fight for time to give to absorbing study. Here, too, is time for writing, and if the teacher possesses the inclination this can sometimes be made remunerative. And for three months at any rate there is time for the intelligent rebuilding of physical and mental vigor. It takes much in the realm of business to counterbalance that, even though professorial salaries are so low that the opportunity cannot be utilized to the fullest advantage.

The college specialist is increasingly welcome as a lecturer, if he will but take the trouble to organize his material in a fashion to interest the layman. Such lectures are not only a source of added income, but they benefit the lecturer's own attitude. They have all the value of the business man's inventory of stock. The college teacher's social environment, it seems to me, instead of being narrow, is far more than horizon-wide. He finds that those engaged in the same occupation a thousand miles away are his neighbors, and those fellows in his own field are his friends. The name and repute of his university are his letter of recommendation to any circle.

There are of course disadvantages to the intimate community life in the university town. A university faculty has the combined faults of a small village and a wide family connection. There is a tendency to gossip, and it may be easy to begin a quarrel; but the gossip of this campus community does not compare in ill-nature to the gossip of a small suburb, and the petty squabbles are like those of a family connection. They are within the family, and if the attack comes from without, there is at once a united front.

The ex-professor whose article I have occasionally quoted found his happiness in industry, and all of those comforts which he feels are not really luxuries, but his by right. The man who continues in college teaching may find an immediate social environment equally satisfying; associates devoted to intellectual pursuits, who make very pleasant companions in such time as they can give to each other; living so much on the same scale, with such an amusing insight into one another's financial affairs, that there is no struggle about appearances. His children are at least as well off as they would be in the average suburb, and better off than if he were in a city flat, taking the subway twice a day to his office. The average business man whose home is in pleasant surroundings leaves it at eight in the morning, and gets back to it after six at night. The most hard-working college professor does better than that. Famous artists and musicians come to his very doors, while lectures on all possible subjects are thrust at him until he hardly dares look the college calendar in the face. Yet he does not have to go. I think that on the social side an

unprejudiced judge would say that the average college professor is more happily situated than the average business man.

But a reasonable contentment with environment is not the real answer to my question. I honestly believe that the great majority of college teachers—and I have seen them in colleges East and West—stick to their profession because they feel that there they are on the firing line. That very conflict of evidence as to intellectual freedom which I have just cited shows that these colleges and universities are in the forefront of the battle over the really big issues of the world to-day.

It has been my lot to attend college reunions of many sorts. They are interesting phenomena, these assemblages of busy men who meet together to sing the praises of some alma mater, and to listen to talks on idealism and lofty abstractions which surprisingly hold their attention, however worldly they may be. "Loyalty to one's alma mater" is a phrase used glibly among business men and five times out of ten it represents a shallow thing, yet it represents something. I have found myself sometimes trying to figure out just what it does mean, when used, for instance, by the somewhat unemotional and cold-blooded money-maker, who only that afternoon was working out business problems utterly remote from any such thought. I think that even in the case of his extreme type I have a clue to the truth. He recognizes that he is making a very slight contribution to the higher side of present-day life. He suspects that actual world-progress must be an intellectual and spiritual, and not a material thing. He buys a little ease of spirit by contributions to charities and worthy "drives" of various sorts, but gives them no thought beyond the question of how much money to donate. The better side of him calls for a spiritual contribution somewhat greater than this. He wishes that he had a part in the real battles of his age, and if he has any stuff in him at all, he is not content that it should be wholly a vicarious part. As a college alumnus he finds that he actually "belongs" to an organization which has no sordid aim whatever, which is contributing to the solution of many questions. Sometimes, when his business permits, and when he allows himself to dwell upon this line of thought for any length of time, he tries hard to make his relationship stand for something. He tries to get

nearer to the firing line. He leaves his business for a day or two, goes to his college, and attempts gropingly to take part in the actual discussion of its problems, and help to shape its policies. "Loyalty to Alma Mater" is in reality a subconscious belief in certain fine abstractions. Sometimes he finds that he can give his time in greater measure, and he does so, with the result that he is elected trustee of his own or another college, and places his business abilities at the service of the institution. He has been appointed, from civilian life, to a place of high command! The average college-trained business man would sacrifice very much to gain a college trusteeship. Its attainment is a proof that he serves in a greater cause than that of money changing; that he has been examined before a court higher than a court of trade and found to possess qualities worthy the honor.

I know that appointment by this court is sometimes purchased by cold cash, but that is when there are business men of like calibre on the board. Such men sell degrees for dormitories! I do not mean to focus attention too much upon boards of trustees; but the college is under fire and they are its chief officials. They are drawn mainly from industry where it is claimed that one may find the highest idealism. Yet they must be held responsible for some of these allegedly evil academic conditions. Every university has its devoted, self-sacrificing directors. Some may be handicapped by one or two of the other sort. Is there anything more unworthy of a place in the academic world than a trustee who has secured this honor and gives the college in return no skilled business service? He will not work and he does not resign. He is cheating society and cheating the college. His nearest competitor in unworthiness is the dispirited college professor who drudges dully through an endless grind. Yet the latter is less culpable. He has weakened under pressure.

But after all, am I not paying too much attention to the wrong kind of college officer? Such a type sticks out like a sore thumb, but like a sore thumb he is only one finger in ten.

The teacher likes to believe that he is on the foremost firing line. It is a service that demands not only training but an adaptibility that training cannot give. "Things are in a bad way here," said a lawyer friend earnestly. "These boys are talking

about things they don't know anything about! Can't you stop them? They're playing with fire. I hear some of them actually call themselves Bolsheviki or something as bad!"

"No, Counsellor, I can't stop them. When you and I were in college some of these things were undreamed of, and so we played with such fire as we had. Didn't you as a junior dare to call yourself an atheist? And some of it wasn't intellectual fire! Couldn't your teachers have taken it away from you, somehow?"

"It's not the same thing. You're evidently getting tarred yourself. I wish I could talk to 'em."

Often and often have I heard him and his kind talk to them. With the benevolent manner of an old-fashioned Sunday school superintendent, he doles out ready-made formulas, and immature youth lolls in its seat listening appraisingly. Afterward all the judgment one can win from some young commentator who is as yet lamentably savage but confoundingly clear-eyed, is, "I've heard all that. Why did he leave out the real reasons, the poor fish!" *C'est la guerre*, Consellor. You cannot fight with poor ammunition, or unprepared.

The deprecator of college teaching complains that the academic life holds too much aloof,—that there is too great a line of demarcation between the world and the campus. I am inclined to make small defense of such a charge, and let the deponent continue to complain. It seems to me that definite advantage comes from a certain amount of academic detachment. The two realms should be coöperative and highly essential to one another, but there is no reason why one should swallow the other and assimilate it. I like to think of a realm of business which offers to the college its best representatives, to organize and direct the business side of the college community, and then denies to those representatives the privilege of loafing on the job. I like to believe that, in return, Business receives from the colleges revitalizing young men with well organized thinking apparatuses, plus ideals. I like to think of academic life as so far cloistered that Truth may walk there on occasion, ungowned by expediency, and unashamed. Each realm should provide for the other the best experts that it can train, but just so soon as one attempts to *dictate* to the other how this training shall be organized and what shall be its final

tests, then the harmonious coöperation is sure to cease, and the whole satisfactory relationship runs askew. There must above all be mutual respect, neither realm judging the other by the incompetents within its ranks.

With this conception of the two realms in mind, and with the necessity for a choice between them, is it unreasonable that a man who feels definitely drawn toward one by training and inclination should contentedly ignore the allurements of the other?

A College Professor.

SHALL WE FORGET THE SOLDIER?

BY MAJOR THOMAS MARSHALL SPAULDING, U. S. A.

It was not so long after the war that I listened to an address by an official of the Y. M. C. A., recently returned from Europe, telling of the work, which he himself had seen and supervised, to make life worth living for our own soldiers and the soldiers of other countries who fought alongside ours. He told of the facilities for recreation and entertainment established in places where there were none before the Y. M. C. A. came, where homesick and depressed men lost heart in their work, and steadily deteriorated as men and as soldiers.

His story was interesting as a narrative of personal experience, but not because it told of anything new or strange, or different in the slightest degree from what was going on in every part of the world where American troops were serving. We saw it everywhere. We came to take it as a matter of course that books and entertainment should be provided for the soldiers, that they should be welcomed in every public place and invited into private homes for no other cause than the uniform they wore, that the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army, the Knights of Columbus, and all the rest should be liberally and enthusiastically supported in their work, though they did not train fighting men, they did not arm or equip them, they did not do any of the things that a little while ago we should have called useful,—they merely tried to make men comfortable and happy. That was all, but it was a wonderful thing that they helped to accomplish. It is largely due to them that our men went up to the front cheerful, healthy and vigorous; to them is largely due that amazing spirit of the American troops which was their chief asset,—for both training and discipline were scanty enough in many organizations when necessity forced them into the line.

It was a strange thing to take place in America. We are earnest in work in this country. Mere idleness has always been

held in contempt. All this is as it should be, but the value—even the commercial value—of rest and recreation has been too much overlooked. We are inclined to speak of our overwork a little boastfully, and almost to apologize for our vacations. This is—or was—true in the army as well as out of it. The officer who had had only ten days' leave in the last four years was pretty sure to let everybody know it, while the one who was starting on a long leave would be likely to explain that he was changing stations and it would take some time for his household goods to reach his new post, or that his family needed change of climate, or that some other unusual condition excused his conduct. It is a national characteristic. That we overcame it, and some other equally pronounced national traits, goes far to account for our success in the war.

For two years we treated the members of our army as human beings. We can take just satisfaction in the contemplation of all that we did for their well-being; and the fact that some of the sentimentally inclined rather overdid the business, and pampered men to their injury or to their disgust, need not trouble us much. But we had an army before 1917, as well as since; we shall have an army in the future, as well as now. It was a very little army before the war; it is somewhat larger now, but even so we may be sure that it will always be a little army, as armies go. But little though it was and will be, nevertheless it was and will remain a body of men in uniform, mostly young, some middle-aged, —live, human men drawn from every part of the United States to serve their country. The right of the soldier of 1916 to comfort and to sympathetic treatment was just as great as that of the soldier of 1917 or 1918. His need, perhaps, was greater. Under the stimulus of a great war, men can endure with cheerfulness things that are hard to bear at other times, just as it is easier to teach a soldier when he knows that in a few weeks his life may depend on what he has learned, than when he knows that he will apply his training in battle only at some remote and indefinite time, or more probably never. We may be proud, indeed, of the way in which the American people treated their men in the Great War; but anyone who cared for the American soldier before it became fashionable to do so, can hardly help

contrasting, with a little bitterness, the adulation of to-day with the neglect of yesterday, or help speculating what the condition will be to-morrow.

All these ideas about the welfare of the soldier, which we take as axiomatic now,—are they new? Not one of them. Every need that has now been supplied, every want that has now been gratified, existed before, its existence was recognized, the remedy was known. Much was done, to be sure. Reading-rooms, with a few periodicals, were everywhere. Here and there were gymnasiums, built and equipped by appropriations by Congress. Libraries, generally meager, were scraped together by the efforts of officers and men, in many places. Chaplains managed moving-picture shows for the entertainment of the garrison, and were perhaps criticized for unclerical conduct by narrow minds.

But all the time the soldier was an outsider. Much depended, of course, on the community in or near which he was stationed. In some places his lot was a good one; in others he was an outcast. Recently some of us would ask an unknown man, encountered by chance, to come in to dinner with us and go on to a dance afterwards. Not long ago we ejected him from the theatre and every other decent place of public resort. We assigned the same reason in each case: the uniform of the United States Army. There were posts where companies were always at maximum strength, but there were others where the ranks were never full, for the soldier who was stationed there left the army for good when his time was up, or went elsewhere to reënlist.

I have been speaking of the conduct of the public generally toward the soldier. His Government usually treated him with consideration, but not always. The executive branch might send him to some desolate place for good military reasons, and then leave him there for political reasons or sheer forgetfulness. The legislative branch might make a showing of economy by neglecting to provide money to repair his barracks for a few years. And whether he suffered at the hands of the executive or the legislature or the common citizen, *nobody cared.*

If you had any acquaintance with the army before the war, do you not know that this is true? And if you had not, do you not still know that it is true, for, honestly, did *you* care?

All this is changed now. We do care for our soldiers' welfare, but it is a question how long this will continue. There is grave danger that things will soon go back to their old state. For the underlying cause of it all was the fact that the American army was unknown to the American people. It was something as much outside their lives as the Belgian or the Chinese army,—something seldom thought of, and then only as a curiosity. This was natural enough, for ours was a very, very little army, scattered over an immense area. Even the small British army was five times as large as ours, in proportion to the population, and the country in which most of it was stationed is only as large as New England and New York. Now this condition is certain to continue, for there is little doubt that ours will always be a relatively small army, and it must of necessity be widely distributed. As before the war, comparatively few Americans will ever see a soldier. It is going to be a hard thing for the average man to remember that he owns an army; and if the average man forgets it, there will be nothing to make impossible the insulting attitude which individuals so often adopted toward the soldier, or the callous indifference to his welfare which his Government sometimes manifested.

There is no certain remedy except in the conscience of the people. Universal training would make a difference, you may say. I am not so sure. Many things may be said for and against universal training, but it is very doubtful if its adoption, in any of the forms commonly discussed, would lead to a more sympathetic understanding of the army. Universal *service* would indeed make the army and the country one. Every man would feel as vital and personal an interest in the military establishment as he does now in the public school system or the street railway service. But universal *training* of young men by military instructors, as a supplement to a little standing army intended for oversea and coast garrisons, or for use as a small expeditionary force, would not bring that army into the daily life and thought of the civilian, any more than in the past. We should be deeply interested, indeed, in the welfare of "our boys," undergoing brief training in a sort of boarding school or summer camp, but the army would be as remote as ever. We could still

think of it, as so many used to do on the rare occasions when they thought of it at all, as an aggregation of harsh, narrow-minded officers and idle, dissipated men. We should not mind what happened to *them*, though we should be anxious enough about the physical comfort and moral protection afforded by the training camps.

No; universal training, beneficial as it would be in many ways, is not the solution to this particular problem. I am not arguing for universal anything, for the question of a proper military system is too large to be discussed here. Congress has at last, by its act of 1920, declared a national military policy,—something which this country has never before possessed,—but neither universal training nor universal service is essential to its execution.

We have gained and lost many things in this war. Some of the losses can never be repaired,—others are only temporary; but every one of the gains can be preserved if we will but try. One of the greatest of these benefits is the new attitude toward the man who serves his country in uniform; let us keep this with the rest. I know of no magic that will do it,—only the serious and untiring will of the American people.

THOMAS MARSHALL SPAULDING.

LAUGHTER

BY MAX BEERBOHM

M. Bergson, in his well-known essay on this theme, says . . . well, he says many things; but none of these, though I have just read them, do I clearly remember, nor am I sure that in the act of reading I understood any of them. That is the worst of these fashionable philosophers—or rather, the worst of me. Somehow I never manage to read them till they are just going out of fashion, and even then I don't seem able to cope with them. About ten years ago, when everyone suddenly talked to me about Pragmatism and William James, I found myself moved by a dull but irresistible impulse to try Schopenhauer, of whom, years before that, I had heard that he was the easiest reading in the world, and the most exciting and amusing. I wrestled with Schopenhauer for a day or so, in vain. Time passed: M. Bergson appeared "and for his hour was lord of the ascendant"; I tardily tackled William James. I bore in mind, as I approached him, the testimonials that had been lavished on him by all my friends. Alas, I was insensible to his thrillingness. His gaiety did not make me gay. His crystal clarity confused me dreadfully. I could make nothing of William James. And now, in the fullness of time, I have been floored by M. Bergson.

It distresses me, this failure to keep up with the leaders of thought as they pass into oblivion. It makes me wonder whether I am, after all, an absolute fool. Yet surely I am not that. Tell me of a man or a woman, a place or an event, real or fictitious; surely you will find me a fairly intelligent listener. Any such narrative will present to me some image, and will stir me to not altogether fatuous thoughts. Come to me in some grievous difficulty; I will talk to you like a father, even like a lawyer. I'll be hanged if I haven't a certain mellow wisdom. But if you are by way of weaving theories as to the nature of things in general, and if you want to try those theories on someone who

will luminously confirm them or powerfully rend them, I must, with a hang-dog air, warn you that I am not your man. I suffer from a strong suspicion that things in general cannot be accounted for through any formula or set of formulae, and that any one philosophy, howsoever new, is no better than another. That is in itself a sort of philosophy, and I suspect it accordingly; but it has for me the merit of being the only one I can make head or tail of. If you try to expound any other philosophic system to me, you will find not merely that I can detect no flaw in it (except the one great flaw just suggested), but also that I haven't, after a minute or two, the vaguest notion of what you are driving at. "Very well," you say, "instead of trying to explain all things all at once, I will explain some little, simple, single thing."

It was for the sake of such shorn lambs as myself, doubtless, that M. Bergson sat down and wrote about—Laughter. But I have profited by his kindness no more than if he had been treating of the cosmos. I cannot tread even a limited space of air. I have a gross satisfaction in the crude fact of being on hard ground again, and I utter a coarse peal of—Laughter.

At least, I say I do so. In point of fact, I have merely smiled. Twenty years ago, ten years ago, I should have laughed, and have professed to you that I had merely smiled. A very young man is not content to be very young, nor even a young man to be young; he wants to share the dignity of his elders. There is no dignity in laughter, there is much of it in smiles. Laughter is but a joyous surrender, smiles give token of mature criticism. It may be that in the early ages of this world there was much more laughter than is to be heard now, and that aeons hence laughter will be obsolete, and smiles universal—everyone, always, mildly, slightly, smiling. But it is less useful to speculate as to mankind's past and future than to observe men. And you will have observed with me in the club-room that young men at most times look solemn, whereas old men or men of middle age mostly smile; and also that those young men do often laugh loud and long among themselves, while we others—the gayest and best of us in the most favorable circumstances—seldom achieve more than our habitual act of smiling. Does the sound of that laughter jar on us? Do we liken it to the crackling of thorns

under a pot? Let us do so. There is no cheerier sound. But let us not assume it to be the laughter of fools because we sit quiet. It is absurd to disapprove of what one envies, or to wish a good thing were no more because it has passed out of our possession.

But (it seems that I must begin every paragraph by questioning the sincerity of what I have just said) *has* the gift of laughter been withdrawn from me? I protest that I do, still, at the age of forty-seven, laugh often and loud and long. But not, I believe, so long and loud and often as in my less smiling youth. And I am proud, nowadays, of laughing, and grateful to anyone who makes me laugh. That is a bad sign. I no longer take laughter as a matter of course. I realize, even after reading M. Bergson on it, how good a thing it is. I am qualified to praise it.

As to what is most precious among the accessories to the world we live in, different men hold different opinions. There are people whom the sea depresses, whom mountains exhilarate. Personally, I want the sea always—some not populous edge of it for choice; and with it sunshine, and wine, and a little music. My friend on the mountain yonder is of tougher fibre and sterner outlook, disapproves of the sea's laxity and instability, has no ear for music and no palate for the grape, and regards the sun as a rather enervating institution, like central heating in a house. What he likes is a grey day and the wind in his face; crags at a great altitude; and a flask of whisky. Yet I think that even he, if we were trying to determine from what inner sources mankind derives the greatest pleasure in life, would agree with me that only the emotion of love takes higher rank than the emotion of laughter. Both these emotions are partly mental, partly physical. It is said that the mental symptoms of love are wholly physical in origin. They are not the less ethereal for that. The physical sensations of laughter, on the other hand, are reached by a process whose starting-point is in the mind. They are not the less "gloriously of our clay." There is laughter that goes so far as to lose all touch with its motive, and to exist only, grossly, in itself. This is laughter at its best. A man to whom such laughter has often been granted may happen to die in a

workhouse. No matter. I will not admit that he has failed in life. Another, who has never laughed thus, may be buried in Westminster Abbey, leaving more than a million pounds overhead. What then? I regard him as a failure.

Nor does it seem to me to matter one jot how such laughter is achieved. Humor may rollick on high planes of fantasy or in depths of silliness. To many people it appeals only from those depths. If it appeals to them irresistibly, they are more enviable than those who are sensitive only to the finer kind of joke and not so sensitive as to be mastered and dissolved by it. Laughter is a thing to be rated according to its own intensity.

Many years ago I wrote an essay in which I poured scorn on the fun purveyed by the music halls, and on the great public for which that fun was quite good enough. I take that callow scorn back. I fancy that the fun itself was better than it seemed to me, and might not have displeased me if it had been wafted to me in private, in the presence of a few friends. A public crowd, because of a lack of broad impersonal humanity in me, rather insulates than absorbs me. Amidst the guffaws of a thousand strangers I become unnaturally grave. If these people were the entertainment, and I the audience, I should be sympathetic enough. But to be one of them is a position that drives me spiritually aloof. Also, there is to me something rather dreary in the notion of going anywhere for the specific purpose of being amused. I prefer that laughter shall take me unawares. Only so can it master and dissolve me. And in this respect, at any rate, I am not peculiar. In music halls and such places you may hear loud laughter, but—not see silent laughter, not see strong men weak, helpless, suffering, gradually convalescent, dangerously relapsing. Laughter at its greatest and best is not there.

To such laughter nothing is more propitious than an occasion that demands gravity. To have good reason for not laughing is one of the surest aids. Laughter rejoices in bonds. If music halls were schoolrooms for us, and the comedians were our schoolmasters, how much less talent would be needed for giving us how much more joy! Even in private and accidental intercourse, few are the men whose humor can reduce us, be we never so susceptible, to paroxysms of mirth. I will wager that nine tenths of the

world's best laughter is laughter *at*, not *with*. And it is the people set in authority over us that touch most surely our sense of the ridiculous. Freedom is a good thing, but we lose through it golden moments. The schoolmaster to his pupils, the monarch to his courtiers, the editor to his staff—how priceless they are! Reverence is a good thing, and part of its value is that the more we revere a man, the more sharply are we struck by anything in him (and there is always much) that is incongruous with his greatness. Reverence, like subjection, is a rich source of laughter. And herein lies one of the reasons why as we grow older we laugh less. The men we esteemed so great are gathered to their fathers. Some of our coevals may, for ought we know, be very great, but good heavens! we can't esteem *them* so.

Of extreme laughter I know not in any annals a more satisfactory example than one that is to be found in Moore's *Life of Byron*. Both Byron and Moore were already in high spirits when, on an evening in the spring of 1813, they went "from some early assembly" to Mr. Rogers' house in St. James's Place and were regaled there with an impromptu meal. But not high spirits alone would have led the two young poets to such excess of laughter as made the evening so very memorable. Luckily they both venerated Rogers (strange as it may seem to us) as the greatest of living poets. Luckily, too, Mr. Rogers was ever the kind of man, the coldly and quietly suave kind of man, with whom you don't take liberties, if you can help it—with whom, if you can't help it, to take liberties is in itself a wildly exhilarating act. And he had just received a presentation copy of Lord Thurloe's latest book, *Poems on Several Occasions*. The two young poets found in this elder's Muse much that was so execrable as to be delightful. They were soon, as they turned the pages, held in throes of laughter, laughter that was but intensified by the endeavors of their correct and nettled host to point out the genuine merits of his friend's work. And then suddenly—oh joy!—"we lighted," Moore records, "on the discovery that our host, in addition to his sincere approbation of some of this book's contents, had also the motive of gratitude for standing by its author, as one of the poems was a warm, and I need not add, well-deserved panegyric on himself. We were,

however"—the narrative has an added charm from Tom Moore's demure care not to offend or compromise the still-surviving Rogers—"too far gone in nonsense for even this eulogy, in which we both so heartily agreed, to stop us. The opening line of the poem was, as well as I can recollect, 'When Rogers o'er this labor bent'; and Lord Byron undertook to read it aloud;—but he found it impossible to get beyond the first two words. Our laughter had now increased to such a pitch that nothing could restrain it. Two or three times he began; but no sooner had the words 'When Rogers' passed his lips, than our fit burst out afresh,—till even Mr. Rogers himself, with all his feelings of our injustice, found it impossible not to join us; and we were, at last, all three in such a state of inextinguishable laughter, that, had the author himself been of our party, I question much whether he would have resisted the infection." The final fall and dissolution of Rogers, Rogers behaving as badly as either of them, is all that was needed to give perfection to this heart-warming scene. I like to think that on a certain night in spring, year after year, three ghosts revisit that old room and (without, I hope, inconvenience to Lord Northcliffe, who may happen to be there) sit rocking and writhing in the grip of that old shared rapture. Uncanny? Well, not more so than would have seemed to Byron and Moore and Rogers the notion that more than a hundred years away from them was someone joining in their laughter—as *I* do.

Alas, I cannot join in it more than gently. To imagine a scene, however vividly, does not give us the sense of being, or even of having been, present at it. Indeed, the greater the glow of the scene reflected, the sharper is the pang of our realization that we were *not* there, and of our annoyance that we weren't. Such a pang comes to me with special force whenever my fancy posts itself outside the Temple's gate in Fleet Street, and there, at a late hour of the night of May 10th, 1773, observes a gigantic old man laughing wildly, but having no one with him to share and aggrandize his emotions. Not that he is alone; but the young man beside him laughs only in politeness and is inwardly puzzled, even shocked. Boswell has a keen, an exquisitely keen, scent for comedy, for the fun that is latent in fine shades of character; but imaginative burlesque, anything that borders on lovely non-

sense, he was not formed to savor. All the more does one revel in his account of what led up to the moment when Johnson "to support himself, laid hold of one of the posts at the side of the foot pavement, and sent forth peals so loud that in the silence of the night his voice seemed to resound from Temple to Fleet Ditch."

No evening ever had an unlikelier ending. The omens were all for gloom. Johnson had gone to dine at General Paoli's but was so ill that he had to leave before the meal was over. Later he managed to go to Mr. Chambers' rooms in the Temple. He continued to be "very ill" there, but gradually felt better, and "talked with a noble enthusiasm of keeping up the representation of respectable families," and was great on "the dignity and propriety of male succession." Among his listeners, as it happened, was a gentleman for whom Mr. Chambers had that day drawn up a will devising his estate to his three sisters. The news of this might have been expected to make Johnson violent in wrath. But no, for some reason he grew violent only in laughter, and insisted thenceforth on calling that gentleman The Testator and chaffing him without mercy.

I daresay he thinks he has done a mighty thing. He won't stay till he gets home to his seat in the country, to produce this wonderful deed; he'll call up the landlord of the first inn on the road; and after a suitable preface upon mortality and the uncertainty of life, will tell him that he should not delay in making his will; and Here, Sir, will he say, is *my* will, which I have just made, with the assistance of one of the ablest lawyers in the kingdom; and he will read it to him. He believes he has made this will; but he did not make it; you, Chambers, made it for him. I hope you have had more conscience than to make him say "being of sound understanding!" ha, ha, ha! I hope he has left me a legacy. I'd have his will turned into verse, like a ballad.

These flights annoyed Mr. Chambers, and are recorded by Boswell with the apology that he wishes his readers to be "acquainted with the slightest occasional archacteristics of so eminent a man." Certainly, there is nothing ridiculous in the fact of a man making a will. But this is the measure of Johnson's achievement. He had created gloriously much out of nothing at all. There he sat, old and ailing and unencouraged by the company, but soaring higher and higher in absurdity, more and more rejoicing, and still soaring and rejoicing after he had

gone out into the night with Boswell, till at last in Fleet Street his paroxysms were too much for him and he could no more. Echoes of that huge laughter come ringing down the ages. But is there also perhaps a note of sadness for us in them? Johnson's endless sociability came of his inherent melancholy; he could not bear to be alone; and his mirth was but a mode of escape from the dark thoughts within him. Of these the thought of death was the most dreadful to him, and the most insistent. He was forever wondering how death would come to him, and how he would acquit himself in the extreme moment. A later but not less devoted Anglican, meditating on his own end, wrote in his diary that "to die in church appears to be a great euthanasia, but not," he quaintly and touchingly added, "at a time to disturb worshippers." Both the sentiment here expressed and the reservation drawn would have been as characteristic of Johnson as they were of Gladstone. But to die of laughter—this, too, seems to me a great euthanasia; and I think that for Johnson to have died thus, that night in Fleet Street, would have been a grand ending to "a life radically wretched." Well, he was destined to outlive another decade; and selfishly, who can wish such a life as his, or such a life as Boswell's, one jot shorter?

Strange, when you come to think of it, that of all the countless folk who have lived before our time on this planet not one is known in history or in legend as having died of laughter. Strange, too, that not to one of all the characters in romance has such an end been allotted. Has it ever struck you what a chance Shakespeare missed when he was finishing the Second Part of *King Henry the Fourth?* Falstaff was not the man to stand cowed and bowed while the new young king lectured him and cast him off. Little by little, as Hal proceeded in that portentous allocution, the humor of the situation would have mastered old Sir John. His face, blank with surprise at first, would presently have glowed and widened, and his whole bulk have begun to quiver. Lest he should miss one word, he would have mastered himself. But the final words would have been the signal for release of all the roars pent up in him; the welkin would have rung; the roars, belike, would have gradually subsided in dreadful rumblings of more than utterable or conquerable mirth.

Thus and thus only might his life have been rounded off with dramatic fitness, *secundum ipsius naturam*. He never should have been left to babble of green fields and die "an it had been any christom child."

Falstaff is a triumph of comedic creation because we are kept laughing equally at and with him. Nevertheless, if I had the choice of sitting with him at the Boar's Head or with Johnson at the Turk's, I shouldn't hesitate for an instant. The agility of Falstaff's mind gains much of its effect by contrast with the massiveness of his body; but in contrast with Johnson's equal agility is Johnson's moral as well as physical bulk. His sallies "tell" the more startlingly because of the noble weight of character behind them: they are the better because *he* makes them. In Falstaff there isn't this final incongruity and element of surprise. Falstaff is but a sublimated sample of "the funny man." We cannot, therefore, laugh so greatly with him as with Johnson. (Nor even *at* him; because we are not tickled so much by the weak points of a character whose points are all weak ones; also because we have no reverence trying to impose restraint on us.) Still, Falstaff has indubitably the power to convulse us. I don't mean we ever are convulsed in reading *Henry the Fourth*. No printed page, alas, can thrill us to extremities of laughter. These are ours only if the mirthmaker be a living man whose jests we hear as they come fresh from his own lips. All I claim for Falstaff is that he would be able to convulse us if he were alive and accessible. Few, as I have said, are the humorists who can induce this state. To master and dissolve us, to give us the joy of being worn down and tired out with laughter, is a success to be won by no man save in virtue of a rare staying power. Laughter becomes extreme only if it be consecutive. There must be no pauses for recovery. Touch-and-go humor, however happy, is not enough. The jester must be able to grapple his theme and hang on to it, twisting it this way and that, and making it yield magically all manner of strange and precious things, one after another, without pause. He must have invention keeping pace with utterance. He must be inexhaustible. Only so can he exhaust us.

I have a friend whom I would praise. There are many other

of my friends to whom I am indebted for much laughter; but I do believe that if all of them sent in their bills to-morrow, and all of them overcharged me not a little, the total of all those totals would be less appalling than that which looms in my own vague estimate of what I owe to Comus. Comus I call him here in observance of the line drawn between public and private virtue, and in full knowledge that he would of all men be the least glad to be quite personally thanked and laurelled in the market-place for the hours he has made memorable among his cronies. No one is so diffident as he, no one as self-postponing. Many people have met him again and again without faintly suspecting "anything much" in him. Many of his acquaintances—friends, too—relatives, even—have lived and died in the belief that he was quite ordinary. Thus he is the more greatly valued by his cronies. Thus do we pride ourselves on having some curious right quality to which alone he is responsive. But it would seem that either this asset of ours or its effect on him is intermittent. He can be dull and null enough with us sometimes—a mere asker of questions or drawer of comparisons between this and that brand of cigarettes, or full expatiator on the merits of some new patent razor. A whole hour and more may be wasted in such humdrum and darkness. And then—something will have happened. There has come a spark in the murk; a flame now, presage of a radiance: Comus has begun. His face is a great part of his equipment. A cast of it might be somewhat akin to the comic mask of the ancients; but no cast could be worthy of it; nobility is the essence of it. It flickers and shifts in accord to the matter of his discourse, it contracts and it expands; is there anything its elastic can't express? Comus would be eloquent even were he dumb. And he is mellifluous. His voice, while he develops an idea or conjures up a scene, takes on a peculiar richness and unction. If he be describing an actual scene, voice and face are adaptable to those of the actual persons therein. But it is not in such mimicry that he excels. As a reporter he has rivals. For the most part, he moves on a higher plane than that of mere fact; he imagines, he creates, giving you not a person, but a type, a synthesis; and not what anywhere has been, but what anywhere might be—what, as one feels, for all the absurdity of it, just would

be. He knows his world well, and nothing human is alien to him, but certain skeins of life have a special hold on him, and he on them. In his youth he wished to be a clergyman; and over the clergy of all grades and denominations his genius hovers and swoops and ranges with a special mastery. Lawyers he loves less; yet the legal mind seems to lie almost as wide-open to him as the sacerdotal; and the legal manner in all its phases he can unerringly burlesque. In the minds of journalists, diverse journalists, he is not less thoroughly at home, so that of the wild contingencies imagined by him there is none about which he cannot reel off an oral "leader" or "middle" in the likeliest style, and with as much ease as he can preach a High Church or a Low Church sermon on it. Nor are his improvisations limited by prose. If a theme calls for nobler treatment, he becomes an unflagging fountain of blank verse. Or again, he may deliver himself in rhyme. There is no form of utterance that comes amiss to him for interpreting the human comedy, or for broadening the farce into which that comedy is changed by him. Nothing can stop him when once he is in the vein. No appeals move him. He goes from strength to strength, while his audience is more and more piteously debilitated.

What a gift to have been endowed with! What a power to wield! And how often I have envied Comus! But this envy has never taken root. Incomparable laughter-giver, he is not much a laugher. He is vintner, not toper. I would not change places with him. I am well content to have been his beneficiary during thirty years, and to be so for as many more as may be given us.

MAX BEERBOHM.

CAMBODIAN SUNSET

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I

ETERNAL sunset has followed the noon of Cambodia's greatness. The Khmer Empire, which in Charlemagne's day held a power no less considerable in Asia than was his in Europe, has left behind it few traces of its imperialism or of its luxurious civilization. The military triumphs of a thousand years ago are now only dreams, as strange as those monstrous and monumental Asian palaces and temples whose moats, walls and pinnacles in the heart of the Cambodian jungle-forest confront the traveller of to-day.

The great Mekong River, flowing down channels wider than the Mississippi's, makes a pathway which may be ascended from the China Sea and the Gulf of Siam into the heart of ancient Cambodia. Along its banks live the modern Cambodians, an amiable and care-free race. Tropical nature has filled the Mekong River with shrimps as big as lobsters and cat-fish the size of sharks; it has crowded the banks with canes that drip sugar and palms that are clustered thick with cocoanuts; rice grows in these rich marshes with less effort of cultivation than in any other part of the world; and even though all these resources were lacking, still the compact bunches of small fat bananas that hang in the groves within arm's reach of the houses would serve well enough to feed the childlike dwellers along the great river. As for clothing, a yard of calico every year or two is all they use or require.

As one ascends the Mekong from its mouth near Saigon, the marks of the French occupation of the country grow ever fewer. At the Cambodian capital, Pnom Penh, the foreigners have turned most of the city into a very fair imitation of any provincial French town, with a café or two where the sacred iron table

spreads its familiar welcome; but the aged King of Cambodia is still permitted to maintain a comic-opera court, in the fantastic and comparatively inexpensive luxury of harems, opium, and foreign military decorations, under roofs that curve in impossible spiral lines and spires that suddenly become four-faced heads of a certain terrible Indian god whose significance and very name these people have forgotten.

Here at Pnom Penh, one living relic of Cambodia's greater day survives in the persons of the royal dancers. These hundreds of slender, full-bosomed bayaderes, chosen from the families of the upper class, share the king's bed and board; and when they appear in their more official and rare function of the dance, on the open dancing-stage that occupies the centre of the palace-enclosure, the privileged foreign visitor rubs his eyes in bewilderment. For the spectacle is extraordinary. Clad in skin-tight garments of gold and jewels, sparkling with light, often masked with grotesque golden animals' heads, the bayaderes advance, poise, gyrate, combine in dramatic and sensual episodes of pursuit or struggle,—all with fantastic movements whose unnatural and horrible beauty is said to result from the fact that their wrists and ankles were carefully dislocated in early youth and have been kept in a state of abnormal flexibility ever since. Both the bayaderes and their dances are therefore works of art,—works of a terribly Asiatic art, in its full strength and sensual poignancy.

Beyond Pnom Penh, as one advances up the wide and muddy river, tropical nature and the simple native life are all one sees. Huge rice-junks and narrow pirogues with high sharp prows glide over the waters that are the general highway. The houses, built on stilts in the true Malay fashion, spread their thatched roofs at the edge of the river; over them rise tall cocoanut palms with splendid tufted tops, or areca palms as slender and delicate as arrows. In the blinding sunlight, naked children, just the color of the reddish-brown soil of the caving banks, rush to the water's edge to watch the passing steamer; and as dusk descends on the calm river, it is the traveller alone who watches the last greenish-orange glow of the tropical sunset; the natives are already asleep.

Dawn, returning in incredible freshness of blue and pink, finds

the fishermen again afloat in their narrow pointed boats and barges. A hundred huge white pelicans, drifting on the water not far off, testify that this is indeed a happy fishing-ground. Pink cranes, white herrons, blue kingfishers and grey fishhawks fly about busily through the brilliant morning light. This wide region of river, where the flood has invaded the edges of the forest, is the path to the great and ancient city of Angkor, once the capital of the Khmer Empire when its Indian kings set their heels upon the neck of Cambodia.

Leaving the river, the way to Angkor leads through forests of palms and banyans and bananas where native life at its simplest and most primitive flourishes in sunflooded tranquillity. Water-wheels turn slowly in a small river that runs alongside the road, lifting a modest supply of water to the very doorsteps of the dwellers along the banks. The houses are built on piles, with floors a few feet above the ground; under them live happily a few chickens, pigs, cats and dogs, not more crowded or more sociable than is the human family in the dwelling above. Four generations of women are likely to be looking out from the unglazed windows or the small veranda; the grandmother, shrunken and white-haired but very live; the mother, vigorously shaking a basket-tray to sift the rice from its husks; the daughter, superbly poised as only women poise who are accustomed to balancing baskets on their heads as they walk; and the granddaughter, who runs naked and laughing in the sun. All but the youngest of the four have their hair cut in precisely that close pompadour fashion which was popular with American youths a few years ago; were they not almost unclothed from the waist up, one would not recognize them as women. A few men of the family and a dozen children occupy themselves outside the house. In the little enclosure of the yard is often a large wooden mortar with its sledge-hammer pestle for the pounding of grain. A rude ox-cart stands behind the house, and a naked child placidly supervises two huge black water-buffaloes who are taking their habitual midday soaking in the river. It is through such world-old scenes as this that one reaches ancient Angkor.

Not so very different, perhaps, were the scenes that greeted the Khmer conquerors of this region when they invaded the

country and first established at Angkor the imperial capital of a great military Power. The original resistance to their dominance could not have been great or concerted. But time brings certain revenges; and the fierce Indian blood of the conquerors has long since been mastered and tamed by the sluggish Malay blood of the aborigines whom they overcame. As the Khmer warriors' century after century, overstepped the boundaries of caste and interwove their strain with that of the women of the country, the Khmer race lost itself in the weakness of the race it had conquered, and all traces of it disappeared.

Here in Cambodia was the end of the Khmers; but their origin was in India. Early in the Christian era, colonies of them began to penetrate through the wastes of jungle that lie between India and Cambodia. Slowly their power increased in these regions. And legendary though the Cambodian chronicles may be as to the early centuries of this invasion, it appears certain that before the sixth century the Khmers had grown enormously in numbers and had established themselves as the ruling power of the country. From it, they reached out to other countries; and the legend is that once a hundred kings were vassals to the Khmer throne. We need not believe this too literally, nor are we required to accept unquestioningly the statement that its army counted fifteen million men. But that the Khmer power was very great cannot be doubted. Certainly the Khmers imposed their conception of civilization and splendor upon a region whose native inhabitants had never dreamed such dreams before. It was in the period between the ninth and the twelfth centuries that this power bore fruit in the one magnificence that still survives—its architecture.

II

The architecture of Angkor, in its present state of decay, would not have its present power of appeal to our emotions if it stood on an open plain, as do the ruins of Delhi or Thebes. The forest and jungle which have almost mastered these walls and towers are half of the drama of Angkor. For this is the scene of a five-act tragedy; first, man overcomes his rivals and becomes master of the jungle that was theirs; next, he overcomes the jungle

and clears its tangled depths for his own uses; then, profiting by Nature's wealth, he imposes the works of his imagination and the high pinnacles of his dreams on the spot that was once hers; thereafter, he succumbs to the poison of her luxurious gifts; and finally he and his works perish under the grasp of her relentless roots and tendrils.

All the fabulous and incredible trees of the world seem to have chosen the region of Angkor as their habitat. Here the gigantic *yao* tree raises its long smooth trunk a hundred feet into the air and then spreads out into a few beautifully moulded and grandiose branches. The banyan, with trunk perhaps thirty feet thick, sends its humping roots out to cover the ground for an acre, while its wide-spread branches overshadow an even greater space on the earth. The ebony tree, the sandal, the lac, the teak and the iron-wood all fight here in the jungle for their right to live; and around the feet of them all sprout the bamboo, the rattan with its dangerous spikes, and a hundred different kinds of creepers, vines, and orchids that drape and festoon the monsters of the forest with a borrowed richness of foliage.

The triumph of the terrible fecundity of the jungle over the ruin of an ancient greatness is what confronts one first upon entering the former imperial capital, Angkor Thom. The wide moat surrounding the great square city is now choked with thick vegetation, or turned into mud-flats and rice fields. The formidable battlements are concealed by trees and vines whose roots have been tearing the stones apart for centuries. Five causeways once crossed the moat to the walls, each ornamented with monumental ballustrades representing fifty giants in stone who, crouching, hold in their arms the colossal body of the snake Naga, its head rearing itself toweringly at the end of the causeway. Now only fragments of this superbly imaginative work remain. The five great gates of the city still stand, but broken and staggering under the assault of so many summers of hostile tropical life.

The Khmer king Yacovarman selected this site, at the end of the ninth century, and made it the capital of his rule; after it was finished he boasted of it as the peerless city, "impregnable, terrifying." Its square enclosure contained acres of elaborate

dwellings, palaces, temples, avenues, terraces and courts. The jungle has swept like a tidal wave over it all; and it is only the loftiest and most cyclopean of the many edifices that have been able to preserve even a trace of their existence.

Near the centre of the city, one great temple has resisted complete ruin. Bayom, though sadly shattered, still lifts its central pyramidal mass above the wreck of its outlying galleries, and from this platform its fifty great four-faced towers rise higher than even the forest. Nothing in all Angkor will strike the imagination of the traveller more than these cone-shaped pinnacles, each one carved into four colossal human faces representing Brahma. Beside and behind and above one another these mysteriously smiling faces rise, with broken lips and foreheads that are cracking apart—like the nightmare-apparitions of one who dreams himself lost in the tangles of the jungle where suddenly the spectacle of these faces, half-human, half-divine, inscrutable, and ruined, confront him as an enigma and a mockery.

Beyond them lies the great open space where, entering through the Gate of Victory, the Khmer armies paraded before the king. It is bounded on one side by an immense terrace, carved with the figures of fighting elephants, behind which the ruins of the royal palace mingle vaguely with the forest. Beyond it rises the so-called Terrace of the Leper King, in tier after tier of carvings; there sits the impassive, slightly smiling figure of the Leper King himself—often with hundreds of small chattering monkeys at play around him in the sun. And encircling all this, rise the gigantic and magnificent trees of the forest and the impenetrable living wall of the jungle.

III

Outside the walls of the city of Angkor Thom, and far less ruined than is the city, the temple of Angkor Wat lifts its galleries and its five great grey towers in a formal magnificence that dominates the whole green surrounding country. It, too, has a wide moat, where pale pink and blue water-flowers now cover the water, and miles of high square wall to protect the temple-enclosure.

The towering head and long body of Naga, the mythological many-headed serpent, confront one in stone at the entrance; and along all the causeways and terraces of the temple, this appalling apparition is repeated again and again, with a profusion of decoration and a lavishness of malevolence such as only the tropics can produce. The conception of Naga is an imaginative triumph of demoniac sensuality and poisonous power. It dominates all the approaches. On the walls and galleries around move endless carven figures of the Tevadas or sacred dancers—bare-breasted women clad in jewels and floating scarves, poising in attitudes whose fantastic rhythms haunt one as much with strangeness as with beauty. Sacred and sensual, immobile yet having the power to move, they recur on all the walls and passages of the huge sanctuary, the curious priestesses of a still more curious god.

It was to honor Siva that this temple was erected. He is a terrible and lustful god. The original Indian conception of him as a deity of destruction was quickly obscured by another idea. Before Angkor Wat was built, Siva had become the Siva whom we know in living India. He is the embodiment which Indian Brahmanism has chosen to give to its passions, endowing him with divine attributes and sinister splendors, celebrating him in rituals, statues and temples. He represents not mere simple animal concupiscence, but rather a bestiality that has taken on the resistless power and infinite scope of deity. The normal Western mind that begins to understand the popular Indian conception of him is likely to grow dizzy. No carved stone has ever pictured him adequately; but he lives incarnate in millions of human faces in India. From India, with the Khmers, he came to Angkor.

Except for Naga and the Tevadas, his temple of Angkor Wat bears few obvious marks of him. It consists of two enormous oblong galleries, one within the other, and in the centre a dizzy platform from which rise the five great central towers shaped like lotus-buds. Carving is everywhere, executed with a refinement of taste that is wholly alien to such monuments as that of Madura and Trichinopoli, in Southern India. The outer gallery is one mass of wall-sculpture, representing the myths, triumphs, and daily life of the Khmer rulers—a vast stretch of relief-work

ten feet high and two thousand feet long crowded with the figures of men, beasts, and gods. The second gallery is higher, raised on terraces of masonry, with a cruciform passage that leads to the final court, from which twelve monumental stairways lead up to the central platform.

The stairways used by the Khmer builders constitute one of the most curious and characteristic elements of their architecture. They are invariably of a narrowness and a steepness that astonishes the spectator. That sense of grandeur and spaciousness which is imparted by breadth of stair alone to so many European buildings is not to be found in Cambodia. These builders aimed at a wholly different kind of impressiveness—that of perilous height. So each step of their staircases is perhaps three or four times as high as it is deep. A stairway thus becomes a dizzying and dangerous precipice, mounting almost perpendicularly to the sacred platform.

From the height of the central platform there opens a wide view, out over the two encircling galleries with their massive corner-towers and gateways, out over the temple-enclosure and its long causeway of approach, and finally to the green of the forest which stretches away to the horizon in every direction. Behind one rise the five central towers like veritable mountains of carved stone. Not a sound echoes through the vast and melancholy emptiness of courts and terraces, unless perhaps it be the footsteps of some yellow-robed Buddhist monk wandering through these precincts which Buddhism six centuries ago wrested from its earlier gods.

IV

Certain outlying forest-temples, secreted in almost impenetrable depths of jungle, have an atmosphere wholly different from the deserted spaciousness of Angkor Wat. The temple of Ta Prohm is one of them. Entering through the crumbling gateways of the large enclosure, one finds his way through labyrinthine galleries into courtyards that seem to have been built expressly to do honor to the gigantic banyan trees whose thirty-foot trunks have taken possession of them. Only occasional flickers of greenish sunlight can penetrate down through the

dense and lofty foliage; and these courts are in a perpetual green gloom, like that of temples sunk under the sea. High overhead the continual cries and songs of a multitude of birds among the branches is the only sign of life—except perhaps a horrible snake twenty feet long and as big as a man's arm that writhes heavily off into the dark recesses of the ruined masonry. Another temple, Prah Khan, is the scene of an even more complete desolation: there one climbs for hours over unrecognizable piles of carved stones and creepers. Enormous trees grow out of the tops of walls which their roots have half torn apart and now hold firmly together in cracked and ruined masses. Occasionally from amid the confusion appears a lintel carved with magnificent arabesque designs or the sculptured form of a bare-breasted sacred dancer, poising in scarves and jewels. At still another temple, Neak Pean, a gigantic tree has perched on the very top of the small central shrine, and, enveloping the structure with its mighty roots like the arms of an octopus, it grasps and almost wholly conceals the edifice. One can fancy those mighty tentacles slowly thickening and tightening year by year in the torrential rains and the furnace-heat of the sun, until at last they crush the very stones to dust. The strength of these roots is immense; at Prah Khan, one has wound itself around a stone weighing half a ton and pushed it off the wall of which it was once a part, so that now it is hung suspended, ten feet away from the wall and high in mid-air.

At one of these outlying sanctuaries, the finely-proportioned and lofty pyramidal temple of Takeo, I had once a curious adventure that brought me into direct and disturbing relations with the gods. On the first platform of the edifice, in a corner where laborers had recently been working to clear away some of the ruined walls, I came suddenly upon two remarkable statues of dark bassalt. One was of Siva, standing in a lordly attitude of repose, with garments carved in an archaicly simple dignity and a face that was an exceptionally fine example of the early Khmer style. The other statue was of Parvati, the wife of Siva; and the instant I set eyes on it I knew it to be the most superb work of Khmer sculpture at its prime that human eyes are ever likely to see. From a delicately but powerfully moulded woman's body rose the head that was the statue's chief glory; a head severe and

magnificent, noble and sensual, disdainful and exquisite. Among all the sculpture I had ever looked at, nothing had ever moved me as did this. The only comparable heads that I knew were one or two of the primitive Greek heads of priestesses in the Museum of the Acropolis. I looked at its strange beauty with increasing wonder.

Then suddenly I saw that the head had, in some remote age, been broken free from the body and now merely rested on the shoulders. I touched it, it came free; I lifted it from its place, hid it in my portfolio, and, shivering with excitement, went quietly out of the temple.

I did not sleep at all that night. My triumph, and the desire to look incessantly at that beautiful cold proud face, kept me awake. For me, the might and majesty of Angkor was all concentrated in that head. It was, indeed, the most superb work of art I had ever possessed. It was one of the most triumphant things in the whole world.

But the more beautiful and unique I realized it to be, the more an uneasiness began to possess me. I was not touched in the slightest degree by any ordinary remorse or moral misgiving; I did not mind stealing a thing so imperial as this:—and yet I was profoundly disturbed by the thought that the head and the body of this remarkable statue were now to be separated forever.

Could I have returned to the temple and stolen the body too, I should have been set completely at rest; but the size and weight of the torso prohibited such a possibility. A sense of a terrible and irreparable injury done to a great work of art began to press down on me. I thought of the Winged Victory which now stands headless at the top of the great stairway of the Louvre. Where was that head now? Where would this head be when the Louvre held this Khmer torso? . . . How easy it is to diminish the world's beauty by more than one has ever been able to add to it!

So I found I could not endure it, after all. And in the early dawn, with a kind of disgusted relief, I took back to Takeo the head of Parvati, the wife of Siva. To this day, I regret her, and think that I was somewhat of a fool to give her up.

V

After a long hard day among the remoter and outlying ruins of Angkor, one leaves the temple-precincts and climbs a ladder up to the dizzyingly high howdah of one's elephant. The driver, perched astride of the neck, begins to kick the right ear of that lumbering, uncomfortable, and sagacious beast. Then slowly the vast bulk of the animal sways homeward, under gigantic trees through which glimpses of a clear and golden sunset shine. At first the road is a mere tunnel through the jungle, where the elephant must frequently pause to clear the way with his powerful trunk. Then it becomes an open highway. Along this road stroll the amiable half-naked Cambodians; the men carry three-year-old children on their backs; the women nurse one-year-olds; the other children straggle as they please. All are enjoying the evening coolness and calm; evening in the tropics is always a calm, after the tremendous reverberations of the noonday sun. Now, these natives of the soil stop, staring at the passing alien traveller and his elephant. The traveller himself, who has perhaps not been accustomed to so lofty and lordly a means of locomotion, may well find his imagination suddenly filled with pictures of the days when the Khmer lords and princes of Angkor, on their caparisoned elephants, rode down these highways in the wondering sight of peasants, through a Cambodian sunset of a thousand years ago.

It was in the fourteenth century that the mighty Khmer Empire passed into the world of shadows. Inevitable decline comes to a great military Power; it must grow, become overmastering, celebrate its noonday in luxury and the arts, and pass away. Siam, growing in strength, began to encroach from the west; and Cambodia grew weaker. After long wars, Angkor was finally abandoned by the Khmer kings, and the magnificent capital fell first into the hands of the Siamese, and then into the clutches of the jungle and ruin.

Eternal sunset is now the destiny of the once-mighty kingdom of Cambodia. As a French colony, it can never again have a civilization of its own; its only destiny is to feed an over-populated France with the lavish riches of its soil and the very moderate

labor of its natives, and to serve as a happy hunting ground for French commercialism. The modern kings of Cambodia dream opium-dreams under toy spires and are grateful for the rosettes of the Legion which the tactful French bestow upon them; the ancient kings of Cambodia sleep the sleep that is granted to both the just and the unjust. Of the music, the painting, the drama and the poetry that must have been the accompaniment of the Khmer architecture, nothing has been preserved. Angkor alone remains, a great and melancholy monument. Should it seem too melancholy, one may recall, in consolation or in irony, that, older than Angkor, there still survive at Pnom Penh around the senile king the dancing bayaderes of Cambodia's youth.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

CHINESE POEMS

BY LI T'AI-PO

Translated by Florence Ayscough
English versions by Amy Lowell

SONGS OF THE MARCHES

I

It is the fifth month,
But still the Heaven-high hills
Shine with snow.
There are no flowers
For the heart of the Earth is yet too chilly.
From the centre of the camp,
Comes the sound of a flute
Playing "The Snapped Willow."
No color mists the trees,
Not yet have their leaves broken.
At dawn there is the shock and shouting of battle,
Following the drums and the loud metal gongs.
At night, the soldiers sleep, clasping the pommels of their jade-ornamented saddles.
They sleep lightly,
With their two-edged swords girt below their loins,
So that they may be able in an instant to rush upon the Barbarians
And destroy them.

II

Horses!
Horses!
Swift as the three dogs' wind.
Whips stinging the clear air like the sharp calling of birds,
They ride across the camel-back bridge
Over the river Wei.
They bend the bows,
Curving them away from the moon which shines behind them
Over their own country of Han.
They fasten feathers on their arrows
To destroy the immense arrogance of the foe.
Now the regiments are divided
And scattered like the five-pointed stars,

Sea mist envelops the deserted camp,
The task is accomplished,
And the portrait of Ho P'iao Yao
Hangs magnificently in the Lin Pavilion.

III

When Autumn burns along the hills,
The Barbarian hordes mount their horses
And pour down from the North.
Then, in the country of Han,
The Heavenly soldiers arise
And depart from their homes.
The High General
Divides the tiger tally.
Fight, Soldiers!
Then lie down and rest
On the Dragon sand.
The frontier moon casts the shadow of bows upon the ground,
Swords brush the hoar-frost flowers of the Barbarians' country.
The Jade Pass has not yet been forced,
Our soldiers hold it strongly.
Therefore the young married women
May cease their lamentations.

IV

The Heavenly soldiers are returning
From the sterile plains of the North.
Because the Barbarians desired their horses
To drink of the streams of the South,
Therefore were our spears held level to the charge
In a hundred fights.
In straight battle our soldiers fought
To gain the supreme gratitude
Of the Most High Emperor.
They seized the snow of the Inland Sea
And devoured it in their terrible hunger.
They lay on the sand at the top of the Dragon Mound
And slept.
All this they bore that the Moon Clan
Might be destroyed.
Now indeed have they won the right
To the soft, high bed of Peace.
It is their just portion.

PARROT ISLAND

The parrots come, they cross the river waters of Wu.
The island in the river is called Parrot Island.
The parrots are flying West to the Dragon Mountain.
There are sweet grasses on the island, and how green, green are its trees!

The mists part and one can see the leaves of the spear orchid, and its scent is warm on the wind,
The water is embroidered and shot with the reflections of the peach-tree blossoms growing on both banks.
Now indeed does the departing official realize the full meaning of his banishment.
The long island, the solitary moon, facing each other in the brightness.

THE BATTLE TO THE SOUTH OF THE CITY

How dim the battle-field, as yellow dusk!
The fighting men are like a swarm of ants.
The air is thick, the sun a red wheel.
Blood dyes the wild chrysanthemums purple.
Vultures hold the flesh of men in their mouths,
They are heavy with food—they cannot rise to fly.
There were men yesterday on the city wall;
There are ghosts to-day below the city wall.
Colors of flags like a net of stars,
Rolling of horse-carried drums—not yet is the killing ended.
From the house of the "unworthy one"—a husband, sons,
All within earshot of the rolling horse-drums.

AUTUMN RIVER SONG

(On the Broad Reach)

In the clear green water—the shimmering moon;
In the moonlight—white herons flying.
A young man hears a girl plucking water-chestnuts,
They paddle home together through the night, singing.

THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA

BY ANNE ATWOOD DODGE

There shall be no more sea!
Then presently
We shall turn listless eyes
On Paradise,
And carelessly behold
Jasper and beaten gold.
Aimlessly up and down
The streets of God's tall town
That was not built by hands,
Throughout untroubled lands
Where glassy rivers flow,
Our restless feet will go;
And to the crystal walls,
Whence the sight falls
And falters in the bright
Incredible light,
We shall come wistfully
Straining our eyes to see,
Wonderfully small and far,
Our sea-enamelled star.

How shall we sing
God's praises, wearying
For the wind and the fog and the brave
Thunder of wave upon wave,
For salt upon our lips
And the excellent beauty of ships,
For sound and sight
Of all our old delight?

God, whom our fathers wrought
Out of their travailing thought,
Deal with us generously—
Give us our sea!

"THE SUNDOWN SPLENDID AND SERENE"

BY KEVORK COSTIKYAN

If there is one thing above all others which, despite its pathos, we should seek to regard without illusions, it is the supreme mystery we call death. That devastating catastrophe which dims the light of the most luminous personalities cannot be viewed either as exclusively one of the mechanical reactions of nature or, on the other hand, as a purely mystical experience which eludes all attempt at rational interpretation. Death is a definitive tragedy, an inexorable moral reality. It is endowed with incontestable spiritual finality. Whether it be the end of all conscious personal life, or the gate to a transcendent supernatural ecstasy that orthodox religion promises to its devotees, or something wholly different from either of these, it remains the one overwhelming challenge of destiny to which we can offer no adequate resistance. Immutable as nature herself, it is the circumstance of death that invests life with meaning and makes it so precious a heritage. For if we did not constantly envisage the shadow that hovers over us with its fateful summons, life would lose much of its enchantment.

In the presence of a reality of such grandeur, reason must be both dispassionate and imaginative. It must, in the first place, survey the pretensions of science and determine whether its legitimate province extends to the realm beyond death. Once this is determined, reason must invoke its more prophetic instincts to consider what intuitions of immortality are most consonant with idealistic aspiration.

With increasing assurance, modern science is encroaching upon the boundaries of those things that are unseen and eternal. Scientists of distinction declare with temerity that the psychical is as fruitful a field of empirical investigation as the physical, and that accurate observation and logical deduction are as feasible in the world of the spirit as in the world of matter. Even

some of those who have been most skeptical of religious dogma have found in psychical research a new foundation for a conception of personal immortality.

With so intricate a relation between matter and mind, it is not surprising that the often subtle distinction between nature and spirit should tend to become impalpable. The mind that boasts of seeing life steadily will never concede that it cannot see life whole, and to see life whole, one must formulate a cogent theory of death. The synthesis of natural and supernatural, the coördination and interdependence of the two, afford a fertile field of speculation. What more plausible than that the laws which govern the one should be deemed applicable to the other, and that a fortuitous kinship of form give rise to an identification of essence?

We cannot regard with much respect the more ordinary manifestations of this tendency. Partly, perhaps, as a result of the more widespread acquaintance with death induced by the Great War, but principally as a facile adventure in a novel and forbidding realm, there has arisen a vast popular curiosity about the occult, particularly as concerns the possibility of communication with the dead and the establishment of privileged confidential relations with the invisible powers. But this popular tendency is largely an aberration; it has little profundity and still less wisdom. It does not portend a quickened sense of spiritual appreciation nor a heightened vision of ultimate truth. On the contrary, it is indicative of decadence. Among its deplorable consequences, it has cheapened the universal valuation of those verities that can never be held too dear, and has degraded the supernatural to an indignity it never suffered in the days of the most flagrant superstition.

Loftier motives have no doubt prompted those scientists who have furthered the serious study of these subjects. Starting out with an eager instinct to discover new lands for scientific observation, they have ended by ascribing moral implications to their discoveries with a view to palliating the bitterness of death. They have sought to dismiss death as a metamorphosis purely of form, an incident that neither destroys the familiar qualities of personality nor produces any vital cleavage of human associa-

tions. They have endeavored to bridge the awful chasm that separates the quick from the dead by a channel of communication which is represented to be as potent, and infallible, as the wireless telegraph.

The claims of what is called psychical research have been the object of severe critical consideration, but as a rule these criticisms have been based upon the inadequacy of the evidence to sustain the conclusions reached. It is quite true that a mass of the so-called evidence in these cases is of the most negligible, almost flippant, character and that the possibility of chicanery is infinitely great. But there are graver faults and sterner foundations for discontent with the trend of this field of investigation. There is no question that the realm that is uncovered by these intrepid observers offers one of the most attractive vistas to the human imagination. The delights it portrays and the solaces it promises to the earth-ridden mortal have an appeal that is well-nigh mystical. Yet for this very reason acceptance of these tenets is all the more insidious if it is shown that they are not the product of clear insight. If it were merely shortcomings of method that were at fault, these might be corrected. But it is worse than this, it is something more basic than the inadmissability of the evidence that is adduced. It is the fundamental incongruity of attempting to reconcile things that are utterly irreconcilable, the tragic futility of endeavoring to unite in indissoluble harmony essences that are intrinsically incompatible.

Why is it that science is incompetent to pronounce judgment on the supernatural? Why must we distrust her voice when she speaks in the most caressing tones of her familiarity with the realm of the spirit? Why are we compelled to repudiate her authority when she ventures beyond the confines of matter? It is not because we disdain enlightenment in these obscure realms, nor because we fear to join the quest for the greatest adventure that life affords. It is rather because we know that the scope of science is coördinate with the universe of nature, and that as soon as she invades the sanctuary of the spirit, she becomes an interloper whose utterance is discredited and whose presence is resented.

Life divorced from the body is a field for speculation, for

hypothesis, for faith, if you will, but not for verification. Personality is a force so inseparably associated with the body that its independent existence is absolutely incapable of being scientifically demonstrated. The very communications with the dead which the disciples of this new superstition set forth as their consummate vindication, necessarily presage either a human voice or a written instrument, both of which are attributes of a human body which it is admitted has been forever abandoned. This is necessarily bound to be the case, for all "messages" from these ghostly visitants must be conveyed, in order to be understood, through the medium of the senses, the very senses which the emancipated soul consigned to earth with his mortal remains.

If we subscribe to the doctrine of a continued existence after death, as the advocates of psychical research would have us do, we will be compelled to accept some appalling logical corollaries. We cannot escape the fact that life, in the only form we know it, is conditioned by the common necessity to struggle for self-preservation, and the inevitable conflict between good and evil. How can we conceive a disembodied spirit struggling for self-preservation when our definition of a spirit specifies a substance that is self-existing and eternal? Similarly, can we with any sanity affirm a moral dualism in the supernatural wherein a valiant spirit can be vanquished in battling for the right and forfeit the just fruits of his moral victories on earth? Would not the suggestion of such possibilities provoke doubt of the moral significance of human life, and would not their acceptance undermine many of the rational incentives that govern both conduct and reflection?

The truth is that, so far as science is concerned, when life becomes extinct in man his fortunes and his destiny are ended. Spiritual autopsy will never disclose one iota of knowledge that is of any consequence. Until this is understood, intellectual confusion on the subject will be augmented, and death will be shrouded in a deeper obscurity and a more inconsolable despair, when it is seen that the vaunted contentions of psychical research are a mockery and a pretense.

It is the imagination to which we must turn for a coherent interpretation of the significance of death and a lucid vision of

the spiritual destiny of man. Religion has cloaked these mysteries in symbolic dogmas, whose literal acceptance has tended to invalidate the profundity underlying the original conceptions. It is philosophy, mellowed by religion, that must dissociate the abiding values from the ephemeral, and unfold the true nature of the spirit.

In the first place, it must be understood, with positive emphasis, that death, from a moral point of view, is the end of a race that man has run. The dogma of the Last Judgment has a sound moral basis. It is folly to hold out to erring man the prospect of a future existence in which he can redress the wrongs he has done in this world, and compensate himself for his temporal disappointments. Life from the cradle to the grave must be reckoned as a tale that is told. When death supervenes upon life, the die is cast forever. We have molded our spiritual destiny in an ineradicable image, our accounts have been cast up once for all. However ignoble or however glorious our encounter with life in its manifold aspects, our character is permanently fixed. Otherwise there is no potency in moral excellence, no virtue in that which our higher instincts tell us is choice-worthy. We cannot appease our conscience or stultify our intellect by anticipation of another world in which the injustices of this world are to be corrected.

The tradition that fostered belief in a concrete heaven and an even more unmistakable hell was wise in its intent. Heaven was to represent a celestial guerdon for those whose life on earth merited approbation; hell was to be the asylum of those who had fallen short of achieving the good of which their natures were capable. There was no suggestion in this tradition of another chance offered to man after death either to make good his delinquencies or to lose what he had gained at such cost. A continued existence, patterned after life on earth, presupposes both these alternatives, and for this reason is neither sound ethics nor coherent thinking.

There is, on the other hand, no valid objection to belief in a future life, provided the belief is not claimed to be a scientific certainty. Our faith is largely the child of our desire, and if we find that such a belief is congenial to our aspirations, it is wholly

proper to cherish it. The imagination may then visualize the supernatural conditions appropriate to such a belief, and, if embodied in suitable ritual, this faith may well become a vital element of religion. Without the survival of the individual consciousness and personality, most minds are unable to conceive any kind of eternal life whatever, and it is far better to have an individualistic conception of immortality than none at all. At least it will afford a shining goal that will enliven the heart in the bleak monotony of daily existence and enrich the spirit with its vivid glow. The enthusiasm thus kindled may well provide the moral energy necessary to support burdens that appear well-nigh insupportable, and the prospect of a serene, untroubled eternity may quiet the turbulent spirit that is shedding blood and tears in its grapple with circumstance.

But we must not forget that what sanctifies the faith we have been discussing is the deep religious exaltation that feeds it. Once we attempt to create the same burning enthusiasm by means of a scientific formula, we invalidate the poetic truth that vindicates faith. That is why even the most patently materialistic conceptions of the early Christians and other zealous believers were never debasing—they had a spiritual source and a spiritual meaning that created an idealized faith radiant with beauty. From the travail of human experience there comes a faith with everlasting springs, which asks no cloud of earthly witnesses to fortify or vitalize it.

No faith is contagious that is not spontaneous, no belief has vitality that leans on analysis. True faith is both discipline and adventure: it chastens the undaunted spirit with a purging fire, and at the same time beckons the aspiring soul to enter into the presence of the Most High.

The most integral element of faith is bound to be centred around some conception of immortality. Whatever is enduring in us craves its ideal affinities. Beyond the transitory delights and incurable sorrows that condition terrestrial existence, the courageous spirit is eager to explore its eternal habitations. Is it strange that the soul should seek to be delivered from bondage to caprice and should indulge its aspiration for perfection? If we yield to the sway of reason, there is in us all an impulse to

dispense with subterfuge, however glittering its aspect, and to come face to face with truth. As we become increasingly apprehensive of decay in nature, we would fain bind our allegiance to some imperishable ideal and participate in that which cannot atrophy. All the consolations of religion are illusory if they do not afford an ideal refuge from the moral catastrophes of nature or a vision of eternity that is detached from time and place.

Death can become the noblest moment of life if we will divest it of its accidental aspects and grasp its essential significance. To be sure, no reflections, however profound, can make adequate compensation for the solemn blight it casts upon human affection. There are certain intimate griefs that can never be healed, certain personal losses that are irretrievable. Denial of the mystery of evil will only intensify the inalienable tragedy of existence. But the human spirit is endowed with a native dignity which enables us to rationalize death even if we cannot circumvent it, and to discover indestructible joy in the heart of irremediable pain.

When the poet characterized death as "the sundown splendid and serene" he gave expression to a truth that all rare spirits instinctively feel when they seek communion with the eternal. The glory of life consists in the fulfillment of noble aspirations despite the clumsy interference of natural events. Even a momentary vision of an ideal in full bloom will redeem the sordid press of material circumstance. That is why, except to profoundly ungoverned souls, the discipline of life is never permanently irksome. The disclosure of excellence in any of its manifold guises affords convincing evidence that there are spiritual altitudes which no evil can reach, everlasting truths in which there is no alloy of error.

If we will temper our hope with reflection, we will not be haunted by the ghastly spectre of death. We will view life itself with more veneration when we realize that its decisions are irrevocable and that its ideal significance is not subject to revision. When our days are numbered the immortal spirit will come face to face with the eternal scrutiny, a scrutiny whose appraisal will stand forever. Once this is grasped, the worth of human life is immeasurably enhanced and its joys chastened. And the approach

of death, instead of being dreaded, as it is by the worldling and the sensualist, is accepted as a clear opportunity for the liberation of the spirit.

The knowledge that human life, with all of its intrinsic shortcomings, persists in a disembodied form after death, would fill the philosophic soul with dismay. Aside from the affront to intelligence that such a certitude would entail, it would portend the cardinal spiritual disaster to which man is prey. Thanks to the gift of reason, we need not anticipate any such tragic calamity. What the human spirit really craves after death is a tranquillity that is impossible while it is imprisoned in the flesh.

At the basis of the passion for immortality is the poignant hope that the things we cherish most dearly will not die. Refined into its essential purity, this belief is nothing but a consuming desire that the good we achieve, the truth we honor, the beauty we envisage, may not lose their potency when the body begins to dissolve into its natural elements. In short, it is the preservation of our ideal attainments that is sought. There are times when this vision of an ideal immortality is revealed to us in the most unmistakable fashion, and it is worthy of note that both philosophy and religion testify to the authenticity of the vision.

There are three obstacles to a just appreciation of ideal immortality. The first is the undue emphasis upon the accidental, rather than the essential, aspects of human personality. The second is the fallacy of identifying immortality with the persistence of consciousness, as a human phenomenon. The third is the shallow notion that immortality necessarily predicates some kind of existence. Each of these three prejudices operates as a check upon the free play which the imagination would otherwise give to the interpretation of the supernatural.

First as to personality. We may well believe that personality is a dynamic force that will survive death, for the reason that in itself it has a distinct ideal meaning. Even if there is such a thing as a universal soul, it is unquestionable that the individual soul is an ideal entity. For this reason, ideal immortality does not by any means involve obliteration of the individual. In some form that our finite minds cannot conceive, we may be confident that in the ideal economy the individual soul will have an abiding

relationship. But we may be equally certain that only the fundamental, not the superficial, characteristics of personality will be thus eternally enshrined. However dear to us even the most insignificant traits of those to whom we are bound by ties of affection, we must realize that the vistas of the spirit are illimitable and that the vital elements of personality can be superimposed from the natural to the supernatural through channels that our intelligence cannot apprehend.

Then, as to the survival of consciousness. When we make this a condition of immortality, we forget that our understanding of consciousness is contingent upon the functioning of the senses and is therefore chimerical without the latter. We also overlook, what is of greater portent, that the scope of ideal immortality is infinitely wider than the range of any human capacity such as consciousness. Granted that consciousness is something inexpressibly precious, the fact remains that it is precious as something human, not as something divine. Yet here too, as in personality, we may feel assurance that the eternal coefficient of consciousness will be transfused into some ideal agency and assume some incorruptible significance.

Finally, as to the connection between existence and immortality. Existence is the flux of destiny, the conflict of a myriad wills with the unceasing magic of nature. Immortality is a world of ideas, where nature does not intrude, a realm purely spiritual where contemplation, not action, holds sway. Existence is therefore, so far as we know, an attribute only of life on this planet, and is incompatible with any worthy concept of immortality. Unless we are seeking immortality where it is not to be found, namely, in the universe of nature, we must cease to clothe our vision of eternity in garments of corruption. Human existence may have its ideal counterpart, but this will be something ineffably more worthy.

A nobler immortality awaits those who, with their gaze fastened upon the eternal, have sufficient wisdom gladly to surrender all the trappings of life. If we would live indefinitely, beyond the brief years that are allotted to us, let us not call ourselves partners of the gods, for we have not become partakers of their counsel. There is only one way to peace and that is to renounce,

in our aspirations, all desire for survival after death which has a carnal basis. The true quest for immortality is the yearning for an ideal that we covet all the more because it is so elusive. The more closely we look into the recesses of nature for the secret of this ideal, the deeper will be our disappointment, for its temple is not there. We may find comfort and majesty in the constancy of nature, but implacable as they are, the forces of nature may yet eventually encompass their own destruction. The ideal, however, is master of nature, for it knows no change and reckons neither time nor place. It is inescapable because it is all-pervasive, and can never end for it has had no beginning. Because we are children of the infinite, we are heirs to that ideal immortality which, in the midst of death, imbues us with life.

KEVORK COSTIKYAN.

MENTAL GOODNESS

BY STARK YOUNG

We had all three descended from the same train, though from different compartments, and gone to the same hotel, the San Marco, almost the only one in Ravenna; and had been crossing one another's paths all day. And after luncheon I had seen the Englishman in carpet slippers sitting with his feet up on a chair in the *salone*, very much at home. The Frenchman had been there also, at the other end of the room, going over a portfolio of paintings and sketches that a porter had brought up from the station. But we had not spoken to each other. And then that evening at the café under the arcades of the piazza we drifted together. Our table was by one of the columns and near a flowering oleander, pale rose. A rumble of rich voices in Tuscan and Romagnese was everywhere.

The two men had already begun a conversation when I joined them, and I sat observing them a long while in silence.

The Englishman turned out to be a fellow in history at some Oxford college. He was a big man with a burly front and red eyebrows; but you could see that secretly his being swam in sentiment; he might swear gruffly enough but would fall in love with any ringlet curl. He had a way of not answering when the Frenchman expected him to; and toward both of us he manifested that huffiness of manner that so often accompanies English culture and puzzles unendingly the well-bred of other lands.

The Frenchman was a painter, a shrewd little man, climbed up from out some parental shop on the boulevards very likely. I had seen some of his paintings that afternoon in the *salone*. He was one of those busy French artists who seem to paint with milk under a magnifying-glass, smooth, creamy pictures with too much brown in the shadows, bourgeois, as apt and pat as a toilet soap; work that makes no furor, but sells, flowing to its own level

as easily and gratefully as water. His hair was cropped close and his eyes were grey and clear. He spoke English very well.

I scarcely noted what the two were saying; they were talking about Ravenna, I heard that much. And one of them talked as much as the other, though the Englishman had a look that said: "Behold, I am taciturn. I belong to a strong, silent race." I observed this vaguely as my thoughts wandered out from the company and the glass of *Certosa verde* to the piazza around me and to Ravenna.

After seven years, Ravenna was more beautiful than ever. The war had waked it up somewhat; there was a new trades-union Government arising and a new public market, but they scarcely left a ripple. How Ravenna differed from Vicenza or Siena or Perugia or Florence: I was turning that question over in my mind. I thought of the quiet and romantic and warm quality of it; how the romance of Ravenna is deepened beyond that of Venice, which it is most like, by the basilicas, by the Byzantine and Roman, and by that pine forest between the town and the sea, whose lights and shadows make a part of the very air. And of the streets, half deserted, with their yellow and brown and rose and white and blue houses, faded now; long streets like canals, constantly varied like the streets of Venice by the shifting and turning of the lines of direction they take; but made more beautiful still by the delicate, changing levels of their ground. The tombs and basilicas, romantic with an old solitude, stand apart, lonely and quiet and open, glowing with mosaic, and carrying in their painted capitals the richest element of antique art, its color. Even the antiquities of this town are its own.

The night was coming down as we sat there. The old palaces of the piazza above their arcades were a soft rose-color against the deep blue of the sky, in which the stars were shining, near and golden and sharp. A kind of blue clearness still showed along the ground below. Then I realized all at once that the Frenchman was asking me a question.

"How many years was it, Monsieur, that Byron lived in Ravenna? Neither of us remembers. Do you know?"

"Two years," I replied. "Byron thought Ravenna the most beautiful city in Italy."

"Indeed, Monsieur? How interesting to hear that! Perhaps I should agree with him—almost, not quite. I had thought that it might have been his love for the Contessa Guiccioli that kept him here. Monsieur here was saying—just what was it you were saying, Monsieur? I am too stupid to remember it clearly."

"I was saying," the Englishman repeated, "that Byron led a wild life in Venice, desperate in a way, if you see what I mean. But in Ravenna he seems to have settled down."

"The influence of the Contessa, Monsieur."

"Somewhat. And other causes. Personally I am not one of those who censure Byron harshly. There are people who won't read his poems, or won't praise them, because of his life, the women, the cynicism, the satire on established order. Seems to me a foolish attitude. We can certainly admire his genius without approving of his life. And I'm always reminded of the fact that there were many things in Byron's life that would excuse his conduct to some extent. Circumstances were often against him, poor chap!"

"*Excuse*, Monsieur?" the Frenchman interrupted, "how, *excuse?*"

"Why, I mean to say we all know Byron's life, what it was—"

"Certainly."

"But that shouldn't blind us to his merits as a poet. Byron had eloquence and great mental vigor. He has an infinity about him like the sea, as one of our critics says, the poet Swinburne—?"

"Ah, yes, Swinburne, to be sure, Monsieur."

"Well, if that be so, we ought to be able to overlook his failings in the light of his achievements. If you see what I mean."

I thought the Frenchman's eyes looked a little glaring, but he made no answer.

"What's more, the accounts are probably exaggerated."

"Grant they are true, Monsieur," the other said. "It is the same. I am not sure I *do* see what you mean. Perhaps it is that Frenchmen do not understand very well the Anglo-Saxons, not always. But why should we forgive Byron, may I ask again?"

"I mean that the English race"—the Englishman's voice grew tender as if he were speaking of a beloved brother—"is a just

race. I believe we have a great desire to be human, to make allowances; justice is an Englishman's passion."

"What very odd passions the English have, Monsieur!"

"Naturally I don't mean to say that other races may not be just and human also."

"I think, Monsieur," the Frenchman replied, ignoring the concession quite as his little flippancy had just been ignored, "that there may be a difference after all. I should not understand very well this passion for forgiving a great poet like Byron because his poetry is great."

"It may well be that the French genius is harder," the Englishman said—"the *esprit de logique*."

"That may be. But why forgive or make excuses? It cannot help Byron or make him greater."

"But it praises Byron's genius without endorsing his conduct."

"Ah, I see. I see. We might say it preserves our greatness and Byron's also. That is it, is it not?"

"If you like."

"We protect our own standards, but also we confess that under the circumstances we should do the same thing. It is droll."

"Not entirely," the Englishman objected.

"Ah well, to our *mouton*. Byron is great, in some respects he differs from us—in theory, at least, if not always in conduct. Very well. In spite of his differing from us he is a great poet. Therefore we forgive him. You forgive him, Monsieur?"

"Oh, rather, I should say I do. Though I can't say that of all my friends."

"Exactly. And I see no need of forgiving him at all."

"But why be harsh in one's judgment of Byron?"

"That's one sort of good, perhaps, Monsieur. It is as you say, very kind, very tender, very just and human. It has a sort of piety in it, perhaps."

The Englishman added: "It is more charitable."

"Ah, Monsieur, and it is also easier. For if we make allowances for Byron, we do not have to reëxamine our own system, *n'est-ce pas?* But there is another sort of goodness, we think. What I may call mental goodness."

"Mental goodness?" The Englishman filled another pipe with steady determination.

"Exactly, Monsieur: mental goodness, the goodness of understanding. I believe that instead of 'forgiving' Byron, as you say, it is better to understand the facts. That seems to me kinder, ah, much kinder! We may not of course enjoy it so much as we enjoy forgiving"—he looked up to see if his little thrust had gone home, but his listener sat masked in repose—"and it may be more disturbing than making allowances or altering history to suit ideals. You know the French phrase, I am sure, Monsieur: 'the defect of one's excellence'?"

"Certainly."

"That is what we mean by it. Byron's violence and extremes were part of that quality that swept his poetry along. His weakness with women was the defect of the excellence that made him a lyric poet. One accepts this as one accepts the fact that fire is beautiful but burns one. It is an extreme, it is regrettable. But the flame is an extreme as much as the burning is."

A sound of a bell far away, from off toward San Vitale, came to our ears, beautiful and soft. The little painter began to speak more vehemently.

"Is not this kinder in the end, Monsieur, to make the head to see straight than to depend on the humors of the heart?"

He turned to me when the Englishman said nothing: "To keep the heart in the head, that is better than so near the digestion, which has not the so good constancy. Ah, but the stomach has temperament, has it not?"

"Very much so," I agreed.

"But what do you think, Monsieur? You have been silent. What do you think of this in America?"

"In America," I said, "we are still in the forgiving stage also. Our biographies are usually the refinement of lying. Or of blinking, with pity. For example, take our favorite story-writer; he was in prison two years for taking money in a bank. But we don't like to admit it. We deny it, or we soften the facts. I know a man whose desk was next to this writer's. He saw the whole business. He tells me the three things the money was needed for were the support of the writer's wife,—who was ill

and to whom he was devoted,—playing poker, and digging for a buried treasure down by the river."

"I see, Monsieur. And you mean that these same traits are behind the stories?"

"Just that. The gentleness and kindness and adventure and daredevil and romance in his stories all come out in this love for his wife, for gambling, for treasure-hunting, so strong that they made him steal."

"But also to create his art, Monsieur."

"Ah, but to admit that," I said, "people must be ready to look into their own scheme of values a little. It's pleasanter to do the other, be evasive or merciful."

"Exactly. It is sweet to be forgiving, is it not, Monsieur? But it is intelligent and permanent to be understanding."

He turned to the Englishman, smiling: "The defect of one's excellence is not a sacred phrase, perhaps, but it is the kindest in the world."

The Englishman looked off into the blue night, untouched by all this patter, and still silent. The Frenchman looked at me with a bit of a shrug, as if to say, "*Espèce de type anglais, non?*" Then the other took his pipe from his lips and said:

"The English nature is a compassionate and tender one."

The Frenchman looked at him a moment.

"Ah, yes, we know that from your ballads," he said.

The conversation was ended by the padrone's coming up with our bill. The café was already deserted, the voices gone, and most of the piazza lights were out. The Englishman paid, waiving us brusquely aside; and he and the painter rose to go.

The padrone made him a bow. The Signor was from Byron's country, he said in Italian. Byron was a great poet, they had named a piazza for him in Ravenna. He wished the signori good-night and golden dreams.

I let the two men set off and stayed on there long after the doors of the café were shut; and only now and then, passersby crossed the piazza; and now and then the footsteps of the watchman came from a far corner. I smiled a little to think of the irony of how we had all sat there together; how none of us had mentioned a word of it, and yet the beauty and reality of the

time and place had laid its finger, nevertheless, on the invisible sources of our talk and the shy accents of our vehemence.

The stars looked closer now and more golden in the deep blue of the air. Against the blue and the stars rose the figure of St. Mark's lion on the column nearby and the pointed Venetian battlements along the palace walls. A soft night breeze had set in from the Adriatic and stirred the oleander branches. The strange, bitter fragrance of the blossoms spread abroad, and the stirred leaves made a little clicking sound. Otherwise there was no sound anywhere. Ravenna was as silent as night on water.

Then from the next piazza, over by Dante's tomb and Byron's palace, a guitar struck up and a man began to sing. It was a wild, metallic voice, and all the brighter for the stillness and the stone streets on which it fell. I could hear the strumming of the guitar, the voice singing, and the stir of branches near me. I could see the pale curves of the arcades, and the rose-color glowing on the walls in the dim light of the few street-lamps below, and darkening into mere shadow higher up against the deep sky. And close at hand, almost overhead, I saw the shapes of the leaves, the most beautiful in the world. I thought of Byron and his life at Ravenna, the love, the revolution, the proud and lonely and ironical isolation, and of Dante. The night, the straight lines of the column with its lion's wings, the rumor of the sea in the soft wind, the memory of these great men, the music, and the quietness, seemed all one thing, seemed complete and perfect as one of the oleander leaves. And with them, after a fashion, went also the slight little Frenchman with his clear, wise phrase.

STARK YOUNG.

"QUICK AS GOD WILL LET YOU!"

BY KATHERINE MAYO

Of all the counties of Pennsylvania none is more beautiful than Wyoming. But the aspects of that radiant State are manifold in loveliness. While Lancaster spreads broad, teeming fields wide-breasted to the sun, while Butler's staccato ridges crowd like storm-waves on the sky, Wyoming rolls slowly on in great, grave, sombre valleys—valleys bulwarked by titantic shoulders, stooped and heavy, infinitely lonely, infinitely solemn, against an unknown world.

For Wyoming is sparsely tenanted as to human kind. Wyoming is "poor." Its towns are few and very small. Uncultivated brush covers its greater part. Yet, here and there again, at remote intervals, brush gives place to island-like old farms. And among the farmer people persists certain old foundation stock, firm and right and wholesome, despite its separation from mankind.

The story now to follow is absolutely true. But the names of the family concerned, like that of their actual abode, are changed, because of young lives coming up, across whose path should lie no cloud.

The village, then, shall be called Surrey—although only as a manner of speaking can it be called "village" at all. For it consists of four buildings—a little white General Store, its dependent feed-room, the blacksmith's house, and the smithy. These four stand at the corners of a rough cross-road, whose vistas close in woods.

Down below, on the slope of the valley, half hidden by a few ancient appletrees, clings one little old farmhouse, sound and weathertight still, yet nevertheless in some mysterious way breathing out the fact that it has sunken upon grey days. A cluster of slant and mossy gravestones flanks it upon one side. For the rest, its sole companions are the everlasting hills, sweep-

ing up and up, bare, solemn, even, bastion-like, to meet the solemn sky.

In this lonely house lived, twelve years ago, a family here called Burnham—the father, the mother, and their only daughter, June. Solid farmer kind, they hugged, contented, the acres from which generations of their forebears had drawn a decent livelihood. And the land and their labor gave them, still, enough for all their needs. Simple, honorable, self-respecting, rugged, hard-working, independent, kindly, Burnham and his wife asked of the world nothing more than it gave them. And the joy and pride of their lives, the core of their hearts, was June—then a fine, comely, pleasant girl in the early twenties.

June, beaming with sturdy health and cheeriness, pink-cheeked, broad-shouldered, bright-eyed, yellow-haired, good all through, had a suitor or two or three, drawn like bees by hidden sweetness. Of these, the one who pleased her best was Joe Lasalle. Now, Joe Lasalle, a tall, keen-faced, darkly handsome type, had no roots in the ken of Wyoming—no roots anywhere that anyone knew, but had recently dropped out of space when his mother, a stranger also, came to occupy a farmhouse high in the hills.

That farmhouse, as the crow flies three miles or so from Surrey, abides in a loneliness like the loneliness of the sea. And the woman who sought it was said by the few who saw her to wear a harsh, fierce, forbidding face that killed any word of friendship.

Yet Joe, when he appeared, had a way with him. And he took that way down into the valley. And it led straight into June Burnham's big, brave, honest heart.

But Burnham and his wife, simple, unworldly folk, could not warm to Joe Lasalle—and the sight of his progress with June filled them with dread.

He was the son of an outlandish woman—strayed, it was said, from some distant lumber-camp,—obviously not of their blood and tradition—a woman of a past unknown, yet whose history, seemingly, stood written on her face in a language as ugly as it was strange. Who and what was his father? As for himself, they did not, could not like him. Something alien, something disquieting, nameless, blocked the way. They spoke to each other of it, yet rarely, with restraint, because each of them loved their

daughter more than life itself. And if she should fix her heart, then they would hold with her, in all the wisdom that they could achieve.

So June Burnham married Joe Lasalle. And the pair went to live as lessees on a farm some miles apart—Joe to work the land. What else should he do?

But Joe developed no fancy for farming. And any fox has a keener sense of marital duty. So that before their first child was a year old, Burnham saw that June and her baby would be hungry and cold if he did not take them home.

"Mother," he said, on the night when the thing became clear to him, "I am going to ask June and Joe to come back."

"George Burnham, are you crazy?" cried the mother. "You know how I want our girl and her baby back—back where we can do for her. But Joe Lasalle—why should *he* darken this house?"

"Is it for us, or for June, that we'd be doing it?" asked the old man. "Is it good for a wife to leave her husband, or for children to be strangers to their father? Our people have never done such things—neither yours nor mine. Perhaps Joe will improve. Anyway, it is June and the baby we must think of. Yes, yes, mother—there—there! Never mind, never mind, I knew you would come around."

So June returned. And Burnham cared for her needs, and for those of her children as they came. But Joe, while he hung about the old place off and on, living there in the main, making use of it as suited his convenience, gave little help in the work of the farm and contributed nothing to his growing family's maintenance.

Meantime, the whole thing increasingly bored him. So that when someone, strangely inspired, offered him a job with a telephone line, carrying pay of one hundred dollars a month with expenses, and involving fairly constant travel about the State, he jumped for the widened horizon; and, so jumping, finally ditched all domesticity.

After that came our entrance into the World War—came the draft. And Joe Lasalle, drafted, stood up in his six feet of young good looks and claimed exemption from his country's service. Grounds: Family duties, and the "fifty dollars a month it costs him to keep the children." Exemption granted.

Later, old Burnham died. Then it became definitely necessary for June to take the step she hated—to ask the Court to compel her husband to help her buy the children's food.

Fifty dollars a month, the Court awarded, fixing the figure by the record of the exemption plea.

In the interval Joe had discovered, at a barn dance adorning his path, a very handsome young girl—call her Nora. From that time he cut off all communication with his wife. And Nora became the companion of his travels. Nora wore pretty clothes, which he bought for her. Nora and he disported together gaily and comfortably, under the "and expenses" clause—gaily, and comfortably,—until at last the Telephone Company woke up. Which let Joe drop, with a thud, to a poor little twenty-five dollars a week job in a Wilkes-Barre garage—twenty-five a week and no extras. Now, twenty-five dollars a week and no extras will scarcely stretch to a man's own keep and comfort, a Nora, *and* fifty dollars a month for anybody. Of these three ideas, therefore, one, clearly, must go. In the choice, no Joe could hesitate.

So came October, 1919; June Lasalle and her old widowed mother alone in the lonely hills; the four children, of whom the youngest was then nine months old, their common care; the Court's award of fifty dollars a month, haltingly paid though it was, a desperately important item in the household. On the other hand, Joe Lasalle, down below in Wilkes-Barre, weak, vain, wild, undisciplined, chafing himself mad in the break between desire and means, rapidly developing an obsession of hatred against the woman who seemed to stand in his road to happiness.

Not since finding Nora had Joe visited his wife. Yet, from time to time, a curious gnawing compulsion had driven him to seek her out—just to see—just to see how she moved from hour to hour, to see who came about the place—to see if her habits had changed in any way—to see what *could* be safely done—if a man—made up—his mind—*if*—

Sometimes the two women heard him, felt him, without knowing what they heard or felt. Some sound of moving, by night—some sort of thickening of the darkness at the door. Once he crept into the cellar to listen, and the grit of his foot as it slipped

upon the stair, and the hiss of the one heavy breath that he drew almost betrayed him.

"Mother!" he heard a whisper—"Someone is in the cellar—right there!"

"I heard it. I'm going down to look"—the pushing back of a chair—a step.

"Mother, *Mother!*" This time aloud. "Not for a thousand dollars! You *shan't* go!" And he knew as he stole away that June had flung herself upon the older woman and was holding her fast.

Again and again shapeless alarms—blind awarenesses of evil at hand—sped from his obsessing thought—from his lurking, unseen presence, into the two women's minds.

Rarely did so much as the creak of a board or the snap of a twig underfoot follow his tread, for Joe, hunter by instinct and practice, a crack shot and trailer of game, could move like a snake in silence.

Yet again and again did Jack, the old Newfoundland dog who had loved June singly since she was a little maiden and he a ball of fluff—again and again did old Jack rise uneasily, with a growl in his throat. And again and again did June, in an access half terror, half desperate revolt, fling open the door, expecting to see upon the threshold she scarcely knew what shape of menace. But only the night—the huge, blank, empty night—would meet her staring eyes.

Then came a midnight when, lying with her baby in her arm, she awakened as at a clutch upon her heart, and, in the tense still instant that followed, knew with a knowledge apart from conscious sense that an enemy stood close at hand.

Who? What did he want? *What?*

The dog came and nudged her with his cold nose—laid a heavy paw upon her,—whining.

Drawing her arm from under the sleeping child, she crept out to the kitchen and took Joe's old shotgun from its place in the corner. Loaded it. Sat, facing the door, with the gun across her knees, waiting, until dawn—until broad light.

After that Mrs. Burnham fell sick with a heavy cold—a sort of grippe—that tied her for days to her bed. And it was while she

lay yet ill that a little stir arose, one night, among the cattle in the barn. Both women heard it,—listened with trained, appraising ears. Then, without a word, June arose, took her lantern and went out, followed close by Jack, hackles up, teeth gleaming.

The sick woman caught her own black fear in her two hands and throttled it till the other's increasing foot-fall and the reclosing of the kitchen door announced her safe return.

June came and stood by her mother's bed. "I thought it might be that the calf had got loose. But it wasn't—Mother, are you afraid to stay alone while I take my baby and go over after Arthur?"

Now Arthur Burnham, June's elder brother, not to protect the women but in pursuit of his own affairs, had come to live in a cottage five minutes distant by a short-cut through field and woods.

"You are a crazy girl," answered the old woman from her pillow. "But go if you must. It's as bad to stay as to go, or to go as to stay."

Arthur returned with his sister, to spend an hour laughing at their fears.

"Mother, you're nervous," he argued. "Who'd want to bother you poor harmless folks, now, say!"

"Arthur Burnham,"—and the firm, fine old face on the pillow gave double force to the spoken word—"Arthur Burnham, your mother is no coward and no fool. I tell you again as I've told you before: Evil hangs over this place and your sister and her children and me. And it comes nearer—*nearer*. Now I ask you, as I've asked you before: Will you speak to the State Police? What are they for, if not to protect lonely women and children? I've heard it's what they never refuse to do. But how can they know we need them if they are not told?

But Arthur laughed again, indulgently. "You and June have got yourself all fussed up. There ain't nobody wants to bother you. I'll come over some night and sleep here myself just to show you it's only your nerves."

He knew that a barracks of State Police lay over the hill somewhere—not very far away. But he knew that fact as most of us

know those things that lie outside our daily round—vaguely and without application to our own concerns.

So he laughed. And the cloud swung low.

One afternoon June sat by her mother's bed, her big work-basket on her knees, patching the children's clothes. George, the eldest, an eager, active, handsome boy, and little June and Jenny, yellow-haired, blue-eyed, happy reproductions of their mother, went through garments like mice through standing grass. Even baby Edith, fourth wearer of the things that covered her, managed only too often to kick a hole in a skirt or to put her chubby elbow through a sleeve. And June took great pride and infinite pains in the neatness of her children.

For some time she had worked in silence, while the invalid silently watched her, dull of heart. Then she spoke—words, simply uttered without particularity or shaken calm:

"Mother," she said, "something tells me that I ought to go up to the hill cemetery and buy me a lot."

"What?" gasped the mother, stricken cold. "What do you want of that, girl? Haven't we got our lot, right here?"

"I have a feeling—I want to be up out of this—when the time comes—up high in the sun—and to bury my children beside me. Something tells me to go get the place now."

Nothing of wailing, nothing of terror in the speech. Only level, established thought.

The old woman snatched the sheet across her mouth. Not a sign of panic had she given yet. Not the tribute of one quivering muscle would she render, to man or ghost. June came of staunch stock. Never in her mother soul should she find a weight to carry—a fanner of fear.

Next evening—that was Tuesday, October 7th—the old dog Jack refused his supper. On the following morning, as they opened the house door, he slunk away into the brush. Toward night Arthur appeared.

"I have bad news for you, June," he said. "Old Jack's dead. I found him over in the North woods."

June, white to her white lips, threw back her bonny head and looked him straight between the eyes. After a long moment she spoke, slowly, stilly:

"He can kill me, maybe. But he can't scare me. Some day tell him that."

"Good Lord, sis, what are you thinking of! Who? What?"

"I think," the mother answered, "what I've said before—that you ought to speak to the State Police—to ask them to come. O, Arthur, you *should.* You should do it *now.*"

But Arthur laughed again: "A pretty story I'd have to tell them! One old dog dead, and two women seein' things that ain't there to see. Do you want me to look like a fool, mother? You'd ought to have more sense."

Next day, toward noon, the mother made strength to get up. She was seventy-three years old, and the grippe had dealt her no light blow. But in the back of her soul loomed that which drove her, as the launching of the final attack drives broken men to the guns.

"Who poisoned our Jack?" she kept asking herself,—"Whose way was our Jack in—and why?"

But never a word of it passed her lips, and the trembling of her knees came from physical weakness, rather than from panic within.

A heavy rain had set in the night before. All day it poured down. June, going to and from house to barn, caring for the cattle, doing chores in doors and out, passed before her mother's eyes a rain-drenched, mud-clogged figure of honesty and brave love. Everything about the house—the kitchen floor scrubbed spotless silver-white, the shining pans, the clean, bright stoves, the invisible window-panes, the decent furniture, carefully kept—showed self-respecting industry. The elder children, well-mannered, obedient, affectionate, happy, did faithfully their little usual parts in the day's round. All this the old woman seemed to be seeing with a curious, sudden clearness as if for a permanent end. After supper, weariness overcame her. She crept back to her room, lay down upon her bed and fell asleep.

It was ten o'clock when she wakened—wakened with a horrible lurch. A clutch at her shoulder. June knelt beside her.

"Mother!" she breathed. "Oh! Mother—don't you hear? There's a man outside—a man stealing around the house—*Mother!*"

The wail in that last word will ring in the mother's ears as long as she walks this earth. Nothing new lay in the alarm itself. Not once but many a time, in the last month, had each of them known in her inner mind that some human presence lurked about, unseen. But never before had June permitted one tremor to echo the fact. Now her voice choked and her hand struck icy cold. She, so strong, so undaunted, seemed suddenly like a frightened child—clung, like a little frightened child, to her mother's knees and shook with fear.

"Mama's coming, my pretty—Mama's coming, my own, my chick," the old woman whispered—words scarcely used since she herself was young and June a baby in her arms.

And it was she that led the way back into the kitchen—she, for the moment that walked the steadier of the two—all her love and instinct of protection transfused into strength.

They went and sat by the table, according to their wont, the mother in her low chair, June facing her, the evening lamp between. Still, hardly breathing, they listened up and down the planes of sound. But nothing did they hear, save the occasional stir of a coal in the stove, and the heavy rush of the rain. Presently June rose.

"I'm going to get my baby," she said, "somehow I seem to want her near."

So she brought the little, velvety, sleeping thing, laid it in its carriage and drew it close by her side. As she moved back into her seat, she had glanced at the window behind her, glanced—again.

"I wish we could put shutters there. Let's do it just as soon as we can get a man."

"Shutters on the windows of this room? All right, daughter."

"This room?—All the windows?—No, I don't know. But—I can't tell why—I do want shutters to *that* window *there*—I wish they were on tonight."

Then the other began hurriedly to talk—gentle, broken, rambling talk of June's own childhood, of her dead father's joy in her, his pride in his bonny, hardy, laughing little playmate. Of his terror, big, solid man though he was, once when she had the croup—once again when she strayed into the woods and for an hour or two was lost. Beginning with an effort, forcing the

words, the speaker finally drifted with the current of her own spell—almost slipped away into the sunlit past.

June listened—or seemed to listen—silently, while the kind old voice trailed on, borne on the hum of the rain.

Motionless she sat, one elbow on the table, her chin on her hand, staring down upon her baby's face. "Dear Dad!" she whispered once or twice, and once or twice a tear stood on her cheek.

It grew late, for farmer folk—beyond reason late.

Unheeded, the clock on the mantel touched eleven.

And with that, It came.

. . .

Two minutes after, perhaps, little George stood in the stairway, saucer-eyed.

"What's happened?—Mother!—What was it?" he cried. "Did the house explode?"

But it was the grandmother's voice that answered, from somewhere across the room, out of his sight.

"Go back and put your pants on. Get sister June and run over to Uncle Arthur's. Tell him I want him here."

For once, the boy stopped to ask no questions but flew to obey, stumbling and scrambling on the stairs. And when the two children, hand in hand, came piping in the darkness under their uncle's window, they could tell him nothing except that an awful noise had scared them and that granny wanted him at home.

Nevertheless, and for all his old, easy skepticism, Arthur walked fast—ran—between the stubble corn-rows—through the woods.

"Where are you? What is it?" he panted as he flung open the door into the lighted room.

Then he looked straight into his mother's steady eyes.

She was on the floor, over by the table, kneeling. In her arms lay June, her head cradled in the nook of her mother's neck. On the fair planks, blood. Blood on the mother's hands, and on her thin white hair.

"What is it!" he cried again, babbling.

"Arthur Burnham, never you mind what it is. *As quick as God will let you, you call the State Police!*"

. . .

On the tenth day of October, 1919, Captain Wilson Price got his transfer from the command of "A" Troop, in the south-western end of the State, to the command of "B" Troop, in the far north-east, at Wyoming, out of Wilkes-Barre. Reaching barracks late that evening, after a tough day's work and travel, he had just turned in and fallen asleep when Corporal Ammon shot up the stairs, three steps at a jump.

"A murder, Sir, at Surrey."

Now there are certain things that no Pennsylvania State Police Captain, breath remaining in his body, leaves to any subordinate. While the Corporal's voice yet echoed in the hall, the Captain's springy toes kicked back the bottom stair, and the Captain's hand grasped the telephone. It was then exactly 11.45 o'clock.

"Who's calling?" asked Price.

"Arthur Burnham. My sister's been shot. Over by Surrey."

"Who did it?"

"I don't know."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"I don't suspect anybody.—Well—her husband hasn't been too good to her, maybe. But he ain't around here any more. He . . . "

Already the Captain had called for a road map—for a trooper who knew the roads—for time tables. Even as he questioned and listened, he was tracing routes—all routes, out from Surrey.

A fugitive, he decided at a glance, would probably make for Wilkes-Barre or for some station on one of the railroads. The first train at any available point would be due, he saw, at three o'clock in the morning—three hours and a quarter off. His first cars he therefore sped to cover every exit on those lines, with orders to drop one man at each intersection of road or by-way, to stop every automobile, tram-car or vehicle of any kind that might pass, and to search for any suspicious person, for any person answering to the description of Joe Lasalle or for any person bearing fire-arms.

The cars flew as he spoke, while the Captain, still at the telephone, called his substations, ordering action; called up the police of surrounding towns, requesting coöperation. Then, accompanied by Corporal Ammon with Private Hintze and Dorn, he started, himself, for Surrey.

That little old car had already seen much wild service. Its joints had been racked and its sinews strained in many a chase where life and death hung in the balance. But never in its prime had it done better work than it was to do that night.

Something over eleven miles, it is, from "B" Troop barracks to the old farmhouse at Surrey. Just over eleven miles. And in exactly thirty minutes, as was later proved on the witness stand,—in exactly thirty minutes from that tick of the clock at which Arthur Burnham got "B" Troop on the telephone, the Captain of "B" Troop stood in the farm-house door.

They had lifted June, by then, and laid her on her bed. Price and his troopers found her there, lying straight and still, her work-worn hands on her breast. They noticed—noticing everything—the neatness and cleanness of the room, of her dress, the tidiness of her hair, the honor in her face, the white, smooth goodliness of the bed—her beautiful dignity in death.

In the kitchen the mother sat—a certain magnificence about her—a certain classic grandeur—like an old tribal queen in defeat. She had done absolutely everything that she should have done. Her mind, all untaught in such particulars, had risen triumphant and made clear the way. She had disturbed nothing. The chair on which June had sat, the curtain at the window, the lamp, the position of the doors, even the black pool on the floor, she had been scrupulous to guard untouched. She had gone to the desk and hunted out a picture of Joe Lasalle. Now she sat waiting, with June's baby on her breast, June's children at her knees, hushing their frightened sobbing, her own head up, her own eyes dry and challenging, her mouth firm. Price, looking at her there, felt sheer respect.

As to the deed, in five minutes he knew all that he needed to know, as far as that scene could tell it!—June's wound was three inches behind and a little below the left ear. It was two inches in diameter and three to four inches deep. She had received a

full charge of number-six shot from a shotgun. The shoulder of her dress was smirched with powder, and riddled with holes. Pellets of shot showed in the panels of a door across the room. The globe of the lamp was smashed. One pane of the window before which she had sat was shattered, and a hole blown through the Holland shade. Under that window, outside, lay a horizontal cellar door. On one batten of the door stuck a bit of fresh mud.

Price, standing on the cellar door, found that, peering close through the cracks in the worn Holland shade, he could distinguish objects in the room. He ordered one of his men to sit in June's chair as June had sat, elbow on table, chin in left hand. Then, with his own foot close by the mud-spot, he sighted a broomstick through the hole in the pane at his trooper's head. The sight-line struck the opposite door above the shot-marks there.

Price is a small man—a small package of high potency. He gave the stick into the second trooper's hand. Sighted, the line struck the pellets in the door fairly. That trooper was five feet eleven inches tall. So, it happened, was Joe Lasalle.

Satisfied with his investigation of the premises, leaving Private Hintze to comfort the little household, but taking Ammon and Dorn with him, the Captain now sped off, as he had come, to snap the next link to the chain, as he guessed it. Three miles or so away, up and up, high, and higher in the hills, he lighted at last upon a tiny farmhouse abiding in loneliness like the loneliness of the sea—the house of Joe Lasalle's mother.

In a moment the three men had control of the place—of all its egresses. And while Price pursued that shrewd interrogation of the inmates that was later to clinch the case, it was Private Dorn who made the first material discovery,—a twelve-guage shotgun, freshly cleaned, hidden in a cupboard; and beside it the oily rag that had cleaned it.

"Captain . . . " Dorn called—and at that the telephone rang.

"Answer that telephone," Price commanded the man of the household, "and be careful what you say."

"Hello"—he obeyed.

On the word, Price pushed him aside, taking the instrument from his hand.

"Is Captain Price there?" came a voice that he recognized. "Private Brennan speaking. From the Dallas-Luzerne road at Shaverton. *I have Joe Lasalle.*"

This was twenty minutes after one.

By the first light of dawn they reconstructed his trail. Independent of his statements as of his denial, they followed his hesitating movements about the house, from the time when his baleful, unseen presence had driven the wife in terror to her sick mother's bed, to the moment when, braced on the cellar door, he had fired his one shot, and then, suddenly afraid, without a glance to make sure of the deed, had turned and run. They found the rail on the old fence, opposite, under the appletree, where he had splintered a rotten board, hastily climbing to reach the short cut through the swamp, to his mother's house. On the swamp's farther edge, they found the rock that his fleeing foot had scraped—the little white chalky line and the tear in the moss. From the inmates of his mother's home, from what they had said or left unsaid—from their explanations or failure to explain, they reconstructed what had passed in that place in Joe Lasalle's brief tarrying both before and after the crime. And so they traced him till he had landed, shuddering lies in useless showers, into the arms of Privates Brennan and Gingrich, waiting at Shaverton on the Dallas-Luzerne road.

Meantime, they had found the girl, Nora, whose image had buzzed in Joe's handsome, empty head until the getting rid of his wife became a sort of obsession to him. They had found her quickly, before any alarm could reach her, had brought her in all unprepared, and, in spite of her jaunty, foolish defiance, had got from her all that she knew.

And so on, through each grim, sordid, consequent detail, with speed and with scientific precision, until the case of the State, complete and invulnerable, clicked shut.

That case, of course, was challenged in the Court. The strange woman sold her home and all that she had, to hire lawyers for her son's defense. And these, again, brought every sort of wild, useless counter-accusation against the State Police. With the sole result that they, the lawyers themselves, having gone beyond

bounds, were disciplined by the Court, while their client paid for his crime the extreme penalty.

Now the thing to observe is this: Joe Lasalle, from the moment in which he fired his shot, was a doomed man. He had not the shadow of a chance to make a get-away.

Brennan and Gingrich, it happened, nipped him at Shaverton on the Dallas-Luzerne road. But if he had chosen any other road or by-path, or if he had cut across to any trolley or train, or if he had hidden, biding his time, nevertheless and with exactly the same certainty would he have fallen into the grip of the officers of the State Police. Within one hour from the moment when he fired his shot, the iron ring encompassed him without one break.

Had the crime been reported less promptly the arrest might have been proportionately delayed. But the web of the Force covers every inch of the State, and its arm reaches over the Nation.

Again, brought to trial, he had not the shadow of a chance. For Price and his men, trained in every turn and trick of the laws of evidence, had missed not one nicety in foreseeing and preparing the case of the State. No choice of verdict was possible.

. . .

To-day, in the lonely farmhouse in the hills, the only home she has ever known since she came to it a bride, a wonderful woman faces the future alone. She is seventy-four years old. Grief and horror have used her hard. Her strength of body ebbs daily, and as it slips and slips fast and faster through her desperate clutch, grows an icy fear of that nearing dawn when she can work no more—when by no human effort can she force herself up—drag herself from her bed. *Then* who will mother June's babies?

"They would not listen when I told them. If they had listened—if they had called the State Police, *my June would have been alive tonight*—alive and *here*—with her babies."

KATHERINE MAYO.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

GEORGE MOORE

I

I WAS in Dublin on the day when the news of the Battle of Jutland was announced in such abrupt terms that most people imagined the British Fleet had been irretrievably defeated. The affairs of the Abbey Theatre, of which I was then in control, had been brought to a pause because of the military regulations imposed upon the city after the Easter Rising, and Mr. Moore, new from London, asked me to employ some of my leisure in making a reconciliation between Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats on the one hand and himself on the other. I foolishly consented to see what could be done, chiefly because of the innocent wonder which I detected in Mr. Moore at the fact that anyone could possibly take offense at anything he might say, however revelatory of private affairs it might be; and I spent some time in the pursuit of peace. Lady Gregory declared that she had no feeling against Mr. Moore because of what he had said about her in his trilogy, *Hail and Farewell*, but that she could never forgive the insults it contained to Mr. Yeats. Mr. Yeats, endeavoring to think deeply about the Rising, declared that he had forgotten, if indeed he had ever remembered, the insults to himself in the trilogy, but that he could not pardon those offered to Lady Gregory. Moore had broken bread in her house, and then had gone away and made fun of her! Worse than that, he had belittled her work. He had said that her plays were not great plays and that her "Kiltartan" dialect was not the dialect of the people of Ireland, but a tortured, unrhythmic invention of her own! . . . I proposed to them that they should pool their pardons and receive him into the fold again, but my proposal

was not accepted, and so I set off from Lady Gregory's lodgings in Dublin to tell Mr. Moore, staying in the Shelbourne Hotel, of the failure of my mission. On the way, I encountered newspaper boys, carrying placards on which was printed the news of the Battle of Jutland. When I got to the hotel and was shown into Mr. Moore's private sitting-room, I found assembled there, Mr. Moore, white with anger and dismay, "A. E." (George W. Russell) "John Eglinton" (William Magee) and the late W. F. Bailey, a Land Commissioner, a Privy Councillor and a Trustee of the Abbey Theatre, who had the most extensive acquaintance of any man I have ever known. Mr. Moore was seated in the middle of the room, looking very like a portrait of himself, facing his friends, who were huddled together on a sofa in the shadow as if they were three misbehaving schoolboys receiving a severe rebuke from their master. I could not tell Mr. Moore at that moment of the result of my mission, and in the excitement of the subsequent argument I forgot to do so, but I doubt whether he was then in a mood to care whether he was forgiven or not.

II

It is nearly five years since that day when I heard Mr. Moore haranguing Mr. Russell and Mr. Magee and Mr. Bailey on the Battle of Jutland, but my recollection of the occasion is very vivid, partly because I have a good memory for things which interest me (and none at all for things in which I am not interested) but chiefly because it seemed to me that on that day Mr. Moore definitely became an old man. His age is not stated in the books of reference, for Mr. Moore is as reticent as an actress on this point, but he is older than Mr. Shaw, who is much older than Mr. Yeats or "A. E." It may seem singular that he, so destitute of reserve in other and more intimate matters, should be secretive on this, but I fancy that his failure to publish the number of his years is due less to vanity than to inability to believe that he is as old as they denote. Judged by the rules of arithmetic his age is—so much; but judged by his feelings, it is —much less. Facts are stubborn things, so we are told, demanding acceptance and unquestioned admission, but Mr. Moore

declines to accept the fact of time: he ignores it. But on the day on which the news of the Battle of Jutland was made public, the fact of time ceased to be ignorable, and Mr. Moore, for the first moment in his life, yielded to his years. He looked old and he talked as old men talk. There was a note of panic in his voice, of frightened urgency, and he complained bitterly of those who saw importance in a mean brawl in Dublin, but remained indifferent to an event which might result in the destruction of a desirable civilization. I doubt whether anything in the world had ever until that day been serious to Mr. Moore in the sense that loss and suffering and great grief are serious. I am certain that he never understood why people were angry with him because of *Hail and Farewell.* The resentment manifested against him by Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats was to him incomprehensibly petty: the deeper resentment of other people, more grievously wounded by his revelations which they declared to be untrue, filled him with astonishment. The spectacle of life was so much of a spectacle to him that he could not conceive of it as anything else to others. He had made himself so completely, not a participant in affairs, but an observer of them, that he had lost the faculty of personal feeling. His interest in acts and motives was so intense that he could not understand anyone objecting to his prying into the more entertaining of their private relationships. Equally difficult was it for him to understand that they should deeply disrelish the idea of having their affairs, intimate and even secret, used as material for a book by Mr. Moore. Any human experience, particularly when narrated in Mr. Moore's exquisite literary style, is of value to mankind, and it must have seemed to him that there was something, not only absurd, but also disgraceful in the objection many people had to the publication of their private concerns. Had he not paid tribute to privacy by omitting names or inventing others than the proper ones? True, everyone knew who were the persons portrayed, but was that his fault? And since everyone knew already of the affairs, what possible harm could there be in his putting them into perfect and publishable prose? The objection raised by some persons that the incidents narrated by him as facts were pure inventions was frivolous! What was truth? Mr.

Moore, like jesting Pilate, asked the question, but did not wait for a reply. The three volumes which make up *Hail and Farewell* are remarkable and have much value, but it is necessary to remember that Mr. Moore has not always been careful in them to distinguish between the historian and the novelist, between the recorder and the inventor. There are many dull passages in the trilogy, especially those in which he relates his experiences with his kinsman, Mr. Edward Martyn, a charge which Mr. Moore would not deny, but, on the contrary, proudly admit, for he insists that dullness is a prominent feature of all great books. It is only the newspapers and ephemeral books which are interesting from beginning to end, he asserts—a statement which implies that Mr. Moore has been happier in his newspapers than the generality of people. In this matter of privacies, Mr. Moore was, and still is, the most complete and consistent of communists. He believes very thoroughly in private property, but he has no belief in private feelings. One imagined him, in the days before the Battle of Jutland, asking in a puzzled fashion, "What do you mean when you say you *feel* things? What *is* feeling? Why should it ever be *private?*" "This lady is in love with that gentleman who is not her husband! How interesting! I shall write a book about their love for each other. They may object! But why? Her husband's feelings! . . . Now, isn't that absurd!" And so on. Miss Susan Mitchell, in a very entertaining, but not entirely sympathetic book, entitled *George Moore*, declares that he seceded from the Roman Catholic Church because he objected to the secrecy of the confessional. His sins, he considered, were so absorbingly interesting that they ought to be publicly confessed rather than confided to an undivulging priest. The flaw in Miss Mitchell's argument is her assumption that Mr. Moore had sins to confess rather than sins which he had invented! . . .

III

But on this day when the news of the Battle of Jutland was announced, Mr. Moore seemed, for the first time in his life, to realize that men and women do feel and suffer and bear loss; and

the discovery instantly aged him. The War which had so teasingly disturbed the amenities of Ebury Street became in a moment something more than an irritating scuffle in the dark—it became an immense disaster which might make amenities forever impossible. The solidities of life were in process of dissolution. Literary style amazingly mattered less than the power of the commonest guttersnipe to kill. Mr. Bernard Shaw, in the preface to *Heartbreak House*, exclaims, "Imagine exulting in the death of Beethoven because Bill Sykes dealt him his death blow!" in a rebuke administered to the people who rejoiced in the news of appalling death-rolls among Germans during the War. But on the field itself, Beethoven and Bill Sykes cease to be Beethoven and Bill Sykes and become, each, a very frightened man with a rifle and bayonet and a strong desire to live. In that dreadful encounter, Bill Sykes would not be thinking to himself, "Here comes Beethoven, a great master of music, by whom it will be an honor to be killed!" but " 'Ere comes a bloody 'Un who will kill me unless I kill 'im!" The perception of what was happening in Europe, of the horrible reduction of Beethovens to the level of Sykes, of Shakespeares to the level of Prussian drill-sergeants (for they had to come down to those levels if they were to have any hope of survival) made an old man of Mr. Moore. He threw up his hands and made submission to his years. I listened to him while he talked volubly and bitterly to "A. E." and "John Eglinton" and "Bill" Bailey, as people called him, and marvelled to find him displaying so much emotion over the naval disaster and its probable consequences. He had written a preface for his brother, Colonel Moore's life of their father, in which he had romantically stated that George Henry Moore, his father, had committed suicide because his heart was broken by the dishonorable behavior of politicians. Colonel Moore printed the preface, but denied the statement about his father and withdrew his friendship from George. But George still clings romantically to the belief that his father killed himself. An English newspaper, *The Observer*, in its issue for Sunday, April 10, 1921, prints the preface which Mr. Moore has written for a new book to be published some time during this year. (Probably, when this article is printed, the book will have been published.) In this preface,

Mr. Moore very interestingly describes the way in which he was educated, and in the course of it occurs this paragraph:

> He was unhappy in the strife, for he loved his father; his father was always, and still is, the intimate and abiding reality of his life, and the evening that his father started for Ireland for the last time is quick among his memories. George's father returned from the front door to bid his son good-bye, and in obedience to a sudden impulse he took a sovereign out of his pocket and put it into the boy's hand, and went away to his death resolute, for he had come to see that his death was the only way to escape from his embarrassments, without injury to his family, and I can imagine him walking about the lake shores bidding them good-bye for ever.

I suppose that if George Henry Moore were to rise from the grave and deny that he had died by his own hand, his son and heir, George, would murmur aggrievedly, "You know, father, you are spoiling a very charming story! . . ." He is still sufficiently insensitive not to understand that life is something more than material for the story-teller's art—he may, perhaps, have relapsed from the state of understanding to which the Battle of Jutland brought him,—but for that time, at all events until the news of the Battle was amended, George Moore knew what private feelings were, even although he could not keep them to himself. "A. E.," looking woolly and worried, seemed to be completely deprived of his powers of speech by Mr. Moore's angry rhetoric. "John Eglinton," a scholarly essayist and the sanest man in Dublin, having much respect for, but no delusions about, the ancient Gaelic literature of which we hear so much and see so little, remained customarily mum. Mr. Bailey, nervously garrulous as a rule, uttered jerky, but inarticulate, sounds to which Mr. Moore paid absolutely no heed. I discreetly sat in a corner and did not make a sound. The words flowed steadily from Mr. Moore's lips—hot denunciation of the Rising, contemptuous references to Kuno Meyer, rebukes for "A. E." (discovered to have flaws) and a tremendous indictment of German culture, with a proviso in favor of German music, together with admiring references to France, to French literature and to the French Impressionists, particularly Manet. A waiter intruded into the room for some purpose and was ordered out again.

. . .

IV

Of all that Mr. Moore said on that extraordinary occasion, I remember most his sudden outburst into what he called practical politics. He demanded the impeachment of Mr. Asquith, the restoration of the Coronation Oath and the abolition of all dogs! The comic incongruity of those three items in a plan to win the war was apparent neither to him nor to his three elderly auditors, or so it seemed, and I deemed it wise to control my laughter. Mr. Moore declared that Mr. Asquith's inertia, of which we were hearing so much then, was certain to bring defeat to the Allies.

As for dogs, these abominable animals, he said, are nuisances at any time, but during a war and period of food shortage, they are a positive menace to the country. He begged us to consider (a) the great quantity of food that was consumed by dogs, (b) the amount of nervous irritability brought about by their incessant yapping, and (c) the defilement of the streets caused by them. He threatened us with famine, insanity and, finally, plague. There is an English poet who is also a great breeder of bulldogs. Whenever he reads one of Mr. Moore's periodical denunciations, he becomes so enraged that only the strongest efforts of his friends prevent him from emptying the contents of his kennels on to Mr. Moore's doorstep that they may there do their worst. The ambition of his life is to see one of his bulldogs fasten its teeth firmly in the calf of Mr. Moore's venerable leg. . . .

V

All that has been written here so far will seem to support the superstition that Mr. Moore is a trifler with life, that he is a man destitute of serious purpose; but I am anxious to make plain to my readers that this superstition is a superstition. His lack of reticence about his own and other people's affairs and his perverse incursions into what he imagines to be practical politics are obviously responsible for the belief that he is what is called "a typical Irishman," that is to say, a man without a sense of responsibility. My experience is that "typical Irishmen" are

generally discovered to be Englishmen or Welshmen or New York East Side Jews—the late Padraic Pearse, Mr. Arthur Griffith and Mr. de Valera closely correspond to those descriptions—but it is undeniable that Mr. Moore, not without deliberation, has helped to maintain the legend that Irishmen are without a sense of responsibility. When, for example, during one of the many Home Rule crises, he suggested that the trouble between the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland might easily be settled by intelligent engineers, many persons were of the opinion that a man who could talk such twaddle, as they called it, in a time of much difficulty ought to be imprisoned. The proposal, when the details were disclosed, confirmed pessimists in their profound belief that the unsurmountable obstacle to the solution of Irish affairs is the Irish themselves! What Mr. Moore suggested was this: that a thick wall should be built across the North Channel between the Giant's Causeway and the Mull of Kintyre, and that another thick wall should be built across St. George's Channel between Carnsore Point and St. David's Head. These operations completed, the engineers should then pump out all the water in the Irish Sea, fill in the resultant gap with earth, and make one island out of two! He seemed not to have considered the case of Liverpool. What, someone jestingly demanded, would become of that great port when deprived of its "pool"? What also, he might have added, would become of Belfast and Dublin, deprived, the one of its Lough, and the other, of its Bay? Mr. Moore might have retorted that what Ireland lost on Belfast Lough it would more than gain on Galway Bay, but he preferred to remain silent. One could, of course, draw a conclusion, packed with thought and judgment, from Mr. Moore's playful proposal, and I do not doubt that such was his intention; but the average person is either too busy or disinclined to draw such conclusions from anything; and so, having glanced casually at the details of Mr. Moore's plan to settle the Irish Question, he turned impatiently away, convinced (a) that Mr. Moore was an incorrigible buffoon, and (b) that the government of Ireland must ever remain an unsolved problem because of the Irish people's amazing inability to conduct themselves reasonably!

But Mr. Moore has a serious purpose in life, and he pursues

that serious purpose with indefatigable industry. The immediate and unmistakable fact about him is that he is an artist. There are few writers in English, not even excepting Mr. Conrad, who have so much power over words as is possessed by George Moore, and this power has been achieved, as all power is achieved, by incessant labor and the most pure devotion. He is, in the real sense, a self-made man. The artistry that is undeniably his has been wrought not only in the sweat of his brain, but in face of powerful obstacles. His position as the heir of a fairly well-to-do landowner in Ireland might have resulted in him becoming a minor poet, publishing tiny verses in tiny volumes, or a small author of fragile essays about butterflies and pierrots. He did, in fact, begin his writing career, as most reputable writers do, by composing poems, but he speedily turned to prose. He actually published verses in books entitled *Flowers of Passion*—a name which incongruously suggests Baudelaire and Ella Wheeler Wilcox—and *Pagan Poems*, but, so far as I have been able to discover, no one has ever seen these books or read the poems contained in them. The first was published in 1877 and the second in 1881 and we may conclude that they have been dissolved by the chemicals of time. Miss Mitchell, in the book to which reference has already been made, states that "nobody in Ireland has ever seen any of Mr. Moore's paintings except 'A. E.' to whom he once shyly showed a head, remarking that it had some 'quality.' 'A. E.' remained silent." The poems remain under the same kindly condemnation. The favorable fortune which might have made a minor poet, and nothing but a minor poet, out of Mr. Moore was one of the powerful obstacles to his becoming a master of prose.

The other was the attempt made by his father to influence his mind. In the preface to a forthcoming book, from which I have already made a brief quotation, he gives an account of his education at the Roman Catholic school of Oscott. George, it seemed, had a reticence in his childhood which he remarkably lost in maturity: he refused to confess his sins on the singular ground that he had not got any sins to confess. He had not then learned, seemingly, that he who has not got any sins to confess, can easily invent a few. The story of this episode is fully nar-

rated in *Hail and Farewell*, but in the new preface Mr. Moore summarizes it and tells how his father was summoned to Oscott by the president of the school "to inquire into his son's lack of belief in priests and their sacraments." The upshot of the business was that the boy, 'not only the last boy in his class, but in the last class in the school—in a word, the dunce of the school" was removed from Oscott for private instruction at home in Mayo. "George's case is really very alarming," the president wrote to his father, and the letter contained the admission that he did not know whether George could not or would not learn.

It is exceedingly illuminating to observe how his prose style has grown through a series of very diverse books into its present condition. One of his most remarkable novels, as it is also one of his earliest, *A Mummer's Wife*, was clearly written under the influence of Zola, but with such individual quality that Zola might profitably have taken lessons from his pupil. The difference between Emile Zola and George Moore is that while Zola never forgot to be a doctrinaire, Moore never forgot to be an artist. *A Mummer's Wife* was unaccountably banned by the circulating libraries in England, and, such is the conservatism of these remarkable institutions, that I believe the ban is still maintained, although a generation has arisen which regards such books as this as very restrained indeed. The style in which it is written is somewhat arid, and the reader is not carried forward by the flow of the story itself, but is forced along by its weight. A comparison between this novel, or *Esther Waters*, and such later books as *The Lake* or *The Brook Kerith* reveals such a difference in manner that the critic has some difficulty in believing that all four novels came from the mind of the same author. Mr. Wells is a writer with many manners, but the reader can discover a unifying characteristic, unmistakably Wellsian, in all of them. Mr. Shaw, a more consistent author than most men of his quality, has kept so closely to one level that the difference between his earliest, his best and his latest work is merely the difference of degree between growing powers, highest powers and declining powers. The style in the novels, *Love Among the Artists*, *The Unsocial Socialist*, *The Irrational Knot* and *Cashel Byron's Profession* is the same style, under less control, as the style of *Man*

and Superman, John Bull's Other Island and *Heartbreak House.* But in Mr. Moore's case the style of *A Mummer's Wife* has no obvious relationship to that of *The Lake* or *The Brook Kerith.* The difference between the earlier books and the later ones is the difference between the flow of a river through a canal and the flow of a river through its natural bed.

VI

A Mummer's Wife is a powerful story, told in a skillful and impressive fashion, but it leaves the reader less conscious of life than of mechanics. As a piece of construction it is a better novel than *The Brook Kerith,* but as a piece of literature it is not. The quality of life is dusty and arranged in the early book, but it is alert and vibrant and natural in the later one. One notable feature of *A Mummer's Wife* is the display of knowledge by Mr. Moore of things and of places with which one would not expect him to be familiar. His acquaintance with grooms and horse-racing, manifested in *Esther Waters,* is understandable in a man who was reared in a country-house where the language of the stable must have been familiar. But how did Mr. Moore obtain his intimacy with the interior of a small draper's and milliner's shop in one of the Five Towns in Staffordshire, together with his knowledge of the details of life lived by a touring theatrical company? Mr. Arnold Bennett's knowledge of the Five Towns and the interior of a small shop is explained by the fact that he was born in such circumstances in one of the Five Towns. Mr. Leonard Merrick's intimate knowledge of the life of a travelling theatrical company is explained by the fact that he was once an actor in such a company. But how did Mr. Moore, the son of a prosperous Irish landowner of aristocratic origin, acquire his close intimacy with the details of such life? It is this aspect of the book which reveals the existence in Mr. Moore of a high faculty which was absent from the mind of his first master, Zola, the faculty of imagination. Zola made his novels out of things actually witnessed or learned from books, but Moore made his novels out of his own imagination. Zola could only write about life in a small shop in a small town after he had actually lived in

it, but Moore could write *A Mummer's Wife*, with no more knowledge of Hanley than a person passing through it might possess, yet has given his readers an impression of deep intimacy with it.

This book, notable in itself, had a notable result. It was read by a young writer, named Enoch Arnold Bennett, then engaged in journalism and the production of semi-sensational novels. Bennett was a native of "the Five Towns" district, born in a place called Shelton to the north-eas of the town of Hanley which is the scene of *A Mummer's Wife*. Mr. Bennett himself told me that until he read *A Mummer's Wife* he never thought of writing about "the Five Towns." The Staffordshire people had no literary significance to him until that significance was revealed by *A Mummer's Wife*. Mr. Bennett probably exaggerates the extent of his debt to Mr. Moore. He would, sooner or later, have explored the rich mine from which he produced the ore of *The Old Wives' Tale* and *Clayhanger*—it is ludicrous to imagine that but for the happy accident of reading *A Mummer's Wife* he would never have done so—but it is not improbable that Mr. Moore's story brought him to his proper milieu earlier than he might otherwise have reached it. The reader can profitably entertain himself by comparing "the Five Towns," the places and the people, of *A Mummer's Wife* with "the Five Towns," places and people, of *The Old Wives' Tale* and *Clayhanger*. The difference between Mr. Moore's account and Mr. Bennett's is the difference between careful and acute observation by an intelligent stranger, alien in birth and tradition and training, and the knowledge, inherited from his forefathers and acquired in childhood and youth, of a native. Mr. Moore had to "mug up" his subject, as schoolboys say, but Mr. Bennett was born with most of it. The description of Hanley in the first chapter of *The Old Wives' Tale* (where it is named Hanbridge by Mr. Bennett) contrasts remarkably with the description of the same town in *A Mummer's Wife*, as does the description of a pottery seen through Mr. Bennett's eyes in *Leonora* with that of a pottery seen through Mr. Moore's eyes in the fourth chapter of *A Mummer's Wife*. These differences of description are, of course, the result of a difference in temperament between the two men which is perhaps most clearly revealed in the way in which they portray old women in their

books and deal with scenes of suffering. An intelligent reader of *A Mummer's Wife* and *The Old Wives' Tale*, having made allowance for the fact that the first-named was written by a young man beginning his career, and the second by a man approaching middle-age and the apex of his power, could draw up a fairly accurate statement of the character of each of the authors by comparing the figure of old Mrs. Ede in Mr. Moore's novel with that of old Mrs. Baines in Mr. Bennett's. The contrast between the scene of suffering pictured in the first chapter of *A Mummer's Wife* and that in the first chapter of *The Old Wives' Tale* would considerably assist him in making the statement. The painful insistence on the details of the asthma which afflicted Mr. Ede is in sharp opposition to the almost jocular fashion in which Mr. Povey's toothache is described. Both books end with the death of the principal figures. Kate Ede dies disquietly. One might say that Constance and Sophia Baines also die disquietly. But there is a difference in the disquiet. Constance and Sophia had had their share of disappointment and trouble and had lost their illusions, but at least they had had their fill of life, each as she desired it, and if there had been disappointment, also there had been satisfaction: the illusions were lost, but while they lasted they were agreeable. Kate died before she had had her fill of life, without illusions and, also, without agreeable memories. Youth insists that life is either very gay or very dismal—and *A Mummer's Wife* was written by a young man; but Maturity knows that the colors of life are mingled rather than uniform, and that even when the end is a dismal one, the journey to it has not been without its moments of fragrance and pleasure—and *The Old Wives' Tale* was written by a man in his maturity. The similarities between these two books are as interesting as their differences, and a close study of them leaves the reader at once aware of very dissimilar personalities and with enhanced respect for both of them.

VII

It is when we come to such novels as *The Lake* and *The Brook Kerith* that we discover Mr. Moore at his greatest. Zola is forgotten and only the strength of Mr. Moore himself is now dis-

played. *The Lake* is among the most beautiful stories of our time, a finely-conceived and finely-wrought book, more complete and unified than *The Brook Kerith*, which, in spite of much beauty and scholarship, is marred organically by a dispersal of the interest. The latter novel is in three sections, the first dealing with Joseph of Arimathea, the second with Jesus, and the third with Paul. Each of these sections by itself is well and even superbly done, although, in my judgment, the first of them is much the best of the three; but the interest which the reader has in any one of the three sections is not felt in the whole book because the three great figures are not grouped together. We begin with Joseph and then, at the point when we are absorbed in him, are hurried on to Jesus, undergoing a similar experience with Him when we are hurried off to Paul. The book is not a closely-knit drama in which the characters constantly act and re-act upon each other, but is more akin to three separate plays in which certain figures recur in greater or less positions. Mr. Moore, in short, was uncertain whether to make Joseph or Jesus or Paul the hero of his story, and he unwisely compromised by making each of them hero for a portion of it, with the result that each is of supreme importance for a third of the book and of subordinate importance for the remainder of it. *The Brook Kerith* is, nevertheless, a considerable achievement and is in itself sufficient to secure a high place in English letters for its author.

The legend is that Mr. Moore is a trifler with life, a man without purpose, immensely egotistical, having some of the simplicity of the buffoon. The truth is that he is an audacious, exceedingly adroit and utterly unthwartable artist who bends the visible world to his purpose of discovering and perfecting a desirable formula of words with which to express his vision of the invisible world. He has, indeed, a simplicity of character, but it is not the simplicity of the buffoon: it is the immense and dissolving simplicity of the man of genius.

St. John Ervine.

UNDRAMATIC CRITICISM

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

As criticism has to find its material in the work of the creators it is not surprising that the masters of the craft have appeared during periods of abundant creation or shortly thereafter. Aristotle was not separated by many years from Sophocles and Euripides; Boileau was the most intimate friend of Molière; and Sainte Beuve was the contemporary of Hugo and Balzac (although he did not greatly care for either of them). Coleridge lived in an epoch of ample productivity; and so did Matthew Arnold. Lessing was stimulated by Voltaire and Diderot; and he prepared the way for Goethe and Schiller. And these are only a few of the critics who hold their own by the side of the creators.

But when the creative impulse relaxes, when there is no longer a succession of masterpieces demanding appreciation, then is it that the criticasters have their turn, the pigmies who promulgate edicts for those who are still striving to attain the twin summits of Parnassus. It was not in the rich abundance of Athens but in the thin sterility of Alexandria that the laws of poetry were codified with Draconian severity. It was not under Louis XIV but under Napoleon, when French literature was dying of inanition, that Nepomucène Lemercier declared the twenty-five rules which the writer of tragedy must obey and the twenty-two to which the writer of comedy must conform.

There was no living Latin drama when Horace penned his epistle on poetry, and the theatres of Rome were given over to unliterary spectacle. It is unlikely that Horace had ever had occasion to see a worthy play worthily acted. No doubt, he had read the works of the great Greeks; but that could not disclose to him the full emotional force of their dramas revealed only

by actual performance. To judge a play by reading it, is like judging a painting by a photograph. The greater the drama the more completely does it put forth its power when it is made to live by the actor in the theatre and before the audience. As a result of Horace's lack of experience as a spectator what he has to say about the principles of playmaking has little validity. He is not exercising his own keen critical faculty, he is merely echoing the opinions of Alexandrian criticasters. His advice to aspiring dramatists was not practical; it was "academic" in the worst sense of the word. In fact, Horace was only going through the motions of giving advice, since there were no aspiring dramatists in Rome, as there were then no stages on which a play could be acted and no company of actors to perform it.

A comparison of the *Poetics* of Aristotle with the *Art of Poetry* of Horace is as amusing as it is profitable. Aristotle is the earliest and the shrewdest of dramatic critics. Horace had no intimacy with the theatre; he is sketching from a lay-figure in a studio, whereas Aristotle is drawing from the living model in the open air. When Aristotle discusses the effect of an episode upon an audience, we can be sure that he himself was once one of that audience, and that his memory had retained the intonations and the gestures of the actors as well as the unformulated response of the spectators to the emotional appeal of the plot. Aristotle is as insistent in taking the audience into account as Sarcey was; and his dramatic criticism is as technical as Sarcey's. Horace had never thrilled to a situation as it slowly unfolded itself in the theatre; and therefore what he has to say about the principles of playmaking is more or less beside the mark. It is hit or miss; it may be right or it may be wrong; it is supported by no understanding of dramaturgy; it is undramatic criticism.

The theories which Horace took over second-hand from the Alexandrian criticasters, the supersubtle Italians of the Renaissance took third-hand from him. They suffered, as Horace had suffered, from the lack of a living dramatic literature in their own tongue. In the pride of their new-found learning they looked with contempt upon the unliterary types of drama then popular, the Sacred Representations and the Comedy-of-Masks. They never suspected that in these artless exhibitions there were the

germs out of which a noble dramatic literature might be evolved. They could not foresee that the Elizabethans would develop their tragedy from the English Mystery-Plays which were no cruder than the Italian Sacred Representations and that in *L'Etourdi* Molière would lift into literature the loose and lively Comedy-of-Masks. And because they refused to do what Shakespeare and Molière were to do, they left Italy barren of drama for centuries. The most of the dramatic poems which are catalogued in the histories of Italian literature were unacted and unactable, —although now and again one or another did achieve performance by amateurs before an audience of dilettants.

So it is that the host of theorists of the theatre in Renaissance Italy are undramatic critics, not because they lacked acuteness, but because they knew nothing of the actual theatre, the sole region where drama can live, move and have its being. Only infrequently does one of them,—Castelvetro, for example,— venture to give a thought to the audience for whose delight a drama ought to be prepared. As they had no acquaintance with any stage, except the sporadic platform of the strolling acrobat-comedians whom they despised, they had no concrete knowledge as a foundation for their abstract speculations. They were working in a vacuum. And it is small wonder that they complicated their concepts until they had elaborated the Classicist doctrines of the Three Unities and of the total separation of Comedy from Tragedy. The Classicist code was so hampering to the free expansion of the drama that Corneille cried out against its rigor, that Lope de Vega paid it lip-service but disregarded it unhesitatingly, and that Shakespeare never gave it a thought.

II

Horace's mistake was in his adventuring himself beyond the boundaries of his knowledge; and the blunder of the Renaissance critics was caused by their scornful disregard of the contemporary types of drama in their own time, inartistic as these might be. But nowadays the theatre is flourishing and every man has frequent opportunity to see worthy plays worthily performed and to acquaint himself with the immediate effect of a worthy per-

formance upon the spectators. No apology is acceptable for the undramatic criticism which we discover in not a few of the learned treatises which profess to expound and explain the masterpieces of the mighty dramatists who lived in Periclean Athens and in Elizabethan England. Some of the scholars who discuss Sophocles and Shakespeare deal with these expert playwrights as if their pieces had been composed not to be seen in swift action in the theatre but to be read at leisure in the library. In their eyes *Oedipus the King* and *King Lear* are only dramatic poems, and not poetic dramas. They study the printed page under the microscope; and they make no effort to recapture the sound of the spoken word or to visualize the illustrative action.

The undramatic critic of this type has no apprehension of the principles of playmaking as these are set forth by Aristotle and by Lessing, by Sarcey and by Brunetière. He has made no effort to keep abreast of the "state of the art" of dramatic criticism. He seems never to have considered the triple influence exerted on the form and on the content of a play by the theatre for which it was composed; by the actors for whom its characters were intended, or by the audience for whose pleasure it was written. It is only occasionally that we have proffered to us a book like the late Professor Goodell's illuminating analysis of *Athenian Tragedy*, in which we are agreeably surprised to find a Greek scholar elucidating the masterpieces of the Greek drama by the aid of Brunetière's *Law of the Drama* and Archer's *Playmaking*. Professor Goodell firmly grasped the fact that the art of the drama is unchanging, no matter how various its manifestations may be in different centuries and in different countries. And he was therefore able to cast light upon the plays of the past by his observation of the plays of the present.

Less satisfactory is the almost contemporary volume on *Greek Tragedy*, which covers the same ground. Although Professor Norwood has not found his profit in Brunetière or Archer, he makes a valiant effort to visualize actual performance in the Theatre of Dionysus more than twenty centuries ago. He deals with Greek plays as poetic dramas and not merely as dramatic poems. But he has fallen victim to the wiles of the late Professor Verrall, one of the most ingenious of undramatic critics; and in

his discussion of the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus he gives Verrall credit for having solved a series of difficulties. Professor Norwood even goes so far as to declare that "Verrall's theory should probably be accepted."

I doubt if a single one of the alleged difficulties even occurred to any of the spectators present at the first performance of the play. The action of *Agamemnon* is swift, irresistible, inevitable; and the audience was allowed no time for cavil. As the story unrolled itself in the theatre it was convincing; and if any doubt arose in the minds of any spectator as to anything that had occurred, it could arise only after he had left the theatre; and then it was too late. As a play, performed by actors in a theatre before an audience, *Agamemnon* triumphs. Only when it is considered in the study do we perceive any "difficulties." In fact, when it is so considered, one difficulty is likely to strike many readers; and it repays consideration.

The play begins with a long monologue from a watchman of the roof of Agamemnon's palace. The King is at the siege of Troy; and when the beleaguered city is taken a series of beacons on the intervening hills will be lighted, one after another, to convey the glad news. Suddenly the watchman sees the distant flame, the wireless message, that Troy has fallen and that the monarch is free to return home. In real life it would be two or three weeks before Agamemnon could arrive; yet in the play before it is half over the king comes in; he enters his palace where he is done to death by his guilty wife and her paramour Aegisthus. The exigencies of the two hours traffic of the stage often compel a playwright to telescope time; but no other dramatist has ever dared so violent a compression as this.

And this is how Verrall solves the difficulty "with lucidity, skill and brilliance," so Professor Norwood tells us. The story of the series of beacons is a lie concocted by the wife and her lover. There is only one beacon which Aegisthus lights when he discovers the landing of Agamemnon; it is to warn his accomplice that she may make ready to murder her husband. And as Agamemnon is actually on shore when this single beacon flames up, he is able to arrive in the middle of the play. If we accept this solution of the difficulty we are compelled to believe that

Aeschylus wrote a play, instantly accepted as a masterpiece, which had to wait for more than two thousand years for a British scholar to explain away an impossibility. This explanation is undoubtedly lucid and skillful and brilliant; but none the less is it a specimen of undramatic criticism.

A dramatist never tells lies to his audience; and the audience always accepts the statements of his characters as true—unless he himself expressly shows that a given statement is false. The play has to be taken at its face value. The characters talk on purpose to convey all needful information to the spectators. Aeschylus may make the queen lie to the king, but when she does this the audience knows the truth or surmises it. The dramatist never hesitates to let his characters deceive one another; but if he knows his business he never deceives the spectators. In real life Agamemnon could not arrive for a fortnight after Troy had fallen; but the Athenian audience could not wait in their seats two weeks, so Aeschylus frankly brings on Agamemnon; and the spectators were glad to behold him, asking no inconvenient questions because they were eager to see what would happen to him. It might be a contradiction of the fact, but it was not a departure from the truth, since the king would assuredly come home sooner or later. Everyone familiar with Sarcey's discussion of the conventions of the drama is aware that the spectators in the theatre are never sticklers for fact; they are willing to accept a contradiction of fact, if that contradiction is for their own profit—as it was in this case.

III

To say this is to say that Verrall, however lucid and skillful and brilliant, was a discoverer of mare's nests. And a host of undramatic critics have skillfully exercised their lucid brilliance in discovering mare's nests in Shakespeare's plays. Most of them are stolid Teutons, with Gervinus and Ulrici in the forefront of the procession. They analyzed the tragedies of Shakespeare with the sincere conviction that he was a philosopher with a system as elaborate as those of Kant and Hegel; and they did not seem to suspect that even if a dramatist is a philosopher he is—and

must be—first of all a playwright, whose invention and construction are conditioned by the theatre for which he is working. The most that a dramatist can do is to make philosophy a by-product; his main object is to arouse and retain and reward the interest of his immediate audience.

He must make his story plain to the comprehension of the average playgoer; and he must therefore provide his characters with motives which are immediately apparent and instantly plausible. Shakespeare is ever anxious that his spectators shall not be misled; and he goes so far as to have his villains, Richard III and Iago, frankly inform the audience that they are villains, a confession which in real life neither of these astute scoundrels would ever have made to anybody. The playwright knows that if he loses his case before the jury, he can never move for a retrial; the verdict is without appeal. It may be doubted whether any dramatist has ever cared greatly for the opinion of posterity. Assuredly no popular playwright—and in their own day every great dramatist was a popular playwright—would have found any compensation for the failure of his play in the hope and expectation that two hundred or two thousand years later its difficulties might be explained by a Verrall, however lucid and skillful and brilliant this belated expounder might be.

There are two Shakesperian mare's nests which may be taken as typical. One was discovered in *Macbeth*, in the scene of Banquo's murder. Macbeth incites two men to make way with Banquo. When the deed is done, three murderers take part in it. Two of them are the pair we have seen taking instructions from Macbeth. Who is the third? An undramatic critic once suggested that this third murderer is no less a person than Macbeth himself, joining his hired assassins to make sure that they do the job in workmanlike fashion. The suggester supports his suggestion by an argument in eight points, none of which carries any weight, because we may be sure that if Shakespeare had meant Macbeth to appear in person, he would have taken care to let the audience know it. He would not have left it hidden to be uncovered two and a half centuries after his death by the skillful lucidity of a brilliant undramatic critic.

It is reasonably certain that Burbage, who acted Richard III

and Hamlet, also acted Macbeth; and Shakespeare would never have sent this renowned performer on the stage to take part in a scene without justifying his share in it and without informing the spectators that their favorite was before them. Shakespeare was an actor himself; he knew what actors wanted and what they liked; he took good care of their interests; and we may rest assured that he never asked Burbage to disguise his identity. If he had meant the third murderer to be Macbeth, we should have had the stage direction, "Enter two murderers with Macbeth disguised." As it is, the stage direction reads "Enter three murderers."

The other mare's nest has been found in *King Lear*. It has often been pointed out that Cordelia is absent from a large portion of the action of the tragedy, although her presence might have aided its effectiveness. It has been noted also that Cordelia and the Fool are never seen on the stage together. And this has prompted the suggestion that the Fool is Cordelia in disguise. Here again we see the undramatic critic at his worst. If Shakespeare had meant this, he would have made it plain to the spectators the first time Cordelia appeared as the Fool,—otherwise her assumption of this part would have been purposeless, confusing, futile. Whatever poignancy there might be in the companioning of the mad king by his cast-off daughter all unknown to him, would be unfelt if her assumption of the Fool's livery was not at once recognized. The suggestion is not only unacceptable, it is unthinkable by anyone who has even an elementary perception of the wit of playmaking. It could have emanated only from an undramatic critic who was familiar with *King Lear* in the study and not on the stage, who regarded the sublimest of Shakespeare's tragedies as a dramatic poem and not as a poetic drama planned for the playhouse. Yet this inept suggestion can be utilized to explain the fact that Cordelia and the Fool never meet before the eyes of the spectators. The cast of characters in *King Lear* is very long; and quite possibly it called for more actors than there were in the company at the Globe. We know that in the Tudor theatre a performer was often called upon to sustain two parts. It is possible that the shaven lad who impersonated Cordelia was the only available actor for the Fool, and that therefore

Cordelia—at whatever loss to the effectiveness of the play—could not appear in the scenes in which the Fool had to appear. Cordelia did not don the disguise of the Fool; but the same performer may have had to double two parts. That much of supposition can be ventured, for whatever it may be worth.

IV

It is in England and in Germany that the undramatic critics have been permitted to disport themselves most freely and most frequently. In France they have never been encouraged to pernicious speculation. That the French have not suffered from this pest may be due to the honorable existence of the Théâtre Français where the masterpieces of French tragedy and French comedy are kept alive on the stage for which they had been written; or it may be due to the fact that in the literature of France the drama has been continuously more important than it has been in the literature of any other country.

In England and in Germany the drama has had its seasons of abundance and its seasons of famine, whereas in France, although there might be poor harvests for a succession of years, harvests of some sort there always have been. No period in French literature is as devoid of valid drama as that in English literature during the first three quarters of the nineteenth century. From 1800 to 1870 the plays of our language which were actable were unreadable and the plays which were readable were unactable. It is in the periods of penury, when there is a divorce between literature and the drama, that the undramatic critic is inspired to chase rainbows. As there is then no vital drama in the theatre, and as the pieces then exhibited on the stage have no validity, the undramatic critic is led to the conclusion that as the theatre can get along without literature, so the drama can get along without the theatre. And that way madness lies.

There is this excuse for the supersubtle critics of the Italian Renaissance that they lived not long removed from the middle ages in which all memory of the acted drama had been lost and in which the belief was general that the comedies of Plautus and Terence had been composed, not for performance by actors in a

theatre and before an audience, but for a single reciter who should deal with them as a modern elocutionist might stand and deliver *Pippa Passes* or *The Cenci*. But there is no excuse for the English-speaking expounders of Sophocles and Shakespeare, because they cannot help knowing that the plays of the Athenian were written to be performed in the Theatre of Dionysus and that the plays of the Elizabethan were written to be performed in the Globe Theatre.

The writer of the chapter on Shakespeare in the composite *Cambridge History of English Literature*, deals skillfully and cautiously with the dates of composition and performance of each of the plays; but he criticizes them with no examination of their theatrical effectiveness. It is scarcely too much to say that he considers them as dramatic poems intended to be read rather than as poetic dramas intended to be acted. And in one passage of his commentary he has given us the absolute masterpiece of undramatic criticism:

> It is, of course, quite true that all of Shakespeare's plays were written to be acted; but it may be questioned whether this is much more than an accident arising from the fact that the drama was the dominant form of literature. It was a happy accident, because of the unique opportunity this form gives of employing both the vehicles of poetry and prose.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

CONCERNING MAHLER

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

GUSTAV MAHLER and his symphonies continue to be a storm-centre of impassioned discussion wherever music is a factor in public taste.

In Europe they persist in the amiable habit of giving Mahler Festivals—week-long affairs devoted to serial performances of the Austrian's brobdingnagian scores; and in our own relatively benighted land we are not allowed to starve for lack of Mahlerian sustenance. Mr. Stransky with the Philharmonic Orchestra and Mr. Mengelberg with the National Symphony have served us in New York, this season, the First and Fourth Symphonies; Mr. Stock in Chicago has given the Seventh (for the first time in America), and in Philadelphia Mr. Stokowski, with his orchestra and Mr. Townsend's chorus, brought the season to a resounding close with a memorable performance of the huge Second Symphony.

But the "Mahler Question" is no nearer settlement than it ever was. Discussion concerning his qualities as a music-maker persists with unabated fury, dividing those who (like Mr. Mengelberg, Mr. Stokowski, and innumerable European musicians of eminence and experience) regard him as one of the great men of music, from those who (like most of our American critics) regard him as the abomination of desolation. Mr. Mengelberg, for instance, ranks him with the major symphonists—with Beethoven and Berlioz.[1] Mr. W. J. Henderson, for another instance, sees in him only the inspiration for a delectable pun, and deplores our affliction by "Mahleria." For ourselves, we choose to remain on the fence, for the simple reason that we know only four of Mahler's nine symphonies. Mr. William Winter, to be sure, once asserted that you do not have to eat the whole of an egg to tell whether it is bad or not. But the creative work of a

[1] The conception of Berlioz as a major symphonist is Mr. Mengelberg's, not ours.

man's lifetime is hardly so simple a proposition as an egg; and, moreover, Mr. Winter was probably the most intolerant, bigoted, and intellectually unscrupulous critic who ever achieved distinction in this or any other civilized country, despite his scholarship and his mastery of English prose. So we can safely ignore his breakfast-born parable. When we have heard Mahler's *Lied von der Erde,* and his third, fifth, sixth, seventh, and ninth symphonies, we shall endeavor to decide for ourselves whether he is an authentic genius or an inflated mediocrity.

Meanwhile, there is no reason why we should not consider calmly, and without prejudice, certain phases of his output as a composer.

A dozen years ago, upon the occasion of the first performance in New York of one of these celebrated symphonies, Mr. Richard Aldrich summed up with precision and justice Mahler's special relation to the tendencies of his time: "He occupies," said Mr. Aldrich, "a curious and rather anomalous position in the field of modern orchestral music. He is no follower of the modern idea of the 'programme' in music, as it is most characteristically embodied in the work of Richard Strauss. What he writes he calls 'symphonies,' though they are symphonies often in only a rather loose acceptance of the term. They do not follow closely, sometimes they do not follow at all, the outlines of symphonic form. Yet he does not intend them to be listened to as the interpretation of any prearranged programme; he objects to having any programmes laid down for his music, or even to permitting any thematic analyses to appear in the concert-room where it is played, though detailed analyses of his symphonies have appeared elsewhere, apparently with his sanction. The story is told that at a supper after a concert where his C minor symphony was played, he broke out into a denunciation of 'programme-books.' Springing up from the table, he cried: 'Away with programme-books, which beget false ideas! Let the public have its own thoughts about the work performed. . . . Let no preconceived ideas be instilled into it!' . . . Yet Mahler himself has given in many of his works hints, and more than hints, of underlying poetic ideas outside and beyond the music itself—wherein is to be found much of the essence of the programme-music idea.

". . . Mr. Mahler, who wrote explanatory titles and mottoes to the movements of his first symphonies, ended by publishing them without any, to be listened to as purely absolute music."

With Mr. Mahler's views concerning the worthlessness of that pestiferous fly upon the tonal wheel, the programme-annotator, there will probably be few to quarrel. But when Mr. Mahler, gazing with indignant compassion upon an afflicted public as he wiped his streaming eyes, begged that "no preconceived ideas be instilled into it," he forgot, as Mr. Aldrich indicates, that he himself had not been guiltless of interfering with the public's "own thoughts about the work performed." Dr. Rudolf Mengelberg, in his programme-notes for the Mahler Festival held at Amsterdam in May, 1920, quoted what he described as "a short synopsis" prepared by Mahler for the performances of his First Symphony at Budapest in 1889, at Hamburg in 1892, and at Weimar in 1894. In this "synopsis," says Dr. Mengelberg, Mahler "wrote somewhat extensively" concerning the programmatic significance of his symphony, which both Mr. Stransky and Mr. Mengelberg played a few months ago in New York. Apparently Mahler was not then so passionately eager to leave the public to "its own thoughts" in the presence of his music.

In Mahler's "synopsis," the First Symphony was divided and characterized as follows:

I. Spring and no end. The Introduction portrays the awakening of Nature on the first morning.

II. Mosaic.

III. Under full sail.

IV. The Hunter's Funeral Procession: a Dead March in the manner of Callot. As an elucidation, the following, *when necessary*, may serve: The composer found the stimulus for this music in a grotesquely humorous picture, "The Hunter's Funeral Procession," contained in an old nursery-book well known to all children in South Germany: The animals of the forest escort the coffin of the dead forester to his grave; hares carry the bannaret, and a band of Bohemian musicians, accompanied by music-making cats, toads, crows, etc., together with deer, foxes, and other four-legged and feathered woodland animals, in comical attitudes, escort the procession. This movement is intended as the expression of a mood now ironically merry, now gloomily contemplative, and is followed at once by the last movement, "From Hell to Par-

adise" (*Allegro furioso*), as the impetuous outburst of a sorely stricken heart.

V. From Hell to Paradise.

When this symphony was given at Pesth in 1889, the programme described it as "a Symphonic Poem in Two Parts." At Weimar, in 1894, it was entitled "Titan" (after Jean Paul Richter), and the motto: "From the Days of Youth," was given to the first part, while the second part bore the tag: "*Commedia umana.*"

What it all means (or seems to have been intended to mean), Heaven only knows. The connection with Richter's romance is not easy to trace. Some have thought that Mahler was poking fun at the programmatic music-makers of his day—though it is difficult to think of Mahler as satirical to that extent. Dr. Rudolf Mengelberg, in his Amsterdam notes, dared to speculate as follows:

> Though Mahler in this synopsis uses the word "ironical," the term bears no relation to the dominant spirit of the whole composition, but has to do only with the middle portion of the work, which expresses the forced gaiety of a deeply wounded heart. There is so much sadness in this music, so deep and tragical a grief, that the thought of irony would hardly occur to an unprejudiced listener; and as the song of sorrow dies out, the deep consolation that is inspired by the wonderful song of the 'cellos would entirely obliterate all ideas of irony.

As for Mahler's accredited apostle, Paul Stefan, he has observed naïvely that "a programme is unnecessary." Possibly. But the composer, at one time, seems to have thought differently.

A few weeks after the performances of the First Symphony in New York, Mr. Mengelberg played the Fourth, which was by no means unknown in the metropolis. This symphony, like most of Mahler's other works, is steeped in mystery. Mr. Stefan, undaunted apostle that he is, confers upon it the soothing epithets, "shorter and more peaceful." But those are, of course, relative terms: Mr. Stefan means shorter and more peaceful than the huge Third Symphony, which is in six movements (the first alone filling three quarters of an hour), and requires a female chorus, a boy choir, bells in the distance, an alto solo, and a huge orchestra; offering us in its programmatic contents the awakening of Pan, a Procession of Bacchus, an angels' chorus, and an eventual

transit "from the land of Zarathustra into the Christian heaven." No wonder Mr. Stefan found it needful to requisition the adjective "cyclopean." No wonder, also, that after this formidable symphonic dinosaur, the Fourth Symphony seems to Mr. Stefan "shorter and more peaceful." Almost any symphony would seem so—even the turbulent *Domestica* of Strauss.

Mahler's Fourth is really, however, a quite simple and digestible affair. In it Mahler basks and revels in that atmosphere of elaborately contrived ingenuousness and naïveté that he loved so dearly. For Mahler was only a little less happy when he was approximating the style of a folk-song than when he was trying to duplicate one of the gigantic musical "jubilees" of the late Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, with their choruses of 20,000 and their 2,000 instrumentalists reinforced by cannon-shots and anvils. His imagination aspired to the grandiose and the apocalyptic with as unterrified an audacity as if his ancestral memories were rooted in the dreamer of Patmos. He believed that he could speak at will with the artlessness of the Bohemian countryside or in accents weighty with mystical revelation. One can imagine him fancying himself at his ease among those illuminated beings described by Plato in the *Phaedo:* "They hear the voices and oracles of the gods, and see them in visions, and have intercourse with them face to face; and they see the moon and stars as they really are." You perceive him in one of his comfortable strolls across the evening landscape, noting the familiar processes of the sky and the moon and the "wind on the heath," and telling himself, with Jasper Petulengro, that "life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"—and then, suddenly remembering that he is a Symphonist with a Revelation, calling out, as one divinely chosen:

> Bring me my bow of burning gold,
> Bring me my arrows of desire—

like an inconceivably solemn Blake.

"The solemn is safe," said Browning; but he was not thinking of the solemn in art. It is unnecessary to attempt an appraisal of the aesthetic worth of Mahler's dallyings with the apocryphal, or to guess at the real value of his immense portentousness. It is enough to note here that it constitutes one extreme of his

astonishing imaginative gamut—this quality which his spokesmen call his "heroic sublimity, the pure exaltation of the gods themselves." The other extreme is seen in his passion for the naïve, the intimately candid and heart-easing—a conveyance (whether spontaneous or skillfully simulated) of peasant humor and simplicity, the homely ingenuousness of the folk-spirit, "rich and human, smelling of sun-baked fields and smoky kitchens, yet tender and many-colored." Mahler in this vein is undeniably engaging and persuasive, even touching, when he does not sustain it too inexorably; and it is the vein of the G major Symphony.

The words sung by the soprano voice in the last movement are those of an old Bavarian folk-song, *Der Himmel hängt voll Geigen* ("The heavens hang full of fiddles") drawn from the famous anthology called *Des Knaben Wunderhorn.* The poem, which is too long to quote, describes with inimitable gusto and naïveté a perfect peasant-paradise of the Middle-Ages: a delectably literal and materialistic heaven where the suppressed desires of the mediæval folk achieve a glorious consummation—a paradisaical home-life filled with merriment and ease and gastronomic satisfactions, where game, fish, vegetables, wine, and fruit may be had for the asking, where hares and deer run invitingly about the streets, and bread is baked by angels. St. John brings forth his lamb, St. Luke his ox. Herod is the butcher, St. Martha the cook. Cologne's eleven thousand virgins dance without teasing, while Cecilia and her relations make an excellent court orchestra, and St. Ursula smiles benignly upon the revels.

When Walter Damrosch performed this work of Mahler's at a concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall Nov. 6, 1904, for the first time in America, he observed in his introductory remarks that it was not possible to say whether the poem influenced the character of the whole work, or whether the first three movements impelled the composer to resort to the poem as the final accentuation of his imaginative plan. But Mr. Krehbiel in his *Tribune* review declared that the soprano solo "comes at the end to present an index of the contents of the preceding movements, somewhat as the tenor solo prologue does in Berlioz's *Romeo et Juliette* symphony. The vital difference

between the procedures of the two composers (the advantage manifestly resting with Berlioz) is that one prepares the hearer for what is to come, while the other tells him the significance of what he has heard."

We come now to the last of the Mahler symphonies heard in these parts during the season just ended—the Second, impressively performed by Mr. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra on May 6th and 7th, at the Academy of Music in that admirable city toward which you can proceed hence "every hour on the hour."

The work is vast in conception and projection. It is a tonal allegory of the life of man—a deeply-felt and passionately earnest portrayal of his sufferings, despairs, felicities, aspirations, his death, resurrection and spiritual triumph. To express these emotional and imaginative immensities, Mahler calls for an instrumental apparatus that must ever be the despair of those directors and guarantors of orchestras who have to dig into their bank accounts and pay the inevitable deficits incurred by that most expensive of luxuries, a modern symphonic organization. Mahler requires here, in addition to the ordinary orchestral forces (with "as many strings as possible"), a brass band with kettledrums behind the scenes, an organ, soprano and alto soloists, and a mixed chorus.

When we heard this work in Philadelphia, it was magnificently sung and played by Mr. Stokowski's forces and the admirable chorus of Mr. Stephen Townsend, and there was then no denying the extraordinarily affecting quality of many pages in the score (it occupies an hour and forty minutes in performance). It is in some respects the most musically memorable of the four Mahler Symphonies that we know. There are dull spots in the first and second movements; but the Scherzo and the contralto solo contain writing of singular beauty, and the Finale—the music of resurrection and spiritual fulfillment—is superb and overwhelming. Mahler need not have written another page than this to have deserved, in Mr. Swinburne's phrase, to be "remembered with distinction and mentioned with honor."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

PERFECTION is not so often attained that we could afford to overlook the example of it which has been presented in the reception and entertainment of Professor Marie Sklodowska Curie in this country. We might adapt to the occasion the tribute which *Punch* many years ago paid to Joseph Chamberlain on what was probably the most trying episode of his career, that he had "said just what he ought to have said, and done what he ought to have done." There was no affected lion-worship, nor was there the slightest failure to recognize the surpassing greatness of the guest. All that was said and done was, we are sure, just what she would have liked, had it been given her to prescribe it in advance; which was of course, as we have suggested, the perfection of hospitality. Most felicitous was the presentation to her of a quantity of radium, of which, although she was its discoverer, she had not formerly possessed an atom; and equally felicitous—if there were a super-superlative we should use it—was her announcement that she should use the rich gift in study and experimentation for ridding the world of what has to-day become its most formidable and terror-bearing scourge, the protean-formed lesion of cancer. Memory fails to recall another visit of a distinuished guest to this country which was entitled to be regarded with more complete satisfaction than this.

Germany at the eleventh hour agreed to the demands of the Allies, and thus condemned herself beyond salvation. She had been protesting, down to the last moment, that the thing was impossible. But just as Ferdinand Foch was about to order a forward movement of the French army, she suddenly discovered that the impossible was entirely possible and indeed easy. So she began paying the indemnity. It is interesting to recall that July 14 next will be the fiftieth anniversary of France's payment

of 500,000,000 francs to Germany as the first instalment of the tribute exacted from her in Bismarck's scheme to "bleed her white." That was just one-tenth of the total sum demanded, the amount of which had been fixed less than five months before. The last instalment was paid and the entire tribute liquidated, to Germany's vast chagrin, on September 5, 1873, about two and a half years after it was imposed, and the last detachment of the German army of occupation was then reluctantly withdrawn from French soil. The last place thus evacuated was Verdun, a fact which gave peculiar interest to the resolute resistance of that place to the attempted German reoccupation in the Great War. It is not unreasonable to reckon that the sum then exacted from France was, in the circumstances of that time, as formidable as that now demanded from Germany; the difference between them being not in amount but in the fact that the one was simply the blackmail-ransom demanded by a piratical conqueror, while the other is a just claim for reparation for merely a part of the damage and loss wantonly inflicted. Another difference, wide as the world, is seen between the way in which France promptly paid without demur, and that in which Germany, with an almost inconceivable resourcefulness in false pretenses, has tried to evade payment.

The Parliamentary elections in Italy resulted in a sweeping victory for the National Coalition party, which supports the ministry of Signor Giolitti. Perhaps the more gratifying way of regarding it is as a defeat for his opponents, to wit, the Socialists and Communists. These lost heavily, as they deserved to do. The election was held under the "*scrutin de liste*" plan, instead of the "*scrutin d'arrondissement*" which formerly prevailed, a fact which makes the result seem all the more impressive. Some credit for the result is no doubt to be given to the "Fascisti," who were active in the campaign. Their methods cannot always be approved, being too often based upon the dangerous principle of "fighting the Devil with fire," but their aims are admirable and inspiring. On the whole it is made clear that the Italian people are opposed to the subversive elements which have been trying—to adapt Gladstone's famous phrase about the Italian Bourbons

—to erect negation of all authority into Government. With this result decisively attained, and with much talk of economic and industrial improvement, the outlook for Italy is now more favorable than it has been for a number of years.

Within the course of a few hours the Nation was bereft of two of its most eminent, its most honored and its most useful citizens. As Interstate Commerce Commissioner and as Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane had served the nation for many years, with profit to everybody but himself. Entering that service with a competence, he became impoverished because the insufficiency of his salary compelled him to draw upon his personal means for support and his devotion to the public interests forbade him to divide his time between official duties and private enterprises, and he was driven to retire from the Cabinet in order to save himself and his family from actual penury. But he did so too late, work and anxiety ending his life before he could fairly begin to recoup his fortunes. It was a pathetic close of a career which for nearly a score of years had been distinguished for an efficiency, an integrity, and a blending of idealistic vision and of practical achievement seldom rivalled by a public servant in all our history. As a political and economic reformer, Senator, and Associate Justice and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Edward D. White made for himself a record which was about as nearly *sans peur et sans reproche* as anyone could hope to achieve in such a career. A strong partisan and a devout churchman, neither party nor creed ever swayed him in his service to the State, nor did any critic ever suspect him of political or sectarian bias. He honored the seat which had been occupied by Jay and Marshall, and confirmed the wisdom of those who gave to our Supreme Court its unique status as a branch of the Government coördinate with the President and the Congress. They were two great men, and great Americans.

Mr. Edison's questionnaires, which he himself prepared as tests of the competency of those seeking places in his employment, have provoked much discussion pro and contra, and no little merriment; and while they must be regarded as an egregious

example of *lucus a non lucendo*, they have doubtless served a useful purpose. In the main they are almost exactly the opposite of what they should be. They were far too much taken up with technical questions, ability to answer which would indicate chiefly either some specializing in study or a memory of the card-catalogue order, and contained too few questions calculated to test general intelligence, powers of observation, and the reasoning faculties. Thirty or forty years ago it was a common and not entirely undeserved criticism of the early competitive examinations for the Civil Service that candidates were asked to give the length of the longest river in Africa or the population of the largest city in Asia, instead of practical questions about the duties they were to perform in the public service of the United States. Mr. Edison has fallen into the same error; cluttering up his questionnaires with a multiplicity of matters with which the memory should not be taxed at all but which should be left for ascertainment when needed from convenient books of reference, to the neglect of those which would show the candidate's capacity to adapt himself successfully to the duties he seeks to perform. It is conceivable that a man might accurately commit to memory the whole of Napier's logarithms; but would it be worth while?

The President deemed it fitting, as indeed it was, to travel from Washington to New York to participate in celebrating the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of *The New York Commercial*, and made on that occasion a most felicitous address on the place, duties and responsibilities of the men who are leaders in business affairs. By interesting coincidence only a few days before a distinguished company of statesmen, men of letters, educators and publicists had assembled in Manchester, England, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of *The Manchester Guardian* and the fiftieth anniversary of its present editor's connection with it. On both these occasions a wealth of appreciation was lavished upon the newspaper press, all of which was doubtless both sincere and deserved; though it is impossible to avoid the reflection that some of the eulogists might be quite as ready the next day to inveigh against the evils of the press, and

indeed that the papers which merit highest praise are not at all exempt from danger of incurring censure. Entirely apart from what is known and deprecated as "personal journalism," there is really no other profession quite so intensely personal, so human, as journalism, or so deeply marked with both the virtues and the frailties of human nature; a fact which was by no means least conspicuous in the tone of both these anniversary commemorations.

The change of administration in Cuba is more personal than political, and is significant chiefly as a confirmation and vindication of what has been done during the last eight years and as a promise of persistence in the same wise and profitable policy. The administration of President Menocal placed Cuba for the first time upon a sound governmental basis and gave the island a degree of substantial prosperity seldom attained by any other nation in comparable circumstances. President Zayas has the experience of affairs and the force of intellect and of character requisite to continue building upon the same foundation, and the whole tone and substance of his inaugural message indicated that he has also a resolute intention so to do. The part played by the United States, chiefly through General Crowder, in effecting this happy consummation has been as creditable to this country as it has been welcome to Cuba, and has afforded another vindication of the wisdom and mutual beneficence of the relationship between the two countries which was established by the Platt Amendment.

The amenities of intercourse were raised to the *n*th degree in the recent controversy between the Russian Council of the People's Commissaries (Bolshevists) and the International Federation of Trade Unions at Amsterdam. The Commissaries began it, through their chief, Mr. Zinovieff, who wrote from Riga to the Federation a letter in which he referred to the Federation as "your yellow Amsterdam Internationale," denied its claim to represent thirty million organized workers, and declared that it had "gone over, body and soul, to the mortal enemy, the bourgeoisie." To this the Federation, through a committee whose names are worthy of record, Messrs. Jouhaux, Mertens, Fimmen

and Oudegeest, responded: . . . "You do not even possess sufficient wit to vary your insults. Your vocabulary of epithets is copious, but it is as monotonous as the stories of famine and massacre in your land. . . . We know your system and your principles. We know how the Soviets are subordinated to the Communist party, and how the latter has created a new autocracy. We know the flourishing condition of the Russian proletariat and we know the prosperity conferred by your system—on paper. And we rejoice that Central and Western Europe are, in your opinion, not yet ripe for the perfect happiness which you would wish to confer upon them." From which we venture to assume that the International Federation of Trade Unions is not inclined to turn Bolshevist.

Shakespeare festivals at Stratford-on-Avon and at Weimar were coincident in time, though quite different in spirit. The German gathering again devoted itself to the effort to demonstrate the essential Germanism of Shakespeare, and to the pretense that nobody in the world appreciates his greatness as do the members of the Teutonic race. "Shakespeare," said Professor Max Foerster, "is a far more living factor of *Kultur* in Germany than in England"; which is one of the most amazing expressions of Teutonic obtuseness and lack of humor that we can recall. That Shakespeare has been studied and his dramas played in Germany more than in any other country of the world, with the one possible exception of England itself, is not to be disputed; a fact which is, however, to be credited not so much to the initiative of the Germans themselves as to that preëminently un-German Frenchman, Voltaire. It is equally indisputable that however the Germany of Richter, Lessing, Herder, Goethe and Schiller may have been in accord with Shakespeare, nothing could possibly be more antipathetic and antagonistic to the whole spirit and purport of his works than the *Kultur* of the Hohenzollerns, Haeckels and Bernhardis of our day.

To the untutored mind three things more remote from each other and more completely dissociated could scarcely be imagined than spots on the sun, the "Northern Lights," and the breaking

down of the telegraph system. Modern science recognizes them to be inseparably connected in a chain of cause and effect. The recent notable exhibition of the process was an impressive reminder of the existence of natural forces whose character and methods we are just beginning vaguely and rudimentarily to understand, but whose stupendous potency seems to be forever and completely beyond our control. Calculations of the distance and size of Betelgeuze and of the magnitude of interstellar spaces recently bewildered us with intimations of almost infinite vastness. The electrons of the sun spots and Aurora Borealis are a reminder of the almost infinitesimally small. Which of the two is the further beyond the power of the average mind to appreciate is a question which we should hesitate to answer.

The election and consecration of a new Bishop of New York, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is an event of far more than local and ecclesiastical interest. In the case of Dr. Manning the interest was considerably heightened by the extraordinary attempt which was made, by abhorrent forces outside of the Church, to defeat his election on political and racial grounds. This of course most egregiously and contemptibly failed, and its net result was to commend the new Bishop more strongly to the favor and confidence of the community and the nation, regardless of party, creed or race. Another enhancement of interest was due to the invited presence, in a conspicuous place in the ecclesiastical procession at the consecration ceremony, of a number of eminent clerical representatives of the chief non-Episcopal denominations; an auspicious suggestion of the possibility of systematic interchurch coöperation, if not of actual merger.

The astounding report was made, on authority, at the recent conference on highway traffic held at Yale University, that in the nineteen months during which we were at war with Germany, while only about 48,000 men were killed in battle or died of wounds, 91,000 persons, 25,000 of them being school children, were killed, chiefly by motor vehicles, on the public streets and roads of the United States. This appalling loss of life was attributed in great part to the lack of uniformity in traffic regula-

tions, and to the lack of training of the officers who are charged with the control of traffic in cities. There is little doubt that it is also due to the variegated inefficiency of the laws regulating the driving of motor cars. A recent authoritative survey discloses an amazing lack of uniformity in automobile laws and rules, and a discreditable laxity in many States in fixing the qualifications of drivers of such vehicles. Thus in six States there are no examinations whatever to determine drivers' fitness or ability; in three, examinations are "optional"; in nine, chauffeurs only are examined; in three, certificates of competence are required; and in five, all drivers, whether chauffeurs or owners, are examined. In one State chauffeurs must be over twenty-one years old, and in five they must be eighteen. As to owners who drive their own cars, as well as chauffeurs and all other operators, in two States they must be eighteen, in seven they must be sixteen, in three they must be fifteen, and in three they are permitted to be as young as fourteen. There is a similar lack of uniformity in license fees and taxes on cars. In thirty-seven States there are no fees whatever for owners, in the remaining eleven the fees vary from fifty cents to $4. In fourteen States there are no fees for chauffeurs, while in the other thirty-four the fees range from $1 to $5. Taxes on the smallest cars, of from 20 to 24 horsepower, range from $3 to $15, while a number of States levy uniform taxes on all cars regardless of size, these taxes ranging from $2 to $10. Under such a hotch-potch, hit-or-miss system, there is a yearly death-roll of more than 57,000 persons. To say that it was impracticable to lessen that mortality would be to deny our possession of common sense; to tolerate such slaughter longer would be to incur grave reflections upon our humanity and upon our economy.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE MEMOIRS OF COUNT WITTE. Translated and Edited by Abraham Yarmolinski. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

"The most intelligent man in Russia," the German Emperor is reported to have said of Count Witte. "The only intelligent man in Russia!" the reader of these memoirs will be tempted to exclaim. Certainly Witte, as self-portrayed in these pages, is a man not only of shrewd judgment, but of boundless self-confidence. He is comparatively little influenced by the opinions of other people, does not care what they think of him, reverences no one save the deceased Czar Alexander III. At the same time he bluntly claims all the credit that is his due. "I hope that financial history will acknowledge the fact that never did Russian credit stand higher in both domestic and international money markets than at the time when I was Minister of Finances. It was not my fault that our military adventures have so thoroughly injured our credit." Such declarations occur more than once. "I have succeeded in achieving a good deal, for during my administration I doubled the railroad mileage. It is noteworthy that the Ministry of War was constantly thwarting my efforts." The tone is characteristic.

He is no less blunt, and no less assured, in his estimates of others. The Czar, Nicholas, was lamentably lacking in will power; his character "may be said to be essentially feminine." The Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaievich, while sometimes pretending to liberalism, was really in favor of an autocracy of the most unlimited and arbitrary character. "He is a mean-spirited and unbalanced man." As for the nobles, the majority of them are, politically, "a mass of degenerate humanity, which recognizes nothing but the gratification of its selfish interests and lusts." The people are guided not by reason, but by all manner of mystic impulses. Most Russians in public life can be credited with little character and even less intellect. Trepov was "a man with the broad education of a military commander and the shallow opinions of an unsophisticated corporal." Of Stolypin it is said that "unfortunately his heart was neither in his head nor in his breast. He possessed both temperament and courage, but he lacked moral stamina. As a result he demoralized and debased all the elements of Russian political life with which he came in contact." But severe as are these comments upon prominent figures, they are scarcely so quelling as Witte's brief thumbnail sketches of his lesser contemporaries. Bulygin, for example, is put down as "an upright, apathetic statesman, of mediocre intellect." These opinions are pronounced with all the assurance of history.

In short, Witte, though a liberal statesman, writes, so to speak, autocratically.

Sergey Yulyevich Witte was born in the year 1849 in the city of Tiflis. His father was of Dutch descent; his mother was the daughter of a Russian Princess. The boy was under the care of a succession of tutors, from whom he learned little; later at the gymnasium he "played hooky most of the time." Until his seventeenth year he might have seemed destined to become an idle and more or less worthless aristocrat of the familiar type. But in that year, he says, "it suddenly dawned upon me that neither I nor my brother was doing any serious work, and that should this idling continue, we were bound to go to the dogs." After thorough preparation, the two young men entered the University of Odessa, where, says Count Witte, "I worked night and day and achieved great proficiency in all my studies."

The story up to this point, though in no way extraordinary, seems characteristically Russian. First, there is great laxity and irresponsibility. Then all is changed by an unexpected and violent exertion of will.

Witte had hoped to become a professor of pure mathematics. His graduating thesis was upon "Infinitesimal Quantities," and he was planning a second thesis, this time upon an astronomical subject, when he "fell in love with an actress and lost all desire to compose dissertations." This latter episode, however, appears not to have made him lose his head. In fact, an iron will and a steady judgment are henceforth characteristic of the man. As his relatives objected to the university career on the ground that it was beneath the dignity of a person of noble birth, he thought of fitting himself to be a civil engineer and of entering the railway service in that capacity. On the advice of an influential friend, however, he dispensed with technical preparation, becoming an ordinary railroad employee and filling various humble positions. After six months, he was promoted to the office of Director of a Traffic Bureau. Later he became Minister of Ways and Communications, and then Minister of Finances.

One sees him at this stage of his career as a man naturally strong-willed, if not overbearing, his sense of superiority strengthened by his rapid advancement, by his consciousness of solid achievement, and by the circumstance that his birth and connections relieved him of the necessity of kowtowing to most persons. At the same time, as a practical man, who had to some extent "been through the mill," he soon developed a contempt for the follies of great personages and for the inefficiency and corruption of their subordinates.

All this points to the conclusion that Witte was not so much a "Liberal" in the Russian sense (or, still less, in the American sense) as an aristocrat in whom contact with real work had developed in an unusual degree the preëminently Dutch faculty of *seeing things exactly as they are.* This is the real distinction. Witte, to be sure, was an upright man; the reactionary gang, however, with all their scoundrelism, were mainly not practical men, but dreamers.

Count Witte was all his life a sincere monarchist. He worshipped the memory of Alexander III. If he had no illusions concerning Nicholas, he nevertheless respected him as Czar. All this is not, of course, to be counted against him in making up the account of his character and his services. But it is somewhat instructive to consider what manner of man it was who built the Trans-Siberian Railroad; who, despite powerful opposition, established the gold standard in Russia; who turned defeat into something like victory for his country by the peace he made at Portsmouth; who saved his country a second time by negotiating an international loan greater than any that had ever been attempted.

It is true that in 1905, he did not doubt the necessity of a parliamentary régime for the country. "In those days even the conservatives advocated a constitution. In fact there were no conservatives on the eve of October 17, 1905." He thanked God for the constitution. Yet he was rather opposed to the publication of a constitutional manifesto, and "gave much thought to the alternative plan of setting up a military dictatorship." These were alternative ways of *preventing revolution*—always the first thought. It is true that he realized fully the need of religion among the people; but it was through reform of the Orthodox church that he would have liked to see Russia regenerated. His view of the matter is practical and political: "Japan has defeated us because she believes in her God incomparably more than we do in ours. *This is just as true as the assertion that Germany owed her victory over France in 1870 to her school system.*" The writer of this evidently perceived no anti-climax. It is true that he advocated a humane treatment of the Jews, but here again he was quite practical, simply recognizing the facts.

"Emperor Alexander III asked me on one occasion: 'Is it true that you are in sympathy with the Jews?' 'The only way I can answer this question,' I replied, 'is by asking your Majesty whether you think it possible to drown all the Russian Jews in the Black Sea. To do so would, of course, be a radical solution of the problem. But if Your Majesty will recognize the right of the Jews to live, then conditions must be created which will enable them to carry on a human existence.' "

In international politics Witte favored a coalition between Russia, Germany, and France, which would dominate the whole of Europe—a sort of modern Holy Alliance. This can hardly be called an advanced conception.

The calculating shrewdness of the man is apparent in his deliberate and well-planned conciliation of American public opinion and the American press at the time of the Portsmouth conference. His cynicism is evident in his estimate of President Roosevelt: "To enhance his own popularity and to gratify his self-love as the initiator of the Conference, he wanted Peace, but a peace advantageous to the Japanese." A kind of Machiavellian spirit flashes out in him occasionally, as in his advice to Kuropatkin on the eve of the latter's departure for the East: to arrest Admiral Alexeyev, the commander in chief, and send him a prisoner to St. Petersburg. The advice was good, and no doubt

if it had turned out badly for Kuropatkin, less harm would have ensued than most people would have supposed!

The monarchistic views, the hard practicality, the somewhat arrogant spirit of the man, are not emphasized with any intent to belittle him. His services to his country were prodigious; he was no doubt "the most intelligent man in Russia," and he was also entirely honest. He was a great statesman—as great as the Russia of his time could conceivably produce. The striking fact is that even a Witte could not succeed. He failed, not because he was an ultra-liberal, an idealist, a great reformer; for he was none of these things. He failed *in spite of the fact* that he was upon the whole conservative, absolutely loyal to the Czar, hard-hearted, strong-willed to the point of brutality, able at all times to see things exactly as they were. To read the life of such a man, to appreciate the senseless attitudes he had to contend with, is to gain a new insight into the Russia of the Old Régime. Witte's views, apart from his bitter characterizations of opponents—and these are, no doubt, exact enough—are of large interest. His diagnosis of Russian public opinion at the time of the First Soviet, for example, is remarkably clear and convincing—different groups all wanting, nominally, the same thing, but wanting it for different reasons, each for a narrow or selfish motive. Here one finds the true explanation of the lack of Russian unity. But the man's whole life, the sort of man he was,—these considerations are as illuminating as any of Witte's judgments or revelations. That Witte could not save it is almost the final commentary on the Czardom. Russia, perhaps, did not deserve a Washington or a Lincoln. But Providence sent her Witte. As soon, however, as the Government felt itself safe from the immediate danger of revolution it practically banished its savior.

"I am neither a Liberal nor a Conservative," Witte was wont to say. "I am simply a man of culture. I cannot exile a man to Siberia merely because he does not think as I do, and I cannot deprive him of civil rights because he does not pray in the same church as I do.' But he was too advanced a thinker for the Russia of his day.

THE LIFE OF WHITELAW REID. By Royal Cortissoz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

When Whitelaw Reid became editor and proprietor of the Xenia *News*, on July 23, 1858, he was not yet twenty years of age. It is characteristic of him that he at once made this small-town newspaper a force. He had even then an uncommon power of analyzing great issues, and his work in the campaign for Lincoln "stamped him," says his biographer, "as an effective journalist." But it was not merely as an editorial writer that Reid was finding himself. He had an instinct for news, and while catering intelligently to a public that sincerely wanted to know "the best that had been thought and said in the

world," he printed whatever had the greatest interest for the greatest number. Thus, he got out an extra on the great Heenan-Sayres prize-fight, remarking editorially, "The simple truth is that everybody is interested in the fight and everybody reads about it." The one stable feature of the paper was a collection of pure literature—the poetry of Whittier, Lowell, Bayard Taylor, and Bryant; fragments from British and American novelists or essayists. Yet an early issue bears the announcement that "a great deal of matter is crowded out this week by the report of the murder trial which will be found in our columns." He printed with a "scare-head" the despatches announcing the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable. "That," says Mr. Cortissoz, "was the kind of news he craved." There was, in short, nothing naïve about the Xenia *News*. It did not in the least resemble the crude country weekly of humorous tradition. It was the work of an unusually intellectual and also an uncommonly enterprising young newspaper man.

His genius as a journalist, proved by his success as a war correspondent in the field and as a reporter in Washington, was early recognized by Horace Greeley, who fairly insisted upon having Reid as his right-hand man on the *Tribune*. Promoted to what was practically the post of managing editor, he at once demonstrated his inborn fitness for the task. His judicious supervision left the utmost freedom to a good workman; his power of winning loyalty and creating enthusiasm was matched by the thoroughness of his attention to details. It is said of him that "there never was an editor quite like him with a blue pencil, so swift to see where an article could profitably be cut, so skilled in the art which Mr. Howells once described as the art of 'joining the bleeding parts.'" His influence was scarcely, if at all, less than that of Greeley, but his conception of his function was sounder and more modern. He was a "personal journalist" with a difference—not, as his biographer well says, "an oracular editor," but rather "an editorial oracle."

Yet it is not as a journalist that Reid chiefly impresses the reader of his biography. If he was a born newspaper man, he had also, like Delane of the London *Times*, as Mr. Cortissoz points out, a "genius for politics." The particular significance of his life-record seems to be that it is the story of one who not only influenced public opinion but guided events by his counsels. His participation in "the great game of President-making, of unremitting activity in national, State, and local politics," stretches from Lincoln to Roosevelt. Throughout his career he is distinguished by an unusual blending of high aims with practical insight. He thus stands a little apart from those of his contemporaries and associates who were chiefly newspaper men, chiefly men of culture, chiefly politicians. And it is not altogether due to any partiality on the part of his biographer that he seems to furnish an excellent standard by which to measure the others. It is a sign of his sanity that while he was jealous of his independence and not sparing of criticism, he was able to keep his friends and to work within his party. A most valuable type of citizen surely—the public man who joins a lofty conception of duty to a *flair* for the

political game, who knows when to play the part of Warwick, but has no excessive fondness for the rôle of King-maker.

Independent Reid undoubtedly was, but in a purely pragmatical way. Independence was not with him a religion. He was not a Mugwump, but a party man. "He upheld what he called 'the sacred right of bolting and scratching' not as a fetich, but as the practical resource forced upon honest men by actual conditions." Similarly he was skeptical in regard to new parties. "Parties," he told the readers of the *Tribune*, "are not made; they grow." If he broke with the Republican Party for a few years, he did so not in spleen but simply because he found it necessary to fight Grant and his people, and because he saw that he could do this to the best advantage from the outside.

Thus, his whole course of action seems remarkably consistent. He changed neither his principles nor his practical creed of expediency. He was faithful to both when he declined to be lured back prematurely into the fold. It was represented to him that if the *Tribune* would only say, "Blind and reprehensible as are many of the acts of the Republican Party, it is still the great party, etc.—As for the Democracy—salary grabber nominated for Speaker, etc. —there isn't salt enough to save it, etc."—if the *Tribune* would only take this line, it might lead the party and have an influence and circulation unparalleled in journalism. Reid's character and his perspicuity were more than equal to the occasion. "Practically," he told his correspondent, "we have said again and again all that they suggest to you. . . . Their actual wish is that the *Tribune* should squarely defend Grant and the Administration against assailants. Their grudge against the *Times* is that it has refused to do it in certain flagrant instances."

On the whole, it is remarkable how little purely interpretative work Mr. Cortissoz has found it necessary to do in elucidating Reid's character and achievements. It is only occasionally that the biographer finds it advisable to guard against a misunderstanding. He needs scarcely more than mention the legend that Reid abetted Chase in his rivalry with Lincoln: in fact the story of the relations between Chase and Reid reflects credit upon both men. It is easy enough to show that Reid was in no way responsible for Greeley's Presidential ambitions. "While Reid did more than any other single man to promote Greeley's candidacy, *once it was launched*, he did not invent it, nor did it, in the stages preliminary to launching, wholly commend itself to his judgment." In the narrative, there is much politics, but little material, apparently, for controversy. Mainly Reid's words and actions speak for themselves. "My aim," writes Mr. Cortissoz, "has been to show from documentary sources what Whitelaw Reid thought and did, and in so doing to make plain the man that he was." He has, in fact, written the political history of a period, with Reid as its central figure—a record painstaking and exact, showing the man in his setting. The biographer, though adequately appreciative of character, seems generally to resist any temptation to indulge in anything like personality sketches, with the result that better proportion

and emphasis are attained than would be possible in a more colorful presentation. Reid is emphasized, not eulogized. When Mr. Cortissoz gives us his own impressions—as when he describes the files of the Xenia *News* as a window opening upon Reid's early life, or when he points out that Reid's activities in connection with Greeley's nomination were the real beginning of his success as a diplomatist—he really gives helpful hints toward the understanding of his subject. But for the most part this sort of thing is not needed. The facts are salient. The whole narrative is remarkably clear-cut, definite, and convincing. One cannot help feeling that this workmanlike, thoroughly informed biography is just the kind of record that Reid himself would have approved.

GREAT AMERICAN ISSUES. By John Hays Hammond and Jeremiah W. Jenks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Whether we like it or not, we all have to attend the school of political experience. We may be, and often are, dull or indifferent pupils, but here we are, in the school. We are for the most part ill provided with text books; there is no lack of books designed for those who go to the lesser schools, but there are few precisely suited to the needs of the student in the biggest school of all. Here we have to learn what we can by observation and reflection. The lessons for the day are always the urgent issues of the time, and the discussions that go on about these are usually neither systematic nor fundamental.

Great American Issues is essentially an educational book—a book for thinking people who know that their student days did not really end when they graduated from high school or college. It is extremely well suited to the needs of thoughtful citizens. True, a book might be written on any one of the subjects dealt with in its several chapters—the struggle for good government, labor and capital, the standard of living, unemployment, immigration, competition and big business, the tariff, to name a few. But what the authors have aimed at has been, apparently, to present only the essential considerations and to draw only the obviously legitimate conclusions. In this they have been conspicuously successful. Necessarily condensed, and a little dogmatic in tone, the book is no mere primer, but a sober discussion written in an interesting and even a challenging style.

What wins confidence is the breadth of view of the authors combined with their willingness to pronounce definitely upon questions which, though still more or less debatable, are ripe for summing up. There is evidently not only a fresh overhauling of the questions studied but a judicious weighing of the best opinions. And the premises are sound. "Those who follow this discussion throughout," say the authors, "will realize that the power behind all political, social and business enterprises is the individual man. They will see that hope for better democracy, better society, and better business, lies after all in a better breed of men." Modern conditions, however, require modern

methods; and "it is no accident that every move for better government in recent years has been along lines approved by the experience and practice of business."

The authors favor a budget system, reserve judgment on the various plans for regulating the relations of capital and labor, express an opinion in general favorable to minimum wage legislation, suggest the creation of a Federal Business Commission, advocate further restriction of immigration, emphasize the need of a protective tariff under present conditions. On the whole, their attitude accords with the present mood of the country—a mood of conservatism tempered by progressive tendencies. Surely the discussion of many subjects is less partizan than formerly and there is a greater disposition to recognize opposite interests and points of view. The kind of action recommended by Messrs. Hammond and Jenks is in general that which seems most practicable at our present stage of civilization.

The book is by no means lacking in effectiveness of expression. "A bald statement that competition is beneficial," say the authors, "has no meaning whatever. . . . One might as well say that eleven o'clock is a good hour. . . . Eleven o'clock has in itself no goodness or badness, no religious, moral, ethical, or utilitarian quality whatever. Neither has competition." If this is obvious, the need for such wisdom is no less so, and simplicity in illustration, no less than brevity, is the soul of wit. The authors have succeeded in putting their tariff philosophy into a nutshell: "The tariff thus is an element in the distribution of incomes which causes the expenditures of the less thrifty to take the form of new capital in the hands of the more enterprising element of the population. In the end this benefit of thrift and industrial enterprise spreads throughout all classes." Throughout the book, unobtrusive skill in exposition makes possible the expression of much thought in little space.

Perhaps there is no other book quite like this of Mr. Hammond's and Mr. Jenks'. It is in its way something new in the world. Possibly what really strikes one as somewhat novel and encouraging is that a book like this implies a very large and at the same time a highly intelligent body of readers.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE TAX SITUATION

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THE subject of taxation has again been thrust into the forefront of public discussion. So numerous and so complicated are the problems connected with immediate reform that it may be helpful to refresh our recollection as to the fundamental principles, with a view to ascertain what are the practical applications.

The experience of the last century or two since the advent of modern democracy and the attendant economic changes have resulted in the tacit acceptance by all civilized nations of certain outstanding principles or canons of taxation. Although they have hitherto not been formulated in precisely the following way, it may be well to recall them to mind.

Since the paramount object of taxation is to secure revenue, taxation may first be regarded from the fiscal point of view. This fiscal criterion leads to what may be termed the principle of productivity. A tax that is designed to raise revenue will clearly be a failure if it is not adequate. The meagreness of the yield may be due not only to the fact that the tax sins against the administrative and economic principles to be mentioned in a moment, but to a certain inherent maladjustment of the tax to the general environment. Furthermore, the productivity of a tax often depends upon its elasticity, that is, the responsiveness of its yield to a change in the rate. As Dean Swift put it: "In the arithmetic of customs, two and two does not always make four."

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At the present time, these canons of adequacy and elasticity are violated in several ways. Some of what the Secretary of the Treasury calls our "nuisance taxes" yield entirely too slight a revenue to warrant their continuance; while, on the other hand, the extremely high surtaxes in the income tax have so obviously exceeded the maximum revenue point as to call for a reduction of the rate in order to increase the yield.

In the next place, tax laws, like all others, will necessarily be open to criticism if they are not properly administered. The administrative criterion results in the principle of efficiency; and this may disclose itself in three ways. First, we need certainty of taxation: if the law be uncertain, it will necessarily be inefficient in its operation. Second, we need economy of taxation, that is an economical adjustment of yield to efforts: if the tax costs an inordinate amount to collect, it represents an administrative inefficiency the very opposite of economy. Third, the tax should be so administered as to involve the least possible inconvenience to the taxpayer.

The certainty of taxation is a canon that is frequently violated owing to the proverbial weakness of administration in democratic countries. Apart from the problems connected with our customs tariff legislation, perhaps the best recent examples of uncertainty are to be found in the excess-profits tax and in certain parts of the federal income tax. The uncertainty of many provisions of the laws has been only in part removed by administrative rulings and judicial decisions. Arbitrariness in taxation is almost the greatest enemy that the taxpayer has to encounter.

Again, the economy of taxation depends primarily on the cost of collection; and this is influenced not only by the nature of the tax, but by the reaction of the community to the tax. Certain taxes are proverbially difficult to collect. The expense of administering the tax on spirituous liquors in the United States, where moonshining was prevalent, was notorious. The repugnance of the British property owner to the land taxes introduced by Lloyd George's famous budget was so pronounced that in certain cases the cost of collection actually exceeded the revenue, with the result that all attempts to enforce the tax were abandoned in 1920. Perhaps the most striking illustration is afforded

by the contrast between what is sometimes called concentrated taxes as against diffused taxes. When Gladstone came to power he found taxes on what someone wittily described as "everything that one sees, feels, smells, or hears." His life work as a financier consisted primarily in reducing this heterogeneous system to a very few taxes on articles of wide, but not necessary, consumption, thus securing an immense revenue at very little expense. A tax on spirits, on tobacco, or on gasolene is worth hundreds of taxes on multitudinous articles where the difficulties of collection are considerable. The economy of taxation is a canon not to be neglected.

Thirdly, convenience in taxation has several aspects which often become of great practical consequence. The problem of how the tax is to be paid raises such a question as that of the use of stamps. The problem of when the tax should be paid involves the desirability of the instalment system. The problem of how or under what conditions the tax is to be paid may often make the difference between success or failure. Thus the canons of certainty, economy, and convenience are all important corollaries of the administrative principle of efficiency.

A more significant problem, however, is that of the immediate or ultimate effects of taxation on the economic situation as a whole. It is the function of the wise legislator to have taxation interfere as little as possible with the general prosperity of the community. As over against the purely fiscal or administrative criteria which we have been discussing, the economic criterion leads to what may be called the principle of prosperity. The interference with the normal phenomena of economic life may indeed sometimes be designed, as when a tax, like that on child labor, is levied for a purely social purpose. But such interference is from the very nature of the case presumed to conduce to the larger prosperity of the community. What we must guard against is not so much interference, as harmful interference, with the normal processes of economic life. If the unexpected consequence of a tax is to injure the prosperity of the community, the more efficiently it is administered the worse it becomes. Since it is important that taxes should interfere as little with the prosperity of the community and should be as harmless or

innocuous as possible, the principle of prosperity leads to the canon of harmlessness or innocuity of taxation. Perhaps the most serious danger of modern taxation resides in this unanticipated interference with the normal economic phenomena. Especially is this true in recent times where the injurious results show themselves primarily in the consequences of excessive taxation. Were there space to dwell upon this phase of the subject, it would be easy to call attention to the harm done either directly to production, exchange, or consumption, or more indirectly to the long-time economic interests of the community.

Everyone is familiar with the statement made by the Secretary of the Treasury as to the harmful results of the excess-profits tax. In its effects upon production and enterprise, it can be compared only to some of the mediaeval taxes on consumption. If a tax limits enterprise and retards production, it will tend to decrease the national dividend and to carry with it unlooked-for consequences in the reduction of wages and the diminution of social progress. Even if we cannot reasonably demand that a tax should directly increase prosperity, we have, at all events, every right to ask that it should not injure the community. If the proceeds of an otherwise unexceptionable tax are spent economically on something that the community needs, the net result ought to be of no harm to the community. Innocuity or harmlessness of taxation is an especially important canon at the present time, when the fiscal burdens have become so heavy.

All these canons of taxation may, however, be deemed to be secondary, compared with the fact that when we consider the relation of taxation to individuals as a class rather than to any single member of the class, it becomes necessary to apply the ethical criterion. Even though the tax system may be satisfactory in its yield, its administration, and in its general economic effects, it would still be open to criticism if it failed to meet the demands of justice as among individuals or classes. The criterion of fundamental importance in any system of taxation is the ethical criterion, because in fiscal as in all economic relations, the paramount question is that of justice. If individuals are to be called upon to the support of the state, and especially if the contribution is a compulsory one, they cannot escape

emphasizing the equitable character of the contribution. Especially in a democratic community does this ethical criterion result in the demand for equality of treatment. However successful a tax may be in other respects, if it sins in this particular, it will sooner or later be swept away. Equality of taxation is the very cornerstone of all tax programmes.

Equality of taxation, however, has two implications. If individuals are to be taxed equally, it follows in the first place that all must be taxed. The canon of universality of taxation is therefore the first corollary of the principle of equality. The history of taxation marks a continual struggle to realize the universality of taxation. From the very beginning, exemptions and immunities of all kinds were secured by the powerful, and the struggle of democracy may often be put in terms of the attempt to abolish unjust privileges and immunities. The French Revolution itself is largely explicable from this point of view.

At the present time, in the United States as elsewhere, most of these old class and individual exemptions have been abolished. But there still remains a system of exemption which has its origin in a much more specious and ostensibly legitimate situation. The chief problem of modern immunity is that of the exemption of Government securities. In the United States this takes two forms: exemption of securities in general, and exemption of securities issued by one kind of government from taxation imposed by another kind, as, for instance, the Federal, the State, and the local Government. So far as the latter form of immunity is concerned, the historical reasons which at one time made it desirable to free State and local securities and salaries from taxation by the Federal Government no longer apply. The continued exemption of billions of State and local securities is scarcely defensible from any point of view. So far as the exemption of federal securities from federal taxation is concerned, the problem is somewhat more involved. From the point of view of principle, there is always a possible choice between upholding the credit of a government and securing equality of taxation. That is to say, if it becomes a matter of life or death with the State in a great emergency to market its securities at a reasonable rate, the exemption from taxation may be a cheap price to pay.

If we have to choose between political existence and economic equality, the latter will have to give way. But in the United States, when our existing debt was created there was no such alternative. It was simply a question of issuing the Liberty or Victory Loans at a higher rate of interest. We sacrificed equality of taxation not to fundamental necessity, but to ephemeral convenience. While it is true that the holders of exempt securities do not entirely escape taxation—for when they purchase the bonds they pay somewhat more for them, and when they receive interest they get a somewhat smaller amount—yet not only is the correspondence by no means complete, but there is in addition a feeling on the part of the non-exempt members of the community that a privileged class is growing up among them. One of the chief reasons, for instance, why the higher brackets of our income tax are yielding continually smaller revenues is because of the temptation on the part of the wealthy to invest in tax-exempt securities. As a result of our system not only does the Government lose hundreds of millions in annual revenue, but the income tax, instead of being borne primarily by those who can afford to pay, is borne primarily by the unwary and those who find it difficult to convert the sources of their income into tax-exempt securities. The actual derogation from the principle of universality of taxation at the present time in the United States is perhaps the chief indictment of the entire Federal system. The elimination of our present forms of exemption is the most crying demand of reform.

Equality of taxation has, however, another implication. Equality does not mean absolute numerical equality. If the millionaire and the pauper were each taxed $100 there would be absolute numerical equality, but surely no justice. By equality we must therefore mean a relative equality or relatively proportional equality. For such equality we have the term uniformity. The second canon of taxation which flows from the principle of equality is accordingly uniformity of taxation.

Since uniformity means relative or proportional equality, the problem arises as to the nature of the relation involved in this idea of proportion. For the relative equality implied in uniformity must be expressed in terms of such a relation. With-

out going into the recondite aspects of this subject, which has much exercised fiscal and economic students, it may be said that the modern democratic theory as to the criterion to be employed in ascertaining the true basis of taxation is the faculty or ability theory. This demands that every individual should be held to pay taxes in proportion to his faculty or taxable capacity. Since the individual has to turn over to the State some form of wealth, the considerations that are pertinent to the problem in each case revolve around the three questions: (1) How does he get the wealth? (2) What kind of wealth is it? (3) What does he do with the wealth? In other words, we have to treat of the acquisition of wealth, the possession of wealth, and the disposition of wealth. In dealing with the acquisition of wealth, we have to consider the cost of acquisition; in dealing with the disposition of wealth, we have to weigh the sacrifice of consumption; and in dealing with the possession of wealth, we are confronted by the elements of social privilege. How to measure these various factors and how to ascertain the particular test to be employed in comparing the faculty of one individual with that of another involves the chief practical problem in endeavoring to realize the principle of uniformity of taxation.

Historically, many attempts have been made. Without going into the history of the subject, it may be said that at the present time the choice in all democratic societies lies between expenditure or consumption on the one hand, and property or income on the other hand; with a further selection between property and income as the best indication of wealth.

The distinction just alluded to is in harmony with the modern and more approved methods of classifying taxes. The old division into direct and indirect taxes, which is still popularly followed, has been repeatedly shown to be of little scientific value. Direct taxes are supposed to be those which remain as a burden on the people who pay them; indirect taxes are supposed to be those that are shifted to someone else. Unfortunately, this criterion is no longer valid, as the shiftability of the tax often depends more upon the way in which it is levied than upon the character of the tax itself. Many so-called direct taxes are not infrequently shifted.

A more scientific classification is that based upon the criterion of stages in the economic process. If we trace the steps in the economic life of an individual we find that after acquiring economic goods, whether by production or otherwise, he either exchanges or consumes them. That is to say, the four stages in the process of wealth are acquisition, possession, exchange, and consumption. Since, however, everything that is possessed must be acquired in some way, the characteristics of acquisition and possession are so similar as to warrant their inclusion in the same category. Taxes might then profitably be classified into taxes on wealth, as measured by the income or the property of the individual, and taxes on expenditure as manifested in either consumption or exchange. The latter class would include what are ordinarily called on the one hand taxes on transactions and communications and, on the other, taxes on commodities. In still rougher terms, we could put the contrast between taxes on wealth and taxes on expenditure.

Expenditure has not infrequently been advanced as the test of faculty and as constituting the real norm of taxation. As soon as private property developed, it became easy to raise money by levying taxes on commodities. It is true that in the beginning the idea of ability played only an insignificant rôle. But later on, when the system of direct taxes had been honeycombed with all manner of abuses, the tax reformers advanced expenditure as the best means of reintroducing the sadly lacking equality. Inasmuch as everybody has to spend money, a tax on expenditure would permit no one to escape, and since the wealthy always spend more than the poor, a tax on expenditure was deemed to be a far better approach to the principle of ability to pay than could be found in the then existing medley of taxation. The demand for the general excise soon became the rallying cry of tax reformers throughout Europe.

As a matter of fact, however, the reason why the property tax of the time failed, was not because property constituted an unsatisfactory norm of taxation, but because certain classes or individuals were *not* taxed on their property. It was exemption, rather than taxation, which was at the root of the difficulty. Indeed, when taxes on expenditure developed, it soon became

clear that expenditure is not a satisfactory criterion of faculty. In the first place, some individuals must consume all that they produce, while others spend only a small part of the wealth that they acquire. While it is a fact that the rich man will spend more than the poor man, it is none the less true that in proportion as we approach the category of necessary expenditures, this difference tends to vanish. To the extent that expenditure deals with necessaries or even with comforts, taxes on expenditure impose a relatively greater burden on the poor. This has been so universally recognized that well-nigh every democratic movement in taxation has taken the form of an attempt to reduce taxation on expenditure.

Secondly, from a wider economic point of view, expenditure is an unsatisfactory test, because in normal economic life the best way to secure the social surplus which forms the basis of civilization is to increase production, rather than to decrease consumption. Productive consumption is a necessary and salutary part of the economic process. To check consumption is suicidal.

While expenditure in general cannot be accepted as a criterion of faculty, certain forms of consumption taxes, however, may be utilized to round out other elements of ability to pay. While it is not true that high-priced articles are exclusively purchased by the rich or that low-priced articles are bought only by the poor, it remains a fact that a tax on luxurious expenditure is normally borne by those who think that they can afford to purchase luxuries. The tax on luxuries is therefore not open to the objections advanced against a general tax on expenditure. Secondly, the Government may desire as a social policy to restrict the consumption of certain quasi-luxuries, like liquors or tobacco or gasolene. A tax on such forms of expenditure might be conceived as a tax on what an individual ought to be able to spend for such purposes; in which case it might be considered as a tax not so much on actual ability to pay, as on putative or socially desirable ability to pay. Finally, certain taxes on exchange or consumption are so lucrative that they tend to diminish the burden of taxes on wealth which, when pushed beyond a certain point, may tend to become economically harmful. Expenditure may in this way

serve as a means of securing a more well-balanced system of taxation.

But in the main the response to the demand for equality of taxation took the form of a tax on wealth. In one shape or another the general property tax became the backbone of the entire tax system, and in the greater part of the United States to-day this is still the case in State and local taxation.

In recent years, however, several shortcomings have disclosed themselves in the system of property taxation. Under modern conditions, with their speculative characteristics and cyclical movements, there is often a disparity between the property and its yield or produce. Furthermore, a property tax is coming more and more to be a tax on savings. To the extent that we tax property which has been accumulated through savings, we put a premium upon extravagant expenditure. Such a tax becomes in a certain sense anti-social in character and to be deprecated from a general economic standpoint. Again, the acceptance of property as a criterion of taxable ability becomes more and more unsatisfactory under conditions where large professional incomes or salaries, which would otherwise entirely escape taxation, are customary. Finally, modern business methods impair the value of property as the norm of taxation. When merchants' stocks were relatively small and the turnover moderate, it was feasible to measure a merchant's ability to pay by the property invested in business; nowadays, it is not what merchants have, but what they make, that is of importance; and what they earn depends upon many factors other than the amount of their capital or stock in trade.

It is for the above reasons that property is gradually disappearing as the best criterion of ability to pay, although there is still considerable scope for its retention in cases where, as in real estate, property rapidly reflects in its capital value changes in its earning capacity, where the property is subject to every-day sale, where it is held simply for enjoyment without affording a money income, and where the yield of the property may stop for a time, while its market value is still appreciable.

With these exceptions, however, the modern world has come to the conclusion that income is on the whole a more satisfactory

norm of taxation than any of the others that have been mentioned. A careful analysis, however, would show that income is also not without its weaknesses as an ideal criterion. These weaknesses may be declared to be the vagueness of the conception in income, the inadequacy to reflect all of the normal elements of faculty, and the failure to consider the influence of other factors than those of acquisition.

The first difficulty is apparent at the present time in the United States. Does income include only money income, or also money's worth, like the rent of a house? Does income mean only regular and periodic proceeds or does it comprise chance or aleatory receipts, like gifts? Can income be clearly differentiated from capital, and does all accretion to capital, like the appreciation of securities, constitute income? If stock dividends are not income, are dividends distributed in the form of bonds, income?

But even if we knew precisely what income is, does it include all the important criteria of faculty? Let us take two contrasted cases. On the one hand, there is a bachelor physician, without dependents, living in a small town, in robust health, but penurious to the last degree. In contrast to him is his fellow practitioner with the same income, but married, with a large family, under the obligation to support his parents, living in an expensive apartment in a large city, in more or less precarious health, and yet generous to a fault in the support of communal and other public purposes. Can it properly be held that these two individuals ought to be taxed identically the same amount because their incomes are the same?

With all its shortcomings, however, income constitutes the best norm that we can devise, and it explains why in the Great War the backbone of our fiscal system was composed of income and profits taxes, whereas a century ago in the war with Great Britain we relied on a property tax, rather than an income tax. It also explains why in so many of our States and cities, where the old general property tax has been breaking down, we find the recent development of income taxes and of business taxes levied according to the criterion of earnings or profits.

The practical conclusions applicable to our present situation are not difficult to draw. In the first place, the needs of govern-

mental economy and efficiency are paramount. Unless the total expenditures are reduced to manageable proportions, no system of taxation that might be devised can fail to be burdensome and injurious. Expenditures must always bear a certain proportion to the social income. Where taxes are made to trench unduly upon the social income, they will react upon both consumption and production, and, except in the very unlikely event that the Government spends its money in a more economical and efficient way than private individuals would do, it is bound to retard economic development. Excessive taxes, no matter how levied, are injurious.

Secondly, care must be taken to preserve the balance between taxes on wealth and taxes on expenditure, with the understanding that, inasmuch as wealth forms a relatively better criterion of ability to pay than expenditure, the larger share of the taxes should come from wealth. Since the opening of the Great War, however, the proper balance has not been kept. From three-quarters to four-fifths of all of our Federal revenues have been derived from taxes on wealth. If to this we add about nine-tenths of the State and local taxes, which are almost exclusively levied on wealth, it is not surprising that the strain has become too great. Our excess-profits tax has already broken down and our income tax is in danger of following suit. Not only is the revenue declining, but the regrettable consequences upon business and enterprise are only too apparent. The taxes on wealth should be reduced. This means that the excess-profits tax must be eliminated, and the higher brackets of surtax in the income tax be reduced.

On the other hand, we must be careful not to go too far in the other direction. The proposal of a general sales tax is unwise for several reasons fiscal and administrative, but chiefly because it would unduly depress the balance in the other direction, and cause the major part of our national revenues to be derived from taxes on necessary consumption. The sales tax is virtually an inverted or upside-down income tax. It puts the burden where it can least be borne, and it prevents the utilization of the graduated feature which has become an indispensable accompaniment of all income taxes. The sales tax is not an Anglo-Saxon but

a Latin-American device, and it is essentially repugnant to the instincts of a democratic community.

Above all, the demand for a somewhat greater reliance upon expenditure taxes can be met in a far better way. As we have already noted, the approved modern system of expenditure taxes is one of concentrated rather than of diffused taxes. This means in practice a system of taxes on the conveniences of life such as tobacco, gasolene, stamped paper, and the like, together with the taxes on transportation, admissions, automobiles, etc. If still further taxes on expenditure seem desirable, let them be imposed upon articles of luxury like jewelry, fine clothing, and the like, as is in part already now done, although with inadequate attention paid to cases of unnecessary discrimination. But let us not revert to the Middle Ages, with its taxes on salt and its taxes on bread. Finally, if there is danger of the taxes on expenditure trenching on the line which separates necessities and elementary comforts from luxuries, let us add to the somewhat reduced taxes on income a tax on business which will reach the wealth of the country when it is actually being distributed and which will be so moderate as not to interfere materially with the accumulation of capital or the development of enterprise.

Above all, let us endeavor to rid ourselves of the one crying evil of our present system—the inequality inherent in the unjustifiable exemption of Federal, State, and local securities. Let us be mindful of the basic principles of taxation. Let us abandon the "nuisance" taxes which yield but little revenue. Let us relinquish the taxes like the excess-profits tax which sins against the administrative canons of certainty, economy and efficiency. Let us beware of securing revenue at the expense of restricting either consumption or production. But above all, let us attempt to realize the fundamental canons of uniformity and equality of taxation.

Congress has an admirable opportunity presented to it. Let us hope that it will rise to the opportunity and provide us with a fiscal system in peace times which will be as successful, and on the whole as defensible, as that which was created in war times.

EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN.

THE MEANING OF "POLICE POWER"

BY CHARLES KELLOGG BURDICK

THE people of the United States at the close of the Revolution, though they felt keenly the dangers of disunion, were so afraid of a strong central Government, which they feared might draw to itself despotic power, that they nearly rejected our present Constitution. Several of the State conventions were with the greatest difficulty dissuaded from making their adoption conditional upon the incorporation of certain amendments, and this was accomplished only by the promise that the suggested amendments would be brought before Congress as soon as it convened. Of those which were proposed, ten were quickly adopted. These amendments are in the nature of a bill of rights, and constitute restrictions upon the Federal Government only. The Tenth Amendment declared, what was probably already implied, that the States retained all the powers not expressly denied to them or granted to the United States. The Fifth Amendment contained, among others, the provision that no person should be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law.

The body of the Constitution does not contain many restrictions upon the powers of the States, but there is one which is of great importance, namely, that no State shall impair the obligation of contracts.

Americans in the early days of the Republic were strong individualists, jealous of all governmental control, and particularly of control by a Government located at a distance, not subject to the dictates of the electorate of the State, and which was in their view almost a foreign Power. This attitude ripened into the doctrine of States' Rights, which finally disrupted the Union. At the close of the Civil War the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were added to the Constitution. Their primary purpose was to guaranty to the colored race equal civil and political rights; but to accomplish this end,

certain restrictions were put upon the powers of the States. One of these restrictions was contained in a clause of the Fourteenth Amendment which declares that no State shall deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law,—a provision, it will be noticed, identical with the restriction put upon the Federal Government by the Fifth Amendment.

The clause against the impairment of the obligation of contracts was early declared by Chief Justice Marshall in the famous Dartmouth College case to protect contracts made by a State as well as contracts made by individuals from subsequent impairment by the State, and it was also declared that the grant of a franchise by a State creates a contract between the State and the recipient of the privilege granted. Rather curiously, the "due process" clause of the Fifth Amendment received very little interpretation up to the time when a similar restriction upon the States was incorporated into the Fourteenth Amendment. Since that time, however, the Supreme Court of the United States has had to pass very frequently upon the meaning of due process as it affects Federal or State legislation and has held that the due process clauses were intended to constitute restrictions upon the legislatures as well as upon the other branches of the State and Federal Governments.

What then is due process, and how are we to tell whether its bounds have been overstepped by a legislative body? The Supreme Court has consistently refrained from attempting any real definition of due process, feeling it to be wiser to determine its boundaries gradually by the process of "inclusion and exclusion," as cases come before it. Perhaps the nearest that that tribunal has come to giving us a definition is in its declaration that legislation to constitute due process must conform to those principles of liberty and justice which lie at the base of our civil and political institutions. This, however, is intentionally vague, and gives nothing more than an indication of the general direction which legislation must take in order to be constitutional. It is necessary to study the great mass of decided cases to get a more definite understanding of what due process in legislation really is.

Clearly, taxation constitutes due process when it is for a public use. Property taken by eminent domain is also taken with

due process when taken for a public use, and when just compensation is made. Of course in both of these fields we are confronted with the necessity of determining what *is* a public use. Obviously when a tax is levied, or property is taken for the use of the State or of a municipality in its governmental capacity, as for a court house or a city hall or, in the case of a tax, for ordinary government expenses, it is taken for a public use. Quite as certainly, property is taken for a public use when it is taken by taxation or eminent domain for a purpose which will be directly useful to the members of the community as a whole, and a purpose which is not usually accomplished by ordinary private businesses, but can only be adequately accomplished by the aid of such powers of government. Examples of such purposes are the construction of railroads, water, gas and electric plants, and the establishment of cemeteries and parks, among many that might be named. But the Supreme Court has been very liberal in upholding the determination of the States as to what is included within the term public use. It has held, for example, that in a period of emergency a public fuel yard is a public use for which funds may be raised by taxation, and very recently it may be said to have laid itself open to the charge of being distinctly radical when it held that taxation by the State of North Dakota for the purpose of maintaining public grain elevators, of producing and selling agricultural implements, of helping farmers acquire their own farms, and of conducting a State bank, was constitutional, though here was a well-developed scheme of State socialism. Furthermore, it has upheld the exercise of the power of eminent domain where the direct benefit would be derived only by an individual, but where the circumstances were shown to be such that only by aiding individuals in this way could the natural resources of the State be adequately developed.

With regard to taxation and eminent domain, the Supreme Court has gone far, but the greatest development in the scope of due process has been in the field of the police power. While eminent domain is essentially a power to take property for the *use* of the public, and involves the necessity of paying for the property taken, the police power inheres in the State for the

protection of its citizens, and its exercise carries with it no duty of compensation. Goods may actually be taken from a person under the police power, where the protection of the public demands it, as where infected cattle are taken and killed, or infected clothing is required to be destroyed. Ordinarily, however, the public can be adequately protected by restricting the way in which property may be used, without actually taking a man's goods and chattels away from him. Still, any limitation upon the use which a man may make of his property is a taking of his property in the eye of the law, and must be shown to be within the limits of due process to be constitutional. How extensive, then, is this right of protecting its citizens, which is the very life of the police power of the States? It has been accepted as a matter of course that a State may interfere with proprietary rights for the protection of the safety, health, morals and public order of the community. Innumerable examples of such legislation will at once come to everyone's mind. But the Supreme Court has gone much further than this. It has annexed to the jurisdiction of the police power the vast field of "public welfare" —not merely physical and moral, but economic. This has been done against constant opposition, but the trend of decisions has nevertheless been steadily forward. It was first declared that rates to be charged by grain elevators could be regulated, because it was shown that the business involved a commodity of great importance to the public, and because in the States in question it was a business monopolistic in character, or at least in tendency. These features subjected the public to the possibility of oppression, and so were held to justify legislation for their protection. Soon the court took a step further, holding that the charges of grain elevators may be regulated in a State where no monopolistic tendency is shown, on the ground that because of their importance to the public they have taken on a sort of public character, and so may be regulated in the interest of public welfare. Here, indeed, we have a doctrine of very wide scope. Though the case was decided by a court divided five to four, it has since been approved and its doctrine applied in a decision supporting legislative regulation of the insurance business. The power to regulate rates has been frequently exercised without hesitation in cases

of all public utilities, such as railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, water, gas and electric lighting plants.

Public welfare as the basis of police power has won another notable victory in the field of labor legislation. Laws requiring sanitary conditions and safe appliances have been readily sustained, and legislation restricting the hours of labor, in particularly and obviously unhealthful employments, were upheld without great difficulty. In 1905 in the Lochner case a New York statute limiting work in bakeries to a ten-hour day was held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, because it did not appear that work in bakeries was particularly unhealthful. Three years later, however, a statute creating a ten-hour working-day for women was upheld, on the ground that women as a class particularly need protection from the general evils of overwork for their own welfare and for the welfare of the race. Finally, in 1917, the Lochner case was in effect overruled, though not mentioned, when the Oregon ten-hour law was upheld on the ground that excessive work by any person, in any field, is injurious to the individual, and so when practiced by large numbers is contrary to the welfare of the community at large. In the same year the Supreme Court, though by a vote of four to four, upheld the Oregon minimum-wage law, on the ground that it is contrary to the interests of the community as a whole, as well as of those immediately effected, for large numbers of persons to receive less than a living wage. In considering labor legislation one should also not forget that workmen's compensation laws of quite various types have been uniformly held constitutional by the Supreme Court. Many other striking examples could be given of legislation affecting property which has been upheld as a proper exercise of the police power, because it was passed to safeguard the public welfare, but enough have been referred to to show the general trend of judicial opinion.

Theoretically, the United States has no general police power like that possessed by the States, except for the government of the District of Columbia and of the territories. Outside of those spheres of government it has only those powers which are expressly or by necessary implication given it by the Federal Constitution, and a general police power is not among them.

But, nevertheless, a very wide police power has in fact been developed by the National Government in connection with the express powers granted to it by the Constitution, for it has been held that those powers may be exercised for the same general purposes for which the police power may be called into play by the States. Thus, in controlling the mail service, the Federal Government takes occasion to protect the public against fraudulent and obscene literature sent through that channel, and we are all familiar with the interstate commerce act, with its provisions against unreasonable charges and discrimination, the anti-trust law, the pure food and drug act, the "white slave" act, and the many other laws passed under the authority of Congress to control interstate and foreign commerce.

Another important doctrine, which has not been nearly so much discussed as the doctrines connected with due process, which we have just been considering, has to do with the clause in the Constitution which declares that no State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts. This doctrine is to the effect that every contract is made subject to the State's right to exercise its police power. It has been repeatedly applied to contracts made with the State, and to contracts which public utilities have made with their patrons. While it has not been so frequently applied to contracts between private individuals, the Supreme Court has many times declared that such contracts are made in subordination to the police power. This means that if the performance or enforcement of a contract is interfered with by legislation in the due enforcement of the police power, the obligation of the contract is not impaired in the sense in which the impairment of contracts is prohibited by the Constitution. Since the police power is interpreted just as liberally in this connection as it is in connection with the due process clauses of the Constitution to include the protection of the public welfare, as well as the public safety, health, morals and public order, the principle here involved gives to State legislatures wide discretion in the matter of legislation affecting contracts.

The American theory of constitutional government is that written constitutions are not framed merely as general statements of political principles, which it is believed should guide

future generations, but as binding limitations upon all branches of the Government, which are to be enforced by the courts as the supreme law of the land. Such limitations constitute guaranties on behalf of minorities against hasty and arbitrary action on the part of majorities, and it is the duty of our courts to see that these guaranties are not overstepped. Still, it is to be borne in mind that a public opinion which is persistently adhered to, and which ripens into a strong conviction on the part of a considerable majority of the community, is bound sooner or later to become law, if not in conformity with the Constitution, then as an amendment to that fundamental law. It does not follow that courts should give effect to legislation simply because it expresses the will of the majority, if it clearly falls within the inhibitions of the State or Federal Constitution. It is, however, both wise and reasonable that courts should indulge every legitimate presumption that the legislative branch of the Government has acted within its constitutional powers, and that they should hold that legislation should only be declared unconstitutional if there is no doubt of its conflict with constitutional provisions. The burden is always upon the one who attacks a statute to prove that it is unconstitutional.

We have seen how vastly the scope of the police power has grown in late years. This has been in response to a persistent public opinion, which itself reflects a wide swing of the pendulum from a predominantly individualistic philosophy to what may be called a philosophy of collectivism,—a philosophy which gives first place to the interest and development of the group, class, or community. Altered economic and social conditions have brought about this change of emphasis, and with this change has constantly developed an increasing demand for legislation to protect the interests of groups and classes and communities. The courts have generally found justification for such legislation, when not wholly arbitrary and despotic, in the police power, and so have brought it within the sanction of due process, and within a reasonable interpretation of the clause protecting contracts. Thus, by gradual development of the police power, the due process clauses and the contract clause of the Constitution have come to be so interpreted as not to thwart the will of the majority

when expressed in legislation whose avowed object is the protection of the interests of the public, and whose purposes cannot be said to be clearly unreasonable or oppressive. As to whether legislation meets this very liberal test, the Supreme Court of the United States is the final judge. In reaching its conclusion, however, it will take into account all relevant circumstances, both social and economic, as is shown particularly by the opinions of the Court in its more recent decisions, and it will give great weight to the judgment of the legislature, especially if it is shown that that body acted after a careful investigation of the situation to be remedied. An excellent example of the modern attitude of the courts is to be found in the recent decision of the New York Court of Appeals and of the Supreme Court of the United States, upholding certain provisions of the New York rent laws. Those provisions restrict the landlord in New York City to the receipt of a reasonable rent, irrespective of what rent has been contracted for, and deprive him of the right to oust a hold-over tenant, even though the tenant has expressly contracted to surrender the property at the end of his term. Clearly, the landlord's proprietary rights are interfered with, and his right to enforce his contract is temporarily suspended. It appeared to the court, however, that the legislature had made a careful investigation of the situation in New York City, that the legislature had been convinced that the tenant class in that city needed special protection during the present housing crisis, and that the legislation in question had been passed to meet this situation. The courts held that there was evidence to support the legislature's findings, and that the measures adopted to meet the situation were reasonable. The court, therefore, declared that the legislation in question was a valid exercise of the police power. These decisions are strikingly illustrative of the modern doctrine of the police power. Though the guaranties of personal liberty have been substantially restricted, this is the necessary price which has had to be paid to meet the changing and more complicated conditions of modern society.

CHARLES KELLOGG BURDICK.

MORALITY AND DEMOCRACY

BY EMILE BOUTROUX

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WHAT is morality? Socrates called it the art of self-possession and of self-government. The one fundamental virtue, he taught, was ἐγκράτεια: rule over oneself. Democracy, too, means the people's rule over itself; the government of the people by the people. Consequently, is not democracy the express application of the moral idea to politics? Democratic government and government based on morality would appear to be one and the same thing.

Does historic reality confirm this deduction founded on etymology? The first thing that strikes us is the extreme variety of the governments called democracies. The two elements in the conception of democracy consist of the two notions: people and government. To each of these very different interpretations have been given.

Speaking generally, we may distinguish three meanings of the word, government.

According to the first, to govern is to exercise absolute authority. The governor, literally, holds sovereign sway, whatever be the origin or the foundation assigned to this sovereignty. He possesses all rights and is nowise responsible for his actions to those he governs.

According to the second, government has its principle in a contract, either explicit or tacit, between governors and governed. This contract is expressed by a constitution which formulates the general conditions under which government must take place, and is equally binding on both sides.

According to the third, government, independent of any contract, while representing the nation, should recognize and respect certain of the latter's rights, held to be naturally inher-

ent in human societies and individuals, and consequently untransferable and superior to all institutions.

The first kind of government may be called absolutism, the second, constitutionalism, and the third, liberalism.

And while the word government is thus interpreted in these different ways, the same is true with the word, people.

We may conceive of the people as forming one indivisible whole. In this case, there can be no question of rights peculiar to individuals, groups or society, as distinct from the State. The rights attributed to the parties can be none other than reflex rights, springing from the sovereignty of the whole.

On the other hand, we may regard the people as simply the total of the individuals, who alone are realities possessed of a natural and effective existence. In this case, the people, as a unit, is no more than an abstraction. No artifice can transfer the reality, right, inviolability of the concrete unit to the abstract unit, of the natural being to the artificial being, of individual to State. In this system, the State has but a borrowed existence and right.

We may also consider that individuals are not really independent of one another, but that they keep up relations of solidarity, which they cannot abjure without making impossible their progress, even their existence. We shall thus regard as true units the groups formed of closely united individuals: such as political or professional groups, and the people will be the whole of the groups bound together by a common national life. Moreover, we shall be able to attribute to the different groups, in the national representation, unequal parts, proportioned to their respective importance.

Then too, we may set up a profound distinction between these groups, according as they show themselves active, productive and useful, or barren, parasitical and exploiting the work of others. It will be affirmed that the people, from the political point of view, cannot be confused with the whole of the inhabitants of a given country, but that it consists exclusively of that class of citizens which really deserves the name of workers, *viz.*, the fully-awakened proletariat who understand the necessity of uniting for the purpose of eliminating the useless and the parasites. The classes distinct from those of the workers strictly

so-called are, according to this conception, regarded as survivals of a past which is condemned by the evolution of mankind and is destined to disappear. It is the duty of organized societies to hasten this disappearance.

What has just been said regarding the different meanings of the word, people, when dealing with any given nation, applies to the leagues of nations which many have ardently longed to construct, ever since the eighteenth century. We may conceive of an international democracy, as an ideal, at all events. In international groupings thus inspired, what are the elements that should be regarded as substantial units, containing in themselves the principle and the purpose of their organization?

According to some, each nation is *per se* an absolute independent unity, possessed of the right to dispose of itself and its own destinies. According to others, the nations become ever more inter-connected by bonds of solidarity which must be respected and organized so that the idea of international democracy may find its expression in a more or less close federation, or even an international State.

Again, speaking generally, in humanity as in any given nation, some regard as fundamental the distinction between two categories of individuals, workers and parasites; they think that, in international democracy as in any particular democracy, one only of these two classes is qualified to possess citizenship. They therefore claim that the proletariat alone, i.e., men who live solely and from hand to mouth on their daily work, are deserving of the name and the rights of citizens of the universal Republic. Apart from this class, there is no category of men to whom any international right can legitimately be attributed.

Is this extreme diversity in the conceptions of democracy determined by a sense of the moral signification of the democratic *régime*, and by the desire to reach, as far as possible in practice, the ideal form of this *régime?*

When we try to discover the principle usually followed by politicians in defining democracy, we see that this principle is the idea of right. And when we examine the reasons why people are more ready to speak of right than of duty, to define

duty by right rather than right by duty, we find that theorists sum them up in the anxiety to reject any notion which might be suspected of metaphysical or religious tendencies, and to retain those that may be regarded as strictly positive and scientific.

In this sense, the concept of right seems quite satisfactory, because it has the aspect of a mathematical concept and lends itself excellently to definition and deduction. Indeed, the science of right readily assumes the aspect of a rational science, governed by syllogism.

Are we not here the dupes of appearance? If, as is necessary, we distinguish in the concept of right between form and matter, between the logical element and the real content, shall we be justified in regarding as clear and certain, after the fashion of a scientific doctrine, the doctrine of right as the first principle of politics?

Men have very different ways of conceiving what they call their right. And as the notion of right involves that of exigibility, when a man attributes to himself a right, he imagines that nothing in the world can prevail against the claim he makes regarding this right. It is my right, says one, to have my share of happiness: consequently society must be organized so as to enable this man to call himself happy. Such and such liberties, declares a group of citizens, constitute our right: consequently your laws are bad in so far as they do not secure our possession of these liberties.

What is the ground for the attribution to oneself of any particular right? The question is not always asked, or rather is answered too abruptly. Speaking generally, that which men regard as necessary for their existence, as they conceive it, seems to them to be their right. The evidence of the idea considered in its form is readily transferred to the matter. This tendency of the mind is well known and recognized. It produces the so-called ontological sophism, which, from the evidence of the concept considered logically, infers the objective truth of the content.

Putting on one side the notion of need, whether real or imaginary, or of desire, or of arbitrary will, there is one notion to which

appeal is constantly made: that of equality. Right, it is claimed, is equal in all men.

What is the meaning of this assertion?

Are you resolved, as you claim to be, to accept none but strictly experimental notions, as the word is interpreted in the positive sciences? If so, the assertion cannot be maintained. Nature offers us no two things equal to each other; the inequality of beings is the very circumstance that results in movement and change, the essential phenomenon of our world. Equality can be conceived of only between the particles of a world that has attained to homogeneity, i.e., to dispersion, immobility and absolute death.

And how could the notion of equality be regarded as given in real life, along with the notion of right? Should not right be measured by value? And is it logical that the ignorant, idle and wicked should have the same rights as the learned, hard working and virtuous?

Assuredly the notion of equality of rights is fine and just; still, it is a special and ideal one. It is neither implied in the concept of right nor imposed by nature. It represents a certain vow, a certain dictate of conscience. And if conscience claims a state of things so opposed to facts, and even, in a way, to the general course of nature, then it means to adopt not the natural point of view, purely and simply, but the strictly moral point of view; it means that, in the moral order of things, all reasonable beings should alike be allowed to act according to reason, and to fulfill their destiny. The notion of equality, as applied to the notion of right, is either purely positive and therefore vain and false, or true and productive, in which case it is specifically moral.

It is the same with the notion of solidarity, by the help of which many think they are able, without abandoning individualism, to decide the individual to come out of his shell and interest himself in his fellow beings. If this notion is interpreted in its strictly positive and objective sense, it is incapable of supplying the rule required of it. Nature indeed offers us relations of solidarity which we cannot escape, at all events not without harm to ourselves. It also creates relations which we, with all

our might, tend and must tend to dissolve. The solidarity between mother and child cannot be too jealously guarded and cultivated. That of men who are healthy and sick, good and wicked, reasonable and foolish, is an evil which we rightly combat. A living being is partly one with and partly independent of its environment. Civilization is the abolition of innumerable natural solidarities. The solidarity we invoke to determine and direct the notion of right is in reality a moral concept. Morality requires that men should unite and act as members of one body if their efforts are to result in creations more noble, permanent and worthy of humanity, than those of nature left to itself. Therefore it is regarded as a duty that the individual should seek his own development in a form of life which also assures the development of the rest.

The greatest effort that has been made to give a content to the idea of right without having recourse to extra-scientific notions is doubtless that of sociology, which bases right on the general evolution of nations, or even of humanity as a whole.

Evolution, affirm certain sociologists, is not only a fact, it is a principle, because this fact belongs not only to the past, but also controls the future, in its concrete creations, and thus supplies rules of conduct as well as rational classifications of past events.

Naturally we do not dream of disputing the legitimacy and scientific value of the various doctrines of evolution propounded by sociologists. It seems to us, however, that the notion of right dominates over that of evolution and of sociological orientation.

First, however carefully established a law of evolution dealing with human phenomena may be, we do not see how it could be proved that this evolution is strictly inevitable, and that no influence will ever interpose to modify its course.

Then again, without in any way denying that right also implies development, change and progress, do we not recognize that it possesses a rational character which makes it, directly and *per se*, deserving of respect, independently of the evolution with which it may be connected? Reason does not feel itself bound by even the most rigorous deductions of sociology. Before

it can incorporate the results thereof in its notion of right, it needs itself to appreciate the value of these results, by means of its own norm.

This means that the notion of right, which has become the guiding idea of democracy, acquires a precise and clearly justified content, conformable with the requirements of reason, only if it is reinstated in morality, whence indeed it originated. For, among the Greeks and Romans, it was mainly the expression of this supreme law of justice that was invincibly opposed to the sovereignty of force and arbitrariness. Behind the written laws of right, it was taught that there were the non-written laws of morality. Either to hand over democracy, under the pretext of scientific positivism, to the hazards of the spirit of system and the fury of unbridled passions; or to define, regulate and idealize it, by bringing it under the moral principle: such is our alternative. How can our choice be questionable, once we become thoroughly aware of it?

To fulfill the conditions of the problem, however, morality must be interpreted in its widest sense, one not always given to it.

The Greek philosophers conceived of morality as including politics, no less than industrial life. When Aristotle distinguishes politics from ethics, strictly so-called, he does not set it outside morality. Politics, he says, is a fuller and more perfect morality, which includes individual morality as act includes potency.

In these days, however, the claim is advanced that, as the individual alone possesses a conscience, and the expression of the social or national self can be regarded only as a metaphor, the morality which to all appearance applies only to consciences cannot concern any but individuals. Considering this point of view, some have become alarmed at the idea of isolating the individual in a selfish and unnatural independence. But they think they have done enough to make him quit this isolation, by distinguishing between an abstract or atomic individualism which sets individuals outside one another like so many arithmetical units, and a concrete individualism which finds, in the individual

himself, tendencies that can develop only if he enters into a relationship with his fellow-beings: this is the principle of so-called solidary morality.

We hasten to acknowledge that these systems impose arbitrary restrictions on morality. Why should the limits of morality be those of the individual conscience? Morality is the science of the form that it is fitting to give to human life so that it may realize the human idea as perfectly as possible. Now, is it not manifest that societies, nations and States have characteristics of their own that differentiate them from individuals and comprise forms of perfection of which the individual life is incapable?

What is the principle of political morality? Evidently the idea of national dignity. But what is a nation?

The first type of human society is the family. Besides being few in number, members of the same family are generally very similar to one another: the same blood, language, customs, education and stock of ideas. At the other end of the scale of human societies we find the community which nature has established—or imagination created—between all men, whatever their race or mode of life. In this immense community the differences are extreme, the feeling that one is a single body, so characteristic of the family, no longer exists. Now, it is possible to conceive of a society midway between the family and a world-wide human community: this society would include both the *rapprochement* of men notably different from one another, and the existence of a bond of sympathy, of instinctive affection, resembling that seen in members of a family. How fine and noble would be such a society, combining and reconciling the maximum of love compatible with the maximum of life and variety! It would be the harmonious union of the one and the many, of feeling and reason, the most perfect synthesis possible of nature and art, of what is aptly called that of growth and manufacture. The family is a manifestation of nature. Organizations set up between persons who are strangers to one another are artificial creations. Would not an organization, held together in the happiest proportions by external solidarity and natural affinity, by utility and instinct, be the very masterpiece of the universe?

Given the idea of national dignity as the principle of political

morality, how are we to define, from the democratic point of view, the two elements of democracy: people and government?

The people can be neither a simple aggregate of individuals independent of one another, nor a transcendent whole, of which these individuals would be only the instruments and passive delegates. For neither of these conceptions corresponds to the idea of the nation as a single and heterogeneous, a natural and instituted whole.

From the democratic point of view, the people must be defined as an *ensemble* of individuals so united to one another that their multiplicity, variety and liberty may comply spontaneously with the conditions of unity, and their unity may guarantee their individuality and liberty. On the one hand, the whole is other than the sum total of the individuals, for it aims at an ideal which the individuals, if left to themselves, could not conceive or else would regard as chimerical. On the other hand, the individuals alone give reality to the whole, which latter must pursue only such ends as are calculated to secure, intensify and ennoble their existence.

The people, therefore, is an entity that is both one and many, a diverse multiplicity of citizens, whose common ideal is the greatness of their country: it is a greater family, one and indivisible, jealously retaining its inheritance of honor, and enabling all its members to enjoy this inheritance. Unity is realized by the devotion of the individuals to the common cause; and the commonweal is the good of each.

Again, from the moral standpoint we can neither uphold the theory of absolute government, obtruding itself on individuals, nor that of the sovereignty inherent in individuals. Whatever its origin or basis, an absolute government, free from all control, is opposed to the very idea of national dignity. Even though this sovereignty be transferred from ruler to citizens as individuals, an individualism which set no limit on the individual's right of self-government would still be nothing less than absolutism.

As a matter of fact, such names as "governor" and "governed" are improper. In a normal State, according to the ancient wisdom, the only real governor is the law: Τίς ἄρξει του ἄρχοντος; ὁ νόμος.

"Who shall rule him who rules?—The law." The words: "governor" and "governed," should by no means imply a relation of hierarchy, but simply a difference of function. In a sense, every citizen is a governor, in so far as he has a share in making the laws and putting them in force. Governors and governed stand both on an equal footing before the one supreme law of justice. Initiative and obedience: these two qualities are expedient and necessary for all; they contribute to the power, the prosperity and the dignity of all. Whether we consider State or individuals, to govern oneself in its true meaning is not to govern oneself according to one's personal ideas or desires, but rather according to the dictates of justice and truth. In carrying through such an ideal, the close coöperation of State and individuals, organization and liberty, art and nature, is indispensable.

And if we enlarge our conception of democracy, and endeavor to apply it to leagues of nations, we reach similar conclusions. The nations that joined such a league could be regarded neither as self-sufficing individuals with a right to absolute independence, nor as simple instruments of a central sovereign power. Here, too, there must be a mutual harmonious relationship between the whole and the parts, between organization and liberty. Evidently, however, the Whole, the one, the community, has in this case far less reality and possesses a far more restricted right than in a well established and firmly constituted nation, whose political organization is strengthened by common traditions and aspirations, by instinctive sympathy and a profound moral unity. We can only conceive of an international democracy as a relative *rapprochement* between certain nations, on the ground of justice and common interests.

Such, determined according to its moral principle, is the general idea of democracy. Once this point of view is adopted, the difficulties mentioned regarding notions of right, equality or solidarity, the practical value of the data of history or sociology, immediately vanish. The notion of right regains all its precision, authority and sanctity once the true moral right is clearly distinguished from the arbitrary claims of groups, parties, individuals or classes. Besides, in determining the notion of right, the ideas of equality and solidarity offer us substantial support if

they express the ideal conceived by reason, and do not claim to base on scientific principles ambitions which indeed often represent only passions or appetites.

On the other hand, history, and sociology in so far as it is truly scientific, supply politics with indispensable data, and appear as guides, whose directions could not be too attentively followed, when the mind contemplates and criticizes their teachings in the light of ideal justice.

Human institutions are an adaptation of fact to idea. This adaptation is possible only with a knowledge of both terms. Reason throws light for us upon idea; history and sociology supply us with fact.

To sum up, the notion of democracy, in itself, is a formal and abstract notion. It means: the people governing itself. This expression possesses a serious and lofty signification only when understood in its moral acceptation. Taken literally, it does not indicate whether the people on whom is conferred the free disposal of itself must regard justice or its own fancy as law. Democracy, if it is to be worthy of its classic renown, presupposes the democratic spirit. Form is nothing apart from substance; external freedom, absence of constraint, is beneficent and permissible only in so far as he who enjoys it is amenable to the moral freedom of the soul and anxious to possess it.

Such has been the doctrine of humanity ever since man has existed as a thinking being, for these ideas find their expression in almost identical terms both in classic lore and in Christian teaching.

EMILE BOUTROUX.

BURROUGHS AS ORNITHOLOGIST

BY NORMAN FOERSTER

If it was Emerson who gave the young John Burroughs a new attitude toward nature and Whitman who gave him a new attitude toward all of life, it was Audubon who opened to him the delights of ornithology. Years before, while rambling with his brother in the "Deacon woods" one Sunday, he had seen vividly, in a flash, a bird later assumed to be the blue yellow-backed warbler, and suddenly realized, as most farm boys never do, what undreamt wonders surrounded him. Still, he did nothing till the spring preceding his move to Washington, when, teaching school near West Point, he happened upon the works of Audubon. "I took fire at once. It was like bringing together fire and powder." By contagion he now felt something of the ardor of Audubon on bleak Labrador, "happier than any king ever was," or on shipboard, "nearly cured of his seasickness when a new gull appears in sight." With the help of Audubon and of a collection of mounted birds at the Academy, he took up the exploration of the newly-discovered realm. Of the countless birds that the farm-boy passes by nor cares to see, the first that he identified was the red-eyed vireo, plain monotonous singer of the village treetops, who so kindled his enthusiasm that before the close of the season he had named a dozen other birds, including a hooded warbler that printed its image ineffaceably on his youthful mind.

At once he was filled with a desire to communicate his delight to others. Early that same autumn he began his first ornithological paper, "The Return of the Birds," which he completed after reaching Washington. It became the first chapter of his first book (not counting his preliminary study of Whitman in 1867) *Wake-Robin*, published in 1871, a book that, despite its immaturities, has perhaps a more lasting charm than any of the

long series of volumes that followed it. For the first time in his life this "home body" was far from his native woods and mountains,—so far that nature wore a novel and not altogether friendly aspect,—and he was in a city, where he confesses that he never felt quite at ease. But if not contented in his new environment, he had acquired a perspective and an emotional impetus that, with his ornithological fervors, made possible the delightful essays that he now wrote. Seated at his desk before an iron wall, he lived over again, as he wrote, the life of his childhood and youth in the Catskill region; the mountains, the woods, the sloping farm, the home life, the adventures afield, all came back to him with a vividness they had not possessed when he was among them. He gave a chapter to the bees, one to the speckled trout, one to the strawberries, one to the bluebird, one to the birds of the hemlock forests: themes to which he returned with diminishing frequency in later volumes. If the accumulating years brought him an equanimity suited to the uses of science and philosophy, they more and more quenched the emotional buoyancy that characterizes *Wake-Robin*. The passion for home, indeed, increased if anything, but whereas in his later years it made Burroughs passively retrospective, in *Wake-Robin* and other early books it supplied the themes of his essays and suffused them with feeling.

The dominant home theme of *Wake-Robin* is indicated in the first sentence of the preface: "This is mainly a book about the Birds." Fifty years later, he was more attentive to "The Friendly Rocks" of his native countryside, and out West he stated that the rocks attracted him so much more than the birds that he had a raging "geologic fever." But the ornithological excitement with which his career began was perhaps more nearly a fever, and it certainly produced more notable results. What interested him most in ornithology, he says in the same preface, was "the pursuit, the chase, the discovery"—it was an adventure, an active, not a brooding passion like his absorption in geology, akin to his boyhood hunting and fishing and sugar-making. On the one hand his zest for life and action; on the other, the abounding life of the bird—"a bird," he wrote in one of his first books, "seems to be at the top of the scale, so

vehement and intense is his life,—large-brained, large-lunged, hot, ecstatic, his frame charged with buoyancy and his heart with song": like a poet, in short, or a boy. There were the pouring hosts of passenger pigeons, for instance, transforming the scene overnight: "The naked woods are suddenly blue as with fluttering ribbons and scarfs, and vocal as with the voices of children"; or, as he described them nearly a half century later, using the same images flashed upon his sensitive youthful brain: "Often late in March, or early in April, the naked beech-woods would suddenly become blue with them, and vocal with their soft, childlike calls; or all day the sky would be streaked with the long lines or dense masses of the moving armies." There was the winter wren, darting in and out of fence and brush, the loved blue-bird "with the earth tinge on his breast and the sky tinge on his back" dropping out of heaven on a bright March morning, an elusive voice in the first weeks and only later the cheery caroller of the fence stake; the early robins, taking possession of field and grove, rustling the wood leaves with their whirring wings, leaping and sweeping everywhere, singing at sunset from the stark treetops a simple strain that melted the winter more effectually than the sun and the south wind; the phoebe at intervals describing an artistic ellipse in the air; the flicker—"an old favorite of my boyhood"—shouting and laughing in excess of strength; the polygamous cowbird gurgling to the delight of his mates; the skulking vesper sparrow; the field sparrow, the white-eyed vireo, the wood thrush, the hermit thrush, the veery, the catbird, the pewee, the hen-hawk. He loved them all with a poet's love for beauty and a farm-boy's affection for home; the plants rooted to the ground, the dead soil and rocks that meant chiefly hard labor, were in comparison unmeaning. Some of the happiest hours of John Burroughs's life, one may well surmise, were those in which he saw the familiar bird-life of the farm transfigured by a new enthusiasm, and described it in rambling essays in the intervals allowed by his government clerical work. How he made them live! Without literary talent of the first order, he often rivalled Thoreau in his power of interpretative description. He had keen senses, especially the sharp eyes and discriminating ear requisite in

ornithology.[1] Inferior to Thoreau in literary talent, he equalled him in ocular and surpassed him in oral perceptiveness, and he exercised this perceptiveness more objectively than did Thoreau. In these matters, too, he was easily superior to the great American ornithologists themselves, including Audubon, who had a seeing eye but a dull ear. No one, certainly, has caught so surely and transcribed so adequately the forms and the qualities of bird songs.

In recent years an unceasing effort has been made by ornithologists to describe the songs of birds with something like scientific precision; so to describe the bird itself is easy, but the song is baffling. Since few birds sing in accordance with the intervals of the diatonic scale, and few sing without using notes quite indeterminate in pitch, since in short, birds do not use an exact musical instrument like the piano, the form of description recently in favor—the musical staff—has led to a small amount of success and a great deal of distortion and absurdity. Burroughs wisely resorted to a more fruitful means, a combination of literal transcript and interpretative description, in the manner of Thoreau. In *Wake-Robin* alone are innumerable happy examples. The harsh song of the dickcissel, one of his Washington acquaintances, he set down as: *fscp, fscp, fee fee fee.* Of the black and white warbler's song, he says, his "fine strain reminds me of hair-wire." Of the black-throated blue warbler:

> Beyond the Barkpeeling, where the woods are mingled hemlock, beech, and birch, the languid midsummer note of the black-throated blue-back falls on my ear. "Twea, twea, twea-e-e!" in the upward slide, and with the peculiar *z-ing* of summer insects, but not destitute of a certain plaintive cadence. It is one of the most languid, unhurried sounds in all the woods. I feel like reclining upon the dry leaves at once.

Of the ovenbird, renamed the teacher-bird through the following accurate description:

> Commencing in a very low key, which makes him seem at a very uncertain distance, he grows louder and louder till his body quakes and his chant runs into a shriek, ringing in my ear with a peculiar sharpness. This may be rep-

[1] Yet he was extraordinarily slow in identifying, for example, the singer of a flight-song he heard constantly—the ecstatic vespertine warble of the ovenbird. "For nearly two years," he says, "this strain of the pretty walker was little more than a disembodied voice to me, and I was puzzled by it as Thoreau by his mysterious night-warbler."

resented thus: "Teacher, *teacher*, TEACHER, TEACHER, **TEACHER**!"—the accent on the first syllable and each word uttered with increased force and shrillness.

Of the vesper sparrow, the poet of the pastures:

> Go to those broad, smooth, uplying fields where the cattle and sheep are grazing, and sit down in the twilight on one of those warm clean stones, and listen to this song. On every side, near and remote, from out the short grass which the herds are cropping, the strain rises. Two or three long, silver notes of peace and rest, ending in some subdued trills and quavers, constitute each separate song. Often you will catch only one or two of the bars, the breeze having blown the minor part away. Such unambitious, quiet, unconscious melody! It is one of the most characteristic sounds in nature. The grass, the stones, the stubble, the furrow, the quiet herds, and the warm twilight among the hills, are all subtly expressed in this song; this is what they are at last capable of.

One more: the hermit thrush, whose strain, as Burroughs rightly says, is the finest sound in all nature:

> It is perhaps more of an evening than a morning hymn, though I hear it at all hours of the day. It is very simple, and I can hardly tell the secret of its charm. "O spheral, spheral!" he seems to say, "O holy, holy! O clear away, clear away! O clear up, clear up!" interspersed with the finest trills and the most delicate preludes. It is not a proud, gorgeous strain, like the tanager's or the grosbeak's; suggests no passion or emotion,—nothing personal,—but seems to be the voice of that calm, sweet solemnity one attains to in his best moments.

I have not hesitated to multiply instances, because in such writing John Burroughs is certainly at his best. Through such accurate and sympathetic description, in which, often, each word has a special service, he has given us a chorus of American singing birds unequalled in numbers and charm. There are better pages of natural description in Thoreau, but they are few. Whoever would enjoy acquaintance with our song-birds cannot afford to ignore the pages of *Wake-Robin* and some of its successors. If, as one reads the later volumes, the birds one by one lapse into silence, to give place to disquisitions on biology and the world in general, a few still sing with the old charm; the "sweet, quavering ribbon of song" that the white-throat whistles, the "fine strain, like that of some ticking insect" of the blackpoll in the spring, enliven the sluggish speculations of even so late a volume

as *Field and Study*. The birds are never far away, even in the work of old age, and when they come they are sure to sing. It is curious how little description of the bird itself one finds, or of its habitual manners, how promptly he makes it give utterance. "What is a bird without a song?" he asks in *Wake-Robin*. "It seems to me that I do not know a bird till I have heard its voice; then I come nearer to it at once, and it possesses a human interest to me." At bottom, it was this human interest that he valued; not the bird itself, but its expression in another language, a musical language, a language of the poets, of human moods and aspirations. The birds gave voice to his own youthful emotions. They were himself. As they absented themselves more and more from his life, he was proportionately forsaking his own earlier and more poetic self.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

THE SIMPLICITY OF WAR

BY VERNON KELLOGG

THE longer we have peace the more enviable seems war—in some ways.

War has its drawbacks: men get killed, women and children starve; everybody pays, even those who get paid.

But war has its advantages also. It seems to clear our minds, making us able to see straight forward. It seems to strengthen our wills and our courage, making us able to move straight forward. It makes things simpler even if it makes them bigger. We are able to do things in war-time; we seem unable to do things when peace comes. We seem unable to see straight, think straight, act straight.

Really my title should be the "complexity of peace." That is what I am thinking of when I say the "simplicity of war." War, which is supposed to bring complexity, brought us to simplicity and directness of thought and action. Peace, which should bring simplicity, has brought us to a perfect maze of complexity. But we can't afford to have war all the time for the sake of enabling us to think and act simply and directly. It is absolutely necessary to pull ourselves together and learn to make peace the blessing it is supposed to be, instead of the curse it has been ever since November 11, 1918.

How splendidly we triumphed over the weak and worst parts of us during the war, and behaved as the best parts of us dictated! For nation, for country, for people, for ideals, and not for ourselves, or our party, or our vanity: that is how we were guided in our struggles in war. How are we guided and how are we behaving in our struggles in peace? We are ashamed to answer honestly. We hardly dare to sit down to a cool analysis and appraisement of our behavior in peace. By "we" I mean all of us of Europe and America, or what we call the world.

What confusion, what avarice, what littleness, what hesitation, what blindness! Human kind in the persons of its most civilized, most educated peoples is presenting an edifying spectacle to the lowly and barbarous tribes sitting in the benches around the arena. It must sadden even the anthropoids when they reflect that out of their stock have come these human end-products of millions of years of evolutionary effort. The apes must wonder why Mother Nature didn't stop with apes!

Where are the great men to lead us? Where is the single great man anywhere in the world to see clearly for us and tell us what and how to do? Or is it that the emergency is too great for any man or men? I suppose it is really possible for situations to arise in human life which are too great and difficult for human capacity to meet. Many men believe that there are irresistible influences determining human history that are quite beyond human power to modify. If the present appalling situation is the inevitable consequence of the working of such influences, then all there is to do is, in effect, to do nothing. We can only sit as fatalists with folded hands while the storm rages, and hope that when it has passed there will be something tolerable left to live for.

But most of us prefer to make a struggle for life even in the midst of cyclone or earthquake. For those who have this preference it is high time to struggle. For it seems, and seems more clearly every day, that a world cataclysm is impending; is, indeed, already roaring about us. What shall we do?

Let us abandon generalization in our reference to the world trouble and be a little more specific. Let us consider some of the details that have helped to produce the trouble and some of the features which the many-faced trouble now presents.

I shall never forget the anxious faces of the responsible men in Eastern Europe during the days after the Armistice when the wise men of the victorious Great Powers were sitting in Peace Conference in Paris. As the days passed without any formulation of definitions of new nations, or delimitation of boundaries issuing from the guarded chamber where sat the gods on whose knees rested the fate of nations, the faces outside revealed ever growing anxiety. Swiftness and definiteness of action, based on

clear judgment and wise charity, were what the world was praying for. Those prayers were unanswered.

In the meantime the peoples got out their old maps, read the history of their countries. They studied, from their own angles, ethnography and economics. The fatal will o' the wisp of "self-determination," released with other troubling things from the Pandora box that somebody opened, was having its alluring way with these peoples. They convinced themselves of where the rightful boundaries should be, and began massing, in casual but dangerous way, riflemen and machine guns along these self-determined boundaries. Soon they were shooting at each other across the barbed wire and trenches of these boundaries, because each people saw its neighbors making wrong boundaries. The period of the twenty-three post-Armistice wars began.

Incidentally there were troubles inside as well as along the boundaries. People were starving and freezing. Politicians were playing politics. Agents of Bolshevism were pointing the way out of trouble—by creating more trouble.

But all of these things have happened, and are now irrevocable. During their occurrence, and as part of the cause of it, came the disillusionment of people and leaders with regard to the aims of the victorious Powers sitting in the seat of judgment. Not alone was the Peace Conference too late in acting; it was not reassuring when it did act. And it devised the fatal plebiscite system. Poland found that its boundaries, when they were finally—and much too late—determined by the Peace Conference, consisted almost entirely of trenches and plebiscites. The Allied and Associated Powers told Poland by formal message and ultimatum to stop fighting, but by informal suggestion these Powers, or some of them, incited her to go on fighting. Not all of Poland's present trouble and the trouble she brings to the world is of Poland's making or is Poland's fault. Some of it is.

Austria came out of the Paris conference-room doomed to perpetual mendicancy. Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia came out doomed to continuing internal difficulties, Hungary and Greece to continuing external embroilment, and Germany to bear for a full generation a load of debt mathematically calculated to do

everything just short of actually breaking the camel's back. I think she deserved it, although it is hard to see children damned for their fathers' iniquities. But that is not only the law of man, but of Nature.

England came out of that chamber with an increased and enduring empire problem, and France with an enduring military one. Japan came out with a piece of China—bought at the price of national dishonor unless she makes her word good by return of the booty. And, finally, America came out absolutely bewildered. That was more than two years ago. She is still bewildered.

These are some of the complexities that peace has brought us. As we all live together at the same time in the same world, a world knit together by radiograms and cables, and by ocean liners and railway cars full of mails and passengers and goods, each people's complexities become in some degree the complexities of us all. Added thus together there are enough complexities to fill our eyes and ears and brains to the exclusion of all comfort and leisure and peace of mind. We have peace in that we are no longer—at least, all of us—at war, but we have no peace of mind or soul.

Now in this disturbing, and even terrifying, situation the United States finds itself in a very special position, involving a special opportunity, and because of it, if for no other reason, a special responsibility. We can apparently do more than any other country to bring about some amelioration of the situation. Hence we ought to do it.

We are not bankrupt: some, if not most, of the other nations are. We are the heavy creditor of all of them, but we do not actually need prompt, or even any, payment of their debts to us in order to carry on with decent comfort. We might enjoy, for a moment, having these debts paid, but it seems highly probable that an attempt at actual payment by our debtors—of course only one or two of them could even make the attempt—might easily make things worse for us by still further postponing the time when Europe can buy from us what we need so much to sell her. I believe it would not require much figuring to show that the losses of our producers mount up so rapidly with every day and week of delay in resuming our world trade—and our

exports are now steadily falling—that a surprisingly short postponement would lose us more than the outright gift to our debtors of the ten billion they owe us. Anyway, ten billion would be a cheap price to pay for some surcease from the present troubles of peace. Besides, it would buy us great merit.

It is hackneyed, but true, to say that the world looks to us for leadership in this matter of bringing some simplicity into this troublous time of peace; some directness, some disinterested activity—I may almost say, some honesty. The people, the little people, of Europe still believe in us. They believed enormously in us during the war; they still have some belief in us left. What is said of us by the tired and cynical statesmen in the European capitals need not worry us. The mass of the European people still have faith, and see their hope, in us.

I shall never forget an experience in 1919 in Slovakia. We were a little group of Americans, a Hoover food mission to Poland, working a difficult way from Paris to Warsaw. We were making that part of our journey which led from Vienna north to Cracow, and were passing through Slovakia. In some way, word had preceded our coming, and each little Slovak station we passed had a few American flags out. But as we neared a larger town, the largest through which we were to pass before reaching the Polish frontier, we could see at the station a perfect riot of bunting and flags, Czecho-Slovakian and American intermingled. And there was a great crowd and a band vigorously playing something familiar; it sounded much like the *Star Spangled Banner*. And as our train slowed down before the cheering crowd we saw a central group of long-coated, top-hatted gentlemen. It looked distressingly like a reception.

Now, a reception in Slovakia seemed to contain prospects of embarrassment. For we were a relief mission to Poland, not to Slovakia, and Poland and Czecho-Slovakia were already warmly debating with each other, to the point of rifle and machine gun fire, over the Teschen coal mines. So I told our interpreter to hurry off and explain things briefly and to get the train moving as quickly as possible. But he soon got aboard again, accompanied by one of the top-hatted group, the mayor of the town, who insisted on saying a few words to me.

I tried to forestall his remarks by rapidly explaining the situation and urging him to call off the performance.

"But," he persisted, "you are the food mission, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said, "we are the food mission. But we are the food mission *to Poland.* We can't do anything for Slovakia."

"But," he still persisted, in broken French, "you are the Americans, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "we are the Americans all right. But we are going to . . ."

"Never mind," he interrupted, much relieved. "You are the Americans." And he stepped to the glassless car window and waved his hand to the band, which became promptly more violent, and to the crowd, which redoubled its cheering. And the introductions were made and the speeches were spoken, and we were finally sent on our way with good wishes and God's blessings —to arrange for relief for an enemy country! But we were "the Americans"!

That was in 1919. But in 1920 it was the same, and I have every reason to believe that it is the same in 1921. If it is, we are the people whose pronouncement or action in international affairs would be most likely to be accepted as dictated by disinterestedness and philanthropy. Hence they would have a higher sanction than those of any other people. We are, I truly believe, the nation on which depends the initiation of the healing of the present critical world sickness. We are the physician called in the night. The ethics of his profession require the physician to respond. He cannot hesitate. The remedies first needed in this case are stimulants, for the patient is nearly *in extremis.*

These stimulants so sorely needed by Europe are money, credit, generous commercial relations, an attitude of encouragement, an active friendly interest. With these first remedies applied, Europe should be able to call again on her own powers of recuperation, and make a natural recovery. But without these stimulants Europe seems hopeless—not merely parts of Europe, but all of Europe. Political boundaries do not mean much when an epidemic or an earthquake is happening. Across and through these boundaries the nations of Europe have myriad connections, especially, and most importantly, economic con-

nections. Not only that, but these economic threads that tie all Europe together extend also across the Atlantic and tie all Europe to us and us to all Europe. They are perfectly visible, and they are unbreakable. We can never again sit, even if we want to, in splendid isolation; any more than England can. So we would do well to make the best of our "entangling alliances," our economic relations, with the rest of the world.

An interesting feature connected with the need of extending our help to Europe is that this philanthropy is just now probably the most important thing needed for our own salvation—not moral, but business and economic salvation. We are a nation of producers and exporters. But with no foreign outlet for our production, we face great danger to ourselves. This is our present difficulty. With a greatly stimulated production, and yet with high wages, high rates of railway transportation, high taxes, and the need of immediate and high returns for our products, and our foreign outlet blocked by Europe's inability to buy, we have to face the necessity of seeing our farmers in despair, our factories shut down, our railways moving toward bankruptcy, and our roll of unemployed growing day by day.

At the same time, Europe is trying frantically to sell to us. Our producers have sharp competition even for their home market. While the adverse rate of exchange prevents purchase from us, it enables Europe to produce cheaply at home and sell cheaply over here. In addition, the Governments of Europe assist the European producer and exporter to keep busy by various ingenious supporting tactics, and even help their buyers to control, in some measure, the overseas prices of our own exports by concentrating purchases in the hands of Governments or trade combinations.

It is a sad mess, and apparently it is getting more so, largely because of our own indecision and delay in positive action. Why can we not act as we acted in war-time? Decision and action are the special characteristics for which we claim distinction. To decide and do: that is American. Well, let us be American.

VERNON KELLOGG.

A VISIT TO LADY GREGORY

BY SIGNE TOKSVIG

To get from Dublin to Coole Park, the home of Lady Gregory, one normally takes a train from Dublin to Athenry, and another from Athenry to Gort, the village nearest to Coole. But times were not exactly normal in Ireland when my husband and I visited it last summer, and when we got to Athenry we were confronted by the blank fact that for two months or so no trains had been running to Gort. Why? This was a rhetorical question. We knew very well that armed policemen must have been trying to travel on that train, and that the engineer had excused himself for an indefinite period, and that we had better find a Ford. We found one. It was very rickety and full of unwieldy first-aid-to-the-injured-auto things, but Gort was twenty miles away, and hope and beauty had long since left Athenry, and so we squeezed in and began to bump over stony Connaught.

It is very like stony New England, except for the important fact that the Pilgrim, after all, had a good-sized field when he had picked the stones off it and set them up as boundaries, whereas some of these "fields" of Connaught were no larger than vegetable beds, it seemed to me, and yet the stones were piled high around them. Still, the sun shone a little, and in the pale light of rainy summer this gray-green landscape had its own wistful charm. Here and there, too, the madder-red of a Galway petticoat gleamed in a small yellow cornfield, and girls let their sickles fall to look at us. The country grew more lonely and more wild. The little fields choked under the stones. Sheep strayed about, and long-legged, ravenous pigs. No country estate was visible, and the sun was failing. Then we saw a long stretch of high gray stone wall and a mass of gloomy trees behind it. But this was Tillyra, we were told, and we knew it for the Norman retreat of Edward Martyn, famous in his own right as a playwright, and also as a large part

of George Moore's *Ave atque Vale.* We were later to visit him, with Lady Gregory, but now we thought only of Coole Park, and here suddenly it was—gray stone wall, venerable trees, and a quick, dark-haired woman to open the lodge gates. For what seemed to me a long while we drove through the park, still and lovely and darkening in the twilight. After another gate the thick leaves met overhead, and water dripped somewhere in a dim ravine. I had begun to feel that our car was violating Faery, when we drove into a great open meadowy place with haystacks on it, and in the centre, a tall, white, square, unromantic house.

Outside was a little black figure welcoming us. This was Lady Gregory, and as I had never seen her before, I noticed her fresh complexion, bright penetrating brown eyes, white hair black-veiled, slight tendency to stoutness, black mourning clothes and little black silk apron. She was most cordial, even to me, the unknown marital adjunct of a man whom she knew and liked, and we went into the tall white house.

Now there is one advantage in being young and unimportant and a marital adjunct, and this is that if one is silent, nobody notices. The conversation of the principals goes right on. And meanwhile one is left free to make observations. This inestimable advantage I had most of the time I was at Coole Park, and it thrilled me. Seriously. In an otherwise drab college course on the "drama," the great discoveries had been Synge and Yeats and Lady Gregory,—*Riders to the Sea*, *Cathleen ni Houlihan*, and *The Rising of the Moon.* And here I was free and alone to explore this house, the very hearth where Irish revival had warmed itself.

The drive had been cold, and I sat close to the fire while the principals exchanged comment on absent friends. Lady Gregory wanted to know about John Quinn, and probably she found out, but I looked at the dark, tall, rich room, lit by fluttering candles. Her beautiful warm voice and easy manner went well with this library. The room had been accumulated in no frantic haste. One could imagine its growth from generation to generation until its present opulent age,—worn oriental rugs and curtains, walls of books in old gilt-leather bindings, solid furniture with

the sheen of years, and fading red damask coverings. And paintings of frilled men, carvings, statuettes, miniatures, and a real lock of Napoleon's hair under his miniature next to the fireplace.

In the dining-room there was a splendid Zurbaran monk, and that was all I noticed until, candle in hand, Lady Gregory led me up the wide stairs to my room. The walls above the stairs were covered with sketches by Augustus John and Jack Yeats, and rows of eminent, engraved Englishmen who had been members of a famous breakfast club to which Sir William Gregory had belonged. They looked almost incredibly mild, dignified, and benevolent. Altogether different was an aggressive little sketch of Lady Gregory by Augustus John, far from flattering, but one which I could see represented something in her character —an angular fighting mood, which probably has carried her through many a storm at the Abbey Theatre. Not that I know that there ever have been any storms at the Abbey; this is only a supposition of mine, drawn from long observation of other small groups working together for the betterment, artistic or political, of their community.

Lady Gregory left me in my room with the casual remark that the Shaws (G. Bernard) always had this room, and that he might have been there at that very moment if he hadn't had to go to Parknasilla in Kerry. I think it was Parknasilla, but I felt with a reverential thrill that at least an epigram of his might still be lurking in the black shadows made blacker by my trembling candle. It was a cavernous room. I barely saw tapestried chairs and books and a huge white-frilled canopied bed. There were roses on a white dressing table. I went to open a window. It opened on the thickest, darkest, chilliest, quietest night that ever was since the creation of night. The darkness stole into the room and buried my candle, and the silence made my thoughts seem loud. I knew then why poets come to Coole.

The quietude of Coole I shall always remember. During the week I was there it seemed to me ludicrous to believe that the crossing of Broadway and Sixth Avenue was in the same world. Through the big house the maids moved almost unseen and always unheard. With one exception. One night after dinner

we were sitting in the library, and, unbelievable as it seemed, there were human voices coming from the dining-room. Lady Gregory got up, opened the door softly, and looked in. She said nothing, only looked for an instant, but that conversation stopped as if cut off with a knife. This was the only time we saw our hostess as a grande dame. Otherwise she was as simple and friendly with her servants as she was with the farmers roundabout, with her friends and with her guests. But she couldn't tolerate the breaking of the seal of silence. For one who wasn't doing creative work, Coole was almost uncomfortably quiet. I came near to a feeling of relief one morning when I heard from Lady Gregory's work-room a certain staccato sound that I knew well, and learned that she wrote her plays on a typewriter, and not, as I in my innocence had supposed, with a swan's quill.

That afternoon I found the garden. The rare glow of sunshine lay on the high gray walls, hung with yellow drooping roses and reddening vines and waxy white flowers. A broad shadowed walk ran the length of the wall. There was an enchanting vista of it from the garden gate. I went slowly along, crushing rosemary between my fingers, and wondering at the dark groups of stately Irish yews. At the end of the garden I found a gate in the wall, a big, old, rusty and green gate through which I peered at a wet wilderness of trees and mossy stones. One path plunged into it, but I couldn't tease the gate open. So I turned, and behind me, under a huge tree, I found a little graveyard. At least I found three pathetic small headstones—one for "Poor Little Prinnie," dead in 1800, another for "Trim," and another for "Gyp." I sentimentalized a bit. Up the garden, on the other side I discovered a sort of shrine of dark bending boughs and clustering ivy screening a Roman bust—Virgil, I thought, or Quintus Horatius Flaccus, set there by eighteenth century admiration. A little further on I met Lady Gregory, red-cheeked, brown-eyed, black-robed, with a nice housewifely basket on her arm. She gave me a bunch of grapes. Encouraged by this into asking questions, I said, "Would you mind telling me the history of that bust over there?" "Not at all," she answered, "that's a bust of Maecenas. We used to have him in the little bathroom

downstairs, and got very tired of him there, and so we put him outside." Well, there wasn't much romance here, and I tried the little graveyard. "Oh, that's where my husband's mother used to bury her pug-dogs. She was very fond of pug-dogs." I dropped the attempt to discover Romance for myself.

Lady Gregory was a better guide. She took me first to her "autograph tree," a big copper-beech, not very coppery, but blessed beyond all other trees in a trunk full of monograms that cover the whole Irish literary revival. I cannot remember them all. There was "G. B. S." for George Bernard Shaw,—the boldest letters of them all,—and a modest "J. M. S." for Synge, a "W. B. Y." for Yeats, a "J. B." and a small donkey for his brother Jack, a "D. H." for Douglas Hyde, an "A. E." for George Russell, a new white "L. R." for Lennox Robinson, an "A. J." for Augustus John, and others and others and others.

Then we went to the big gate at the end of the garden, and in it there was a little door that I hadn't seen before, and near the door hung a large key, and the key opened the door. We were in the Seven Woods of Coole.

It had rained all summer, and masses of foliage clung together, dripping, overgrown. Black wet branches, patched with livid fungi, twisted before us, and mosses and ferns ran in thick waves over the path, over stones, over every fallen tree. It was an orgy of greens and rotting browns. And the stillness was deeper than night. I began to glance covertly at Lady Gregory, and tried to think of Yeats's—

> I know of the leafy paths that the witches take,
> Who come with their crowns of pearl and their spindles of wool,
> And their secret smile, out of the depths of the lake. . . .

She had said she was going to take me down to the lake, and she was talking about wool. But it was wool in the form of twenty-four fleeces. They and some carriage blankets had been stolen from a loft not long ago. "And did you go to the police?" I inquired idly, pricking up my ears quickly enough when she said, "Oh no, I went to the Sinn Fein Volunteers, and in a week they had caught the thief and restored the things. Now I have asked them to find out who took a wire fence I'd recently set up." I

wanted to ask many more questions about Republican Ireland, but I knew she preferred not to talk "politics."

Instead, she talked forestry. Lady Gregory cares for the seven woods in a very practical way, and she showed me groves of young trees and saplings she had had planted. "Nearly all my book royalties grow into trees," she said. I liked the commonsense streak in her. Gradually I was beginning to find that she kept herself in no aesthetic citadel, that the hospitality of her mind was as generous as her house. I began to see that a poet could also be a wise and straightforward human being; something which before had only seemed true of A. E. She talked of America, without a taint of even benevolent condescension, and with a surprising affection. "I had to go over there just before Christmas, and I hated to spend the holidays away from my family on the rough, cold, gray Atlantic, and in a new country; and then the people over there amazed me by taking me into their homes, and being so kind to me that I shall never forget it."

It began to be a long walk through the wet strange woods, and I saw no lake, but this I forgot when she mentioned Yeats, and told me how he had come there year after year, bringing the very people who needed Coole. That, naturally, she didn't say, still it is apparent what wild, simple, lovely Connaught has done for the work of Jack Yeats, for instance, who was painting conventional sweet pictures of Devonshire before his brother brought him to Coole. She told me—and this somehow made the woods enchanted—that Synge had liked to run through them and by the lake for hours and hours.

Very soon after, we came to the lake.

It is long and rather narrow, and the woods recede a little from it, leaving a green strand with a path lightly marked on moss and grasses. Far out, sailing around dark islets, I saw the wild swans of Coole, shy guests of every autumn. On another walk when I was alone and could indulge myself I picked up two of their white curling feathers, making the mean excuse to myself of needing souvenirs. I don't know where they are now, but I remember finding them at the sombre edge of the woods, and peering in and being afraid to go further, because I had the property of the swans in my pocket and the green stillness was

faintly threatening. If I must confess it, I ran all the way home, with a sudden black squall chasing at my heels in what seemed to me a very personal manner. Luckily, I didn't have to run through the woods, since on the first walk Lady Gregory took me home by a short cut through the fields. Let those who want to, laugh,—after an experience I had on a fairy island in Kerry I make apologies to no one.

The next day I was alone in the high silent library with my hostess. Until then she had treated me with exquisite courtesy and consideration, but strictly as a member of the general category "guest." Now, in her quick way, she left her desk and sat down next me. As her bright brown eyes fixed mine I felt myself changing from a guest to an individual. "Tell me what you have done, and what you are going to do," she said, and the tone of her voice completed the change in me. It was warm and kind, and uncomfortably full of concentration on me—not on me as the inoffensive marital adjunct of a visiting friend, but me as a body expected to answer for my real self. I don't mean by this that her tone held me up and demanded the immediate unfolding of my soul, as I was once held up by a wealthy suburban woman who asked me loudly in front of a number of people, "Now come, what's your specialty? Tell me all about yourself and what your specialty is." Both times I felt uneasy at being dragged from a decent obscurity, but the causes were entirely different. Before the achievements of Lady Gregory one had a right to shrink from uncovering the disordered perfunctoriness of one's own past and future. And then she showed me that dispelling uneasiness was another of her achievements. I realized how it is that she has become a recorder of the withdrawn songs and legends of the "thatched houses," and how it is that she learned their speech, not only Gaelic, but their cadenced, colored English, "the Gaelic construction, the Elizabethan phrases," the quick turn and fresh invention. I felt—as farmers, stone-cutters, workhouse wards, beggars must have felt—that here was a woman without mockery, a human being in whom there was the safety of kindness, and a keen simplicity of interest that warranted understanding. Those who have read her own creative works and compilations of Irish poetry, history and legend, and who

know the Irish peasant, will know how faithfully and beautifully she has preserved this amazingly imaginative language. Synge knew it, and learned from her "the dialect he had been trying to master." Yeats knew it, and she collaborated with him in the writing of most of his plays, especially *Cathleen ni Houlihan.*

I can't help quoting from her life of Raftery, a Connaught poet, whose songs she patiently gathered from the memories of the countryside. It is from Raftery's Lament for Thomas O'Daly, a fiddler and piper: "The swans on the water are nine times blacker than a blackberry since the man died from us that had pleasantness on the top of his fingers. His two gray eyes were like the dew of the morning that lies on the grass. And since he was laid in the grave, the cold is getting the upper hand." Lady Gregory says about this poem, "I have been helped to put it into English by a young working farmer, sitting by a turf fire one evening, when his day in the fields was over."

Even in my short stay in the barony of Kiltartan, I heard phrases of delight, fragments of wit and rhythm, that made me wish for a good memory more than anything else has ever done. There was John, Lady Gregory's coachman, and one thing he said I shall never forget. We were driving back from Gort through the leafy twilight of the park, and I tried very cautiously to see how John felt about the fairies. He pooh-poohed them eagerly, almost too eagerly. "Why, Miss, there's no one would go near this place after dark, but many a night I've stayed up with a sick cow and never seen anything in it worse than myself." Then he grew thoughtful, and pointed with his whip to a path that ran up a little hill. "Do you see the rabbits now, and they running up that hill?" I did. "Well," continued John, "there last week, I set a trap for them, and never one of them came near the hill. Then I took it away. And that same night they all came trooping back, till you wouldn't know was it right rabbits were in it!" He paused and laughed a little nervously. Then he said—and this is my prize souvenir: "Would you be knowing a gentleman, I wonder, who used to come here every year to stay with her ladyship? His name was Mr. Yeats. He was always running around in the woods a'snipin' for the fairies."

Both for that exquisite picture and for many others I am grateful to gentle John Devaney.

The night before we left, I think it was, Lady Gregory read to us from her life of Sir Hugh Lane. I, being ignorant of most English and Irish affairs, really knew nothing about Sir Hugh Lane except that he was a great collector of old masters, and an art dealer, and that he was drowned on the *Lusitania*. I didn't know that he was Lady Gregory's nephew. This relationship disquieted me a little, because In Memoriams, even of strangers, are seldom real. So when she began to read from the proofs my attention was merely polite. This indifference lasted less than a minute. In the first place, Lady Gregory reads so beautifully that one can't help listening to her; in the second place (which really ought to be the first) the *Life of Sir Hugh Lane* is an appealing, adventurous, honest book. I doubt if anything Lady Gregory has ever written is as simple and beautiful as the first chapters describing her sister, Adelaide Persse, her unhappy marriage to Mr. Lane, and the brave youth of the son Hugh. And the story of his self-denials and his successes is almost uncannily interesting. It is an Aladdin romance with a tragic ending.

From that evening we learned clearly that the passion of Lady Gregory is to help preserve and develop the arts of Ireland. What she has done in the literary field is well known; it is not so well known that since her nephew's death she has been trying to carry on his work. He bent his life toward giving Dublin a great museum of art, so that the students of art might have worthy models. On an accidental technicality in his will, London acquired half the masterpieces that were meant for Dublin. Lady Gregory has been working ever since trying to get them back. She told us of her hopes for the Municipal Gallery in Dublin, with its portraits of famous Irishmen of the new generation, and where she also wants portraits of Irishmen who have become famous elsewhere. "Can't you get some American to donate a painting of Peter Dunne?" she asked. And then we talked about the Abbey theatre, and about the all too enchanting idea of having a real Abbey theatre in New York to which the Dublin players could "graduate," so to speak.

The following day Lady Gregory drove us to Galway, the next stage in our journey. That drive is vivid in my mind. As we went through Gort, she showed us the workhouse, a gray and ivied building, where she had sat many an evening by the turf-fire, quietly listening to such good purpose as *The Workhouse Wards* and many a resurrected poem and legend prove. Soon we left the green fields around Gort and came into a country that was like a world petrified. If the stretch between Athenry and Gort was stony, that between Gort and Burren was stone itself. It was the waste dominion of stone. Hills of it slept in the distance, the fields were great gray sheets of it, and only where it broke into boulders and pebbles a few sheep nibbled faint grass-straws. At long intervals a thatched hut clung to the smooth rock, but for miles we were alone with the hard grayness. And then a miracle happened. A cloudy sunlight shone and all the stone turned to silver. Yet "silver" is too simple a word to use about the soft luminous white of the naked hills that rose before us in long unbroken lines against a sky where blue melted into green above them. That radiance was unearthly, and, partly to come back to earth, I made the sage remark that certainly no life had ever existed on those barren hills, without so much as a suspicion of moss on them. Lady Gregory smiled. "Indeed it has," she said. "Here was a favorite resort of the holy hermits; traces of them have been found on top of the hills."

"What did they have to eat?" I asked brutally, and she answered, "I know what one of them had once," and I begged for the story. The story was that one of the holy men who lived by himself up there in sacred meditation came of very good family. In fact, his brother was a king, King Guaire of Connaught. The saint's name was Marbhan. Now one day the king was sitting down to a particularly good dinner—it was really more in the nature of a banquet, and, being a very kind man as well as a king, he said to his courtiers, "Isn't it the shame of the world that here we sit with a fine dinner before us, and there is my poor brother up in the Burren hills with nothing but watercress and maybe a handful of nuts?" No sooner had he said this than, presto, unseen hands removed the dinner, and in a twinkling

had it before the saint, who, it is to be hoped, ate it. Imprints of angelic footsteps are still to be seen on the Burren hills.

"You never heard of King Guaire?" Lady Gregory asked. I shook my head. "Why, he was so generous," she said, "that his right arm grew longer than his left, because he stretched it out so often to give alms to the poor. And he was so kind that once when his royal cloak had caught on a bush he couldn't bear to take it away from the bush but left it right there. And he was rewarded for that. He had a great many poets at his court, and the wives of the poets were full of many whims, and sometimes it wasn't easy to fulfil the laws of hospitality. In the middle of winter one poet's wife insisted that she must have some blackberries. The good king sent messengers far and wide, but there were no blackberries to be had. He sent them out again, and this time one of them came back with a basketful. *Where* had he found them? Ah, on a bush covered with the king's own royal cloak, under which they had ripened nicely." And then, as Lady Gregory says in *Saints and Wonders*, where I later found the same story, "then there was no reproach on the King's house."

Soon we were over the hills in Burren, the Atlantic was wide before us, and we rested a while in the pleasant little sea lodge that belongs to Coole Park. Then we drove on through Kinvara and Oranmore to Galway. Often on the road, English military lorries full of soldiers with rifles at the ready made our little car skip for its and our lives, and I saw Lady Gregory's face grow stern. Nobody spoke. In Galway we said good-bye to her.

That week at Coole made many impressions on me, but none deeper than one night when, candle in hand, Lady Gregory was saying good night to me and added: "Now I'm going to say my prayer for the Lord Mayor of Cork. I've said it every evening since he has been on hunger strike. It is the one in the prayer book for a sick person 'when there appeareth small hope of recovery.'" She said this with an expression and a warmth which left me feeling that here was a woman who loved Ireland of the present as well as Ireland of the past. She, also, will have helped make possible the Ireland of the future.

SIGNE TOKSVIG.

FLIVVERING THROUGH BOSNIA

BY HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

ONE by one the fabulous names of the new European geography seem to be becoming more real to the American public. The papers are still a bit uncertain when they refer to the war-born states along the eastern fringe of Europe; people still stutter over the "Czechoslavians" and the "Croathenians" and the "Transylvoks." But on the whole we are growing reconciled to the confusion brought about by the dissolution of the political anachronism known as the Hapsburg Monarchy, to the blossoming of a dozen new names in the gazetteers where only one grew before, and to the other natural fruits of the new era of the self-determination of peoples.

Among the states which are just cutting their eye-teeth none has been regarded with more benevolent interest in this country than Jugoslavia, despite the fact that the Jugoslavs are among the poorest propagandists in Europe and have never been able to put in an interesting light their really thrilling and romantic movement for national freedom and union. That Jugoslavia has overcome this handicap is very largely due to the impression of moderation and far-sightedness made by her delegates at Paris on the American Commission to Negotiate Peace, as well as to the fact that some remember (though many forget) that the new state has been formed under the leadership and through the sacrifices of our small ally Serbia, whose devotion to the common cause in the face of every discouragement is one of the brightest and truest pages in the history of the Great War.

As war passions have cooled and the first threats of Jugoslavia's jealous neighbors have simmered down, Prince Alexander has begun to feel free to leave the capital occasionally and give his new countrymen a chance to see what he looks like. His first official visit was to Croatia. The prophets of ill had been busy; it was reported that the Croats, jealous of the prestige of their

Serb cousins in the new Government, would seize the opportunity of showing their displeasure at the plan of centralized administration which had been evolved. The Prince Regent intended going only as far as three or four towns across the Danube, none of them more than about fifty miles from the capital, but at each place he was met by the Mayor and a deputation from the next town, begging him to visit them and show himself to the people. Before he was through he had been away two weeks instead of three days, and had traveled half across the province.

Then the other day the young ruler set out for his first visit to Bosnia, perhaps the most beautiful and interesting district of his new kingdom, but one of the most backward and troublesome because of its large Moslem population. Anyone who has journeyed down the gorges of that extraordinary country can easily picture the scene,—the narrow-gauge, rack-and-pinion toy train, steaming manfully at snail's pace up the terrific grades of the mountain ridge that forms the watershed between the Black Sea and the Adriatic; the curious little towns, straw-roofed and small-windowed in the Eastern fashion, set apart from the misplaced modern station that only a practical Austrian brain could have designed; the old feudal castles clinging here and there to rocky pinnacles, deserted and decaying save where in a room or two a herdsman has fixed up a rude fireplace and shuttered in the narrow windows.

Around the train carrying the Prince gather the local celebrities, the army "station commander" (for the railways, run in the old days exclusively by Austrian and Magyar officials, still retain many of the same employees and need careful supervision), and a great crowd of flaring-trousered men and heavily veiled ladies, who even in the hottest weather, miraculously seem able to live inside their dingy draperies without undue suffering. Somebody makes a speech; the Prince replies; he is presented with a mass of bouquets by little girls in gaudy but not spotless costume; there is a vast deal of cheering for the united kingdom and the joint victory against the hated oppressors; and amid shouts of *Givio! Givio!* the train puffs off to the next settlement, the men working in the fields snatching off their hats to wave a greeting, their spouses (who seem to do most of the grubby, dirty work)

hastily pulling their veils back into place and staring out cautiously through the narrow slits remaining.

It is usually forgotten that although Bosnia lies so far north in the Balkan peninsular, the majority of the inhabitants are Moslemized Serbs. Miniature bazaars and ramshackle mosques appear in almost every village. In Sarajevo, the provincial capital, there are over fifty mosques, and the plaintive call to the faithful still sounds out over the city morning and evening. From a perch among the crazily-tilted tombstones, each surmounted with a granite turban, in one of the decaying Turkish graveyards strewn at random high above the city, the cry of the muaddhin at twilight seems an echo of a day unreal and irrevocably remote; the shallow Miljacka far below, rippling over its stony bed and sweeping gaily round the broad bend where the rickety balconies of the city's first houses lean out perilously from the bank, chimes in distantly like a stage accompaniment; Europe seems ten days' journey distant. But though this is Europe and the Twentieth Century, Mohammedanism has not lost its spell, and the religious question is a most difficult one. In the crowd assembled to meet Prince Alexander on his arrival at the Sarajevo station were the Orthodox Metropolitan, the Reiz Ulerman of the Bosnian Musselman Confession, the Chief Rabbi and M. Charitch, the Roman Catholic Bishop, each demanding recognition equally. That the Jugoslav Government is determined to keep the peace and please all the factions represented by these gentlemen is shown by the fact that the day after his arrival the Prince was kept busy attending in turn services in the Orthodox Cathedral, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and the Synagogue, besides visiting the Husref Beg Mosque, with its flagged courtyard shaded by an ancient lime. Apparently such impartial catholicity (never characteristic of the Hapsburgs) has awakened great enthusiasm for the new régime throughout Bosnia and the Herzegovine.

Sometimes the conflict between religious duty and worldly interest is severely strained, as in the case of an old man I once passed on a deserted trail in the mountains of northern Bosnia. It was the sunset hour, and he had spread his mat in the centre of the road (to dignify it by the name it bore on the General Staff maps), knowing that not once in a fortnight did a vehicle

pass that way. It happened that I came along in a Ford, probably one of the few cars that had ever penetrated to that byway, certainly the first seen there since the war. I stopped, so as not to interrupt his devotions, but his amazement at my appearance was too much for him, and he began to gesticulate in the wildest manner and to screech at the top of his voice, so paralyzed by fear, however, that he could not scramble up off his knees. Satisfied at length that my flivver was not a heavenly chariot sent to bear him off to pay penalty for his sins, he wormed himself off to the side of the road,—still on his knees,—and watched me pass, resuming his mumbled prayers, but with as little concentration as necessary.

Mention of that Ford in connection with Bosnia recalls the climax of our adventures. The only road into Bosnia from the north runs down the gorge of the turbulent Bosnia River. Before the war it was a fine highway, laid out by Austrian military engineers who had to consider neither expense nor time, but as the fortunes of the campaign took the Hapsburg armies to other fields, it was completely neglected. Especially the many wooden bridges were in a bad state. On this occasion we set out at daybreak from Brod (a vile town with indescribable inns where one must spend the night in going either by train or motor from Belgrade to Sarajevo), and by noon had covered some sixty miles. About twelve miles short of a dingy village named Maglaj we came upon a scraggy horse grazing by the roadside. Our high-powered car excited him to performances in the way of speed that I am sure would have surprised his owner. He became a pest of which we could not get rid. We tried going slowly, and he cantered slowly, just a few yards ahead; we tried going fast, and he went so fast, with such pantings and groanings, that we felt sure he would expire before our eyes. Where the road opened out a little we burst into the greatest speed of which our old flivver was capable, passed our antagonist, heard his wheezings close behind, and in a moment were passed by him again, eye-balls starting, nostrils distended, shaggy mane streaming in the wind. After twelve miles of this unnerving diversion we reached the gate of Maglaj, where the horse leapt bodily upon the guard planted in the middle of the road, overturned a dilapidated cart near by, careened around

against the wall, and finally was brought up short with his head over our wind-shield and his left leg jammed through the right mud-guard. Thence he was extricated trembling, and tottered off to the side of the roadside; fearing he might expire, with all manner of evil consequences for us, we pressed on as rapidly as possible.

But not for far. Ahead of us, where the road turned to cross the river for the sixth or eighth time, we came up against a barricade closing off the bridge, topped by a sign which we took to mean that it was unsafe to cross. Examination showed that the middle span was hanging limply in mid-air, the prop in the centre having been washed out by a recent freshet. But having no choice but to cross or return for another lively night at the Brod hotel, we removed the barricade, despite the gesticulations of the populace, and prepared for our movie venture. With doors open ready for a possible jump we put on full speed. The bridge quivered as the car rattled out on it, but, despite violent creakings and waverings, our trust that we would get across before the crash came was justified.

We prided ourselves a little on our feat, graciously accepted the plaudits of the crowd, and urged our old trap forward. For a few miles all went well. Then, turning another corner, we came upon—not this time a shaky bridge, but the yawning gap where once a bridge had crossed a tributary mountain stream. The road went straight to the edge of the bank, fell off neatly into a gulley twenty-five feet deep, and resumed on the other side, thirty feet away. Of the bridge itself only a few splintered timbers remained strewn high along the banks. The shouts of the people back at Maglaj were suddenly transformed in my ears to jeers. We were caught between Scylla and Charybdis, but cross we must, because this time we had no choice of going back. There seemed a possibility that by grading down the sheer bank, which luckily was composed of soft gravel, we might manage to run the car down into the three feet of water, and we trusted that in spite of the stream being strewn with boulders the car might gain enough momentum in its precipitous descent to carry it across to the other side. Three hours of violent labor ensued. Then we were ready for the plunge. It was a magnificent success. The car

avoided the nose-first loop-the-loop that I dreaded, and bumped its way nearly to the other shore. Here, however, the job became really difficult, as this bank was not sandy, like the other, but composed of loose boulders and debris.

By this time the whole countryside had gathered to watch the antics of the mad foreigners, who were not content to wait a month or so until the bridge could be leisurely repaired and Bosnia re-connected with the rest of the world. I now flourished bundles of kronen notes,—at pre-war rates, a ten years' income for most of those present,—and sent them off to collect all the horses within reach. Four pairs of dubious ponies with rope harness were produced, all so underfed, so unaccustomed to any sort of real draft work, that as soon as the ropes became taut they slackened up and stood shivering with terror. All efforts were vain. The ponies refused to pull, and if they had, they would have possessed too little strength in their wasted bodies to drag the flivver out from where it lay uneasily in the water, its front wheels raised like the paws of a chipmunk in supplication for release from its ignominy.

I then decided to harness up all the man-power and woman-power in sight. The whole crowd entered into the spirit of the occasion. I am sure it was the gayest event that had taken place in that remote spot for years, and that it will long be remembered in tradition as the "party" staged by those energetic and amusing visitors. Everybody present attached a frayed rope or bit of string or skein of twisted rags to some part of the car, and all pulled, but all at different times, because they could not pull together for their interest in watching to see if any progress were being made. I soon saw that nothing would be accomplished in this way. It was getting dark; the hot sun was already down behind the crags to the west, leaving us perspiring but chilly, wading drearily about our steed's half-submerged form. Strangely enough, there was in that remote spot an Italian with whom my wife could communicate. He told us that a mile or so down the river, where another bridge had been washed out (though it was now again restored!) there was a pair of real draft horses, the property of some Sarajevo contractor. Vast sums of kronen persuaded this gentleman to bring up his horses to

assist in one last grand effort. First his horses were harnessed up to the car, and in front of them we put the eight shaggy ponies, more for moral effect and encouragement than because they could give any real assistance; on all sides the populace again attached their ropes and thongs, while we got behind to push. Slowly the car reached the crest of the bank, hesitated, and dropped heavily back with a thud that sounded like its death-rattle. Again we tried, and this time with huzzas and Slavic imprecations and cries of excitement echoing down the gorge the old carcass was dragged clear up onto the road, where it stood dripping dejectedly, bruised and battered and covered with mud. It seemed as though it could never live again. But the vital spark was still miraculously in it. A crank at the engine started it whirring as usual; the lights fluttered on, illuminating the circle of admiring faces; and tumbling in, we went jerkily off, spouting water and hundred-kronen notes in every direction. The next day at Sarajevo we decided that motoring under these strenuous conditions left too little leisure for observing the country, so we sold the car as it stood to an old Mahomedan for fifteen thousand five hundred kronen, cash.

It is chronicled that the Prince Regent, after completing his eventful first visit to Sarajevo, returned to the capital by automobile, the whole countryside turning out for miles around to acclaim him as he passed. I hope he enjoyed the roads as much as he enjoyed the welcome of his subjects. I doubt it. But I rejoice that he made the trip, not only because it proves to all doubters that the new Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes is indeed a unit, loyal to the house of the White Eagles, but also because, if ever again I am called upon to cross those mountains, the authorities may have decided to remake the roads in preparation for the next royal visit.

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG.

I KNOW A PLACE

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Between the wind-swept grasses and the swell
Of the flecked and freshening sea I know a place
Scented with warm spray always. Here I trace
Into the soft sand words of an old farewell
When I am sad, or else I weave a spell
Of rapture from a cool Egyptian vase
Remembered in delight, and here the grace
Of quiet comes upon me like a bell
Heard beneath water faintly audible. . . .
Here with the privilege of one dear face
To look upon, God grant that I may dwell
Through the white days of April and the days
That follow in a flower-tumult . . . space
And the spilled foam murmuring into a shell.

SEA-DESIRE

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

At every keel-dent in the deep,
At every liquid rim,
At all wharf-lappings,
Wheresoever seaweeds creep
And fish swim,
By all sail-flappings—
Let my soul be
Endlessly.

Let me face the tidelight now,
Its flush and shiver;
The dank green smell at the bow
Of any ship
On any river—
There let my soul slip
Out of me
And be!

SWALLOWS

BY CONSTANCE GOODRICH

So still have I sat that the swallows are circling about me,
Wheeling with whirring wings over me, close above me,
So close that the rush of their wings startles the air about me.
Yet though my body is quiet my heart is abroad with the swallows,
Circling the spacious sky over the luminous ocean;
My heart's in the wind-driven waters that crash on the rocks,
In the seaweed that swirls in the tide,
That lifts and falls, purple-fringed, to the breath of the sea.
Yet tonight when the dew-laden twilight darkens the waters
And dims the wide fields lying bare to the sky
My heart will be mine again, mine through the night,
While I sing of the breakers that flung it in foam to the beaches,
Of the starlit sea and the wind that the swallows ride—
Sing till my heart is at peace.

LOW TIDE

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Who creeps into the cave
  To spy the crannied secrets darkly hidden,
And pluck the clinging treasures from their beds?
  Who follows on retreating steps unbidden,
And mocks the ebbing fury of the wave?
  Or impudently treads
The lowest rippled sand a moment bare,
To pry into the bashful, rosy pools? You dare?
    Beware!

Is mortal life secure,
Or human footing out of bound so sure,
  That wingless you dare climb
  Through treacherous and immemorial slime,
Treading the slippery slope, an oubliette before
The cavern's ominous door?
  Then hark! Bend close your sea-shell of an ear.
  Do you not hear
A hollow growl, a hoarse and sullen roar,
Below you, or behind you, or before;

A growing threat that quivers in the air?
The monster is returning to his lair.
Beware!

Coil upon coil he writhes between the stones
In awful hidden power,
Faster and faster yet. Are human bones,—
Fragile as any flower,—
Proof against teeth that gnawed the granite wall,
And ground it into pebbles smooth and small?
Can frantic feet outspeed
The ancient Terror stealing through the weed,
Who swallows sand and pool and boulder, all
His salty kingdom, briefly visible?
A roar, a rush! Spume leaps upon your hair.
Beware! Beware!

OUR FEAR OF EXCELLENCE

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

In this age crying out for democracy there come, even to loyal Americans, ardent believers in America and the potentialities of America, moments of questioning as to whether it is not possible to carry democracy too far. On the street, in railway trains, in market place and lecture hall, misgivings creep into the minds of the stoutest-hearted among us; and the printed word does not always reassure. Liberty, equality, fraternity, are for us a glorious heritage, a privilege, a responsibility, but the haunting sense will not down that there may be an excess of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

The hard and cutting blows that, from time to time, strike at the very root of our political faith, do not always concern political matters; it is increasingly apparent that great and beneficent movements may have, as by-products, wholly disconcerting results. A remark, heard long ago on a steamer deck, of a fellow-passenger who declared to admiring listeners, that, in her recent visit to the continent, she had seen many famous pictures, at Antwerp, Paris, Florence, and elsewhere, but that nothing she had seen abroad could at all compare in excellence with those exhibited a year before at Pebble, Colorado, the work of local talent, comes back to me now and then as a suggestion of the influence of our civic faith upon our ways of thinking, as a possible foreshadowing of the goal toward which our feet are set.

Among the various aspects of a triumphing democracy, none is more distressing than this tendency of a consciousness of liberty, equality, and fraternity to creep into the wrong place, this fatal confusion of liberty, equality, and fraternity with intellectual and aesthetic ideals. The remark, and others like it, which float in our buoyant American air, could hardly come from any country but our own. Reading the records of early days, of the endeavor, the aspirations of the founders of our country, and watch-

ing innumerable manifestations of life, east, west, north, and south, we are forced to realize that our national creed has had wholly unexpected, and not always happy, results. Urged on by a desire to secure rightness of condition for the many, justice among men, our ancestors looked forward to a fairer commonwealth where no man should be oppressed. They hardly foresaw the effect of their doctrine in a new attitude toward men's feeling, judgment, or dreamed for the future anything so disastrous as the triumphant conviction prevalent to-day that one man's opinion is as good as another's, with the threatened loss of standards inherent in this belief.

Doubtless out of the struggle for liberty and equality has come our sheep-like tendency, our longing to be gathered into one aesthetic or intellectual fold. One must not protest, of course, against the desire of the young to look alike, act alike, dress alike, resulting in so precise a similarity in thousands upon thousands of the new generation that one might imagine them a manufactured product, turned out with a stamp by some gigantic machine. Fashion lays all low in whatsoever country, and the passion for sameness in dress is not so extraordinary nor so deplorable as a curious levelling tendency manifest here in standards of thought and of action. The desire shown, the country over, to be alike in ways of thinking and of appreciation would suggest that one article in our national creed had defeated another, and that, however far we may have gone in achieving equality, we are far, very far from achieving liberty. In the community at large, in schools, in colleges we are slaves to the fear of being unlike the others, and no Clarkson, no Wilberforce rises to break the fetters of the human soul, as the fetters binding the human body were broken. The country over, we thrill to the same cheap oratory; the standardized prettiness of our magazine covers triumphantly sweeps the land; best sellers delight us because they are best sellers.

Even in institutions of learning, if I may so designate our colleges, the young are, as a rule, ashamed of intellectual distinction, concealing any unusual interest in things of the mind, feeling that they have disgraced their families if they win Phi Beta Kappa, hiding artistic ability as if it were a sign of shame.

There is certainly an idea abroad among us in America, and especially astir in the hearts of the young, that to see a bit farther, to hold one's standard a bit higher than one's fellows, is not being a good sport, as if some advantage were being taken in the great game. He who betrays finer appreciation or unusual insight is as one playing with marked cards.

Undoubtedly this is, in part, the effect of a new generosity. When we take our place in the long list of the prehistoric, in line with the Stone Age, the Age of Bronze, and other ages which have had their day, as we are having ours, we shall doubtless be known as the Chemical Age. Yet if periods were named, not for the weapons which men used, or the material for fashioning household equipment, but for their inner trend of life, this would perhaps be known as the Age of Sympathy. For that vast awakening of the needs, the suffering of others, in progress for a century and a half, no one can be too grateful. It is almost as limitless, as many-sided as human life itself, this new discernment of another's woes, this penetrative understanding of another's need, this swift effort to help. Everywhere is a literature of sympathy, pleas for the oppressed in mine and in factory; sympathy of working man for working man, of pal for pal, of criminal for criminal, even of good man for good man. It is, preëminently, the mark of our advance, this extension of one's interest beyond the narrow bounds of one's own, this ability to put oneself into another's place. So great is our pride in the breaking of the old Puritan sternness, when cruelty often masqueraded as righteousness, that one hesitates to speak questioningly, yet there is cause for fear in this extreme, possibly as great as the other.

All great gifts have peril in their holding. Sympathy is almost the most beautiful thing in the world, but it is also the most dangerous, to be cherished with prayer and fasting and heart searching. All lofty places are fraught with hazard; standing on them it may be well to remember the depth to which we must plunge. The greater the height, the greater the possible fall, and this supreme human attribute carries with it a supreme menace. Hearts of great saints meet in this great accord, but sympathy for one another, loyalty to one another is also one of the most marked characteristics of thieves. With one's brother, yes, our

whole modern hope is here, but with one's brother on the downward path is a different story. Keeping step is highly desirable, but one has to remember not only the union, but the direction of the step. Triumphant democracy will do well to recall that ancient, picturesque, yet accurate statement of spiritual truth, that broad is the path leading to destruction, and many feet in unison go down it together. Are we forgetting entirely the direction of our step in the feeling that all will be well because we are all together?

Narrow the way,—just as narrow as ever,—that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find time to look for it: we have so many engagements now-a-days!

One welcomes this new sympathy, much of it at least; one recognizes it as, in part, a consequence of that determination toward justice in which our civic history began. Increasingly we thrill to the finer hope of a liberty, equality, and fraternity, wherein all human beings shall have their rights and their privileges, yet, looking the country over, observing the present condition of things, we are aware of something subtly wrong. The new generosity in spirit is not matched in practice; our deeds limp haltingly behind our facile emotions. That likeness, kinship, sameness of which we are aware in listening to public speakers, reading the printed word, hearing the conversation of our fellows in mart, market place, and on the street, this one stamp of idea and manner, reaching from Maine to California, disappears when we fix our attention on material things. Turning from the intangible to the tangible, from men's thoughts and feelings to their possessions, the similarity vanishes; one is aware in the spectacle of life in our land of hideous contrasts, of a something, in spite of the vast increase in human sympathy, unfulfilled in the hope of the world. No royalty-ridden country of Europe can show more appalling differences between wealth and poverty, more appalling inequalities in the matter of food, clothing, and material things. The question inevitably arises as to whether the levelling has not been in the wrong place, whether the sharing has not been of the wrong things, whether we have not become free and equal in the wrong way. We have pooled our ideas, our standards, and have clung fast to our material possessions; that which

should be kept sacred and individual, our ideals and aspirations, we have tossed into the general store, while we have clung tightly to that which should have been shared. Our only communism is a commonness of thought and of belief, a lack of standards. Men and women who pride themselves on the exclusive foods they eat, on the individual distinctiveness of the cut of their clothing, yet thrill to the same cheap eloquence of the stump orator, and are content, by way of diversion, with the crude emotional appeal and the distorted lines of the same moving pictures. In matters where there should be difference, constant personal effort to work out standards, to bring to bear upon the mass the impress of higher endeavor, thought, feeling,—that right development of individuality which is the goal of democracy, and the hope at the heart of Christianity,—mass opinions are substituted for finer individual judgments; mob psychology invades our standards. It is not the unique jewels, the priceless fur coats, the automobiles that cannot be duplicated, but souls that are thrown into the melting pot.

All this is sad, but undeniable; who can tell the reasons? Perhaps it means that we are but following the line of least resistance; it is easier to give up standards than it is to give up bodily comforts and luxuries; moreover, the excellent is more difficult to discern in the world of thought and of spiritual endeavor than in the "emporium." The truth is that we have grown to have a certain fear of standards, both of thought and of action, because they are above the comprehension of the many; while we delight in outstripping Brown, Jones, and Robinson in the matter of wearing apparel, and glory in getting the better of them, even through a little trickery, in business, we do not want to have any ideas or ideals which these fellow human beings do not share. We are shamefaced in owning a loftier aspiration, a finer insight, and hide the better man within us under a hail-fellow-well-met manner, and bluff Yankee speech, preferably slangy, or a bit ungrammatical. There are moments when one wonders whether we have not wholly mistaken the point of that great endeavor in which our country had its birth; our forefathers struggled to break the rule of force, so that spirit might be free to rule. I cannot believe that they wished to eliminate leader-

ship; rather, they severed bonds in order to let real leaders emerge and take their rightful places. In our deification of the average man we defeat their high intent, and prevent the future. We must outgrow our naïve and childish fear,—whether it mean recognition in others or cultivation in ourselves,—of that which is beyond the mass, if we are ever to achieve anything of value, morally, politically, or in the world of art and of letters. When liberty and equality get into our intellectual and aesthetic standards, the result is intellectual and aesthetic chaos. All men's judgments may be free, but they can never, please God, be equal.

Whether one or not one present condition is the inevitable result of democracy we do not know; historians have suggested that it is by way of democracies that civilizations go out. If democracy is, as we believe, a glorious opportunity, the best solution that has been found for the problem of human rule, it is also a great and perilous experiment for the human soul, full of a fatal impulsion toward levelling down. Its watchword may be a golden thread leading us to the very heart of God, or a trail ending in a quicksand where aspiration, endeavor, higher hope go down. Its subtle menace was as apparent in ancient as in modern times. We should pause, in our triumphant praise of democracy, to recall the fact that an ancient democracy put to death its greatest philosopher, Socrates, for proclaiming, in an age enchanted with the sophist conviction that this man's idea and that man's idea were the measure of things, and all that men could know of truth,—a belief in the existence of universal standards of excellence, standards of truth, of conduct, objective, enduring, different from the mere subjective judgment, the momentary whim, conviction, impulse, of this person or that.

Thinking of our period, thinking of our own country, one realizes that, in our present self-complacence is the measure of our failure, in our persistent belief that a deeper faith, a higher conviction cannot be true, because our neighbors do not believe them to be true. We are tolerant of our fellow sophist, and gladly grant him a freedom as great as our own, but there is something lacking in the programme of both of us. Tolerance is undoubtedly a virtue, but not sufficient as the sole basis of a

civilization, into which, if it is to endure, must be mortised not only negative but positive virtues, knowledge, wisdom, faith, and unshrinking conviction as to the difference between right and wrong.

As for the future, it is fairly evident where we are going to get tolerance, where we are going to get sympathy, but where are we going to get standards to guide mind and soul? The young *are* the future, and, in the unwillingness of the young to admit a gift or to confess an aspiration not shared by the crowd, we see the most menacing aspect of our contemporary tendency. Full of generosity to one another, of desire not to be conspicuous, they yet betray, these children of triumphant democracy, a certain spiritual shortsightedness. Perhaps the trouble comes from thinking too much in terms of things, of confusing intellectual superiority and high inner endeavor with delicacies pleasing to the palate at the human banquet, with choice bits of sweet, in regard to which the young are perhaps more scrupulous than their elders as to claiming more than their share. There is a mistake here, for there is a fundamental difference between standards of life, intellectual, moral, spiritual, artistic, and chocolate creams. In any assembled company one does not want more than one's share of these; so should it be with all material things. But generosity in matters of mind and spirit is a different thing; it is a very energy of life, showing itself in search for hid treasure, the finder, the darer, being under stern obligation to seek out and share with his fellows what perhaps he only could discover; it may be a lone search for lost trails, for the higher trail, that others may follow after.

He who shirks the responsibility of the greater gift, the keener insight, betrays a species of mental obliquity, a lack of vision. In striving toward excellence, winning it, there is something impersonal; aspiration is not necessarily vanity, genuine aspiration never; the attainment of the fine and high in thought and in conduct should be for the sake of that ever clearer discernment of the better whereby the race measures its inner growth. Refusing to try to win, because all may not win together, may not the very conception of the fine and high vanish? In this scruple, this hesitation to put forth one's utmost, there is fallacy, subtle and insidious, a thinking about people, rather than about intel-

lectual or spiritual excellence. The quest of the greater, the unattained, represents no selfish claim; absolute self-forgetfulness may come in winning toward the goal; honestly facing the greatest, one loses sight of the ego. It is a mistaken sympathy which means thinking of oneself and the other man, rather than of that which draws attention from both to something higher. Here is failure to discover the presence of anything but individuals in our cosmos, the many, not the One.

Stern is the obligation to search beyond one's self and one's neighbor, in order to find stepping stones leading to high places. One must do more than understand one's brother, and put oneself in his place; one must love him deeply enough to hurt him, if necessary, by failing to acquiesce in his present programme. It is a duty, not only to keep step with one's fellow, but to try to hasten that step. One must understand his possibilities, help keep quick and alive the principle of growth in him, help him discern a something beyond his or one's own present attainment. There must be something deeper than surface sympathy that pities his wrongs, profounder than that sympathy with the lesser self which holds potential menace, cutting off the future; there must be sympathy at times like a keen-edged, naked sword, piercing to the very heart of his lack or limitation, as self-scrutiny pierces to one's own, cutting off all that hampers or keeps back. Without this higher sympathy one does not, in truth, understand one's brother at all.

The business of a true citizen of a democracy is to search out continually better and better standards of thought and of conduct, to carry on, worthily, in the face of new challenge, the effort of our forefathers, to justify the open road of freedom. The impact of mind on mind, of soul on soul, in a land where thought and speech are free, ought to mean, not a levelling down but a levelling up, each individual soul doing its utmost, by stern endeavor, by searching the ways of truth and beauty through life, to render its own individual interpretation, a something no other human soul could do, of possibilities of higher existence.

If mediaeval saint and Indian mystic of to-day err on the side of too exclusive contemplation of the Principle of Excellence,—

too steady a gaze meaning, perhaps, a blinding of the eyes; if, thus, human sympathies shrivel, and one deep path of wisdom and understanding, knowledge of the human heart, of the facts of life, of human experience, the way of the Lord through human lives, be closed,—this excess is still no excuse for our closing our eyes to that other glorious way of the Lord, the long and splendid dream of human aspiration, the unwearied striving toward the best, the contemplation of the beauty of the Lord our God.

Of the great behests, Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind, and love thy neighbor as thyself, the former was given first.

There is one simple, but absolute condition of growth, after the soul has become conscious of itself, the stern and constant measuring of oneself by something higher than oneself, rather than the excusing of one's defects and limitations because one's neighbors also have theirs. Our chief human business is, in truth, a discerning of values, all life being but a process of selection and refusal. Life without constant challenge of the higher is not life at all, nor subject to the laws of physical and spiritual development, as ancient intuition and modern logic have revealed them.

We must search out excellence, through great personalities, great artistic achievements, great faiths, gaining, by contemplation of the highest reach of thought and conduct of individuals, in different times and different places, a constantly enlarging intellectual and spiritual apprehension. Working on the stuff that human life has wrought out, the best that the long struggle, the undying creative impulse have evolved, gaining acquaintance with great thought, great feeling, great men, we shall be constantly revising our idea concerning that which is excellent. Thus, measuring by great personalities, great deeds, great faiths, we shall at last discern more clearly the white light of truth, of which these are the breaking. Following the ways of those other neighbors of other times and other countries, thinkers, statesmen, creators of any kind, we shall learn some measure for our own self assertion. Pebble, Colorado, must learn to make obeisance to the Ufizzi and the Louvre.

It is in contemplating human life and human thought at their greatest that we realize how inadequate our new standard of

sympathy proves as a statement of the whole human case. This kindliness, this feeling for humanity which we are achieving, means great gain, but, in the very measure of our preoccupation with our contemporary fellow-man, there is danger, grave cause for fear lest, in learning to understand my brother, I lose desire or power to understand anything else. There may be farther reaches of the human soul than are manifest in my brother. This making the individual, the mere human characteristic the measure of excellence, putting the personality, the qualities of this man or that in place of a loftier conception, to whose formation all high thought and great deeds contribute, is a dangerous process; this great gust of common thinking may be the wind that blows civilization out. Another loyalty is necessary, loyalty to a higher ideal, a something beyond and above you, me, and those about us.

Fear-God-Barebones could do great good among us now.

We are, in truth, face to face with the old problem of the many and the one, the need of the single, the perfect, the one to strain toward. Unless we take heed, in our content with present achievements and present ideas, we shall lose the challenge of the forever unsatisfied within us, the sense of something, in every aspect of thought and conduct, yet to be attained. We must not forget, for no aspect of modern development can compensate for this loss, the search of the religious instinct out of the worship of many gods toward the One; the search of the philosopher for the secret, the one, that will explain the manifold, that which the Greek Plato conceived as the Idea of Perfect Beauty, the Hebrew in his reverential thought of the Lord our God.

To tell the truth, we are in the throes of a new polytheism, forgetting the conception of oneness, which is the fundamental basis of belief of religious teacher, prophet, and philosopher. It is a new and dangerous polytheism, this worship of Brown, Jones, and Robinson; one misses in it something of the spirituality of one's father's faith; Brown, Jones, and Robinson after all go only so far.

The young say that the spiritual sense is as strong as ever, that it has gone into good works, the desire to serve. This is undoubtedly good, yet we need something to cut through our

present complacency in our own good works, our tendency to look the country over and congratulate the age on having arrived, now when everything is being done for everybody who suffers, as if we all, in devoting ourselves to some measure or other of physical relief, had wholly met our eternal obligations. Yet surely we need something beyond; the manifold ideas and ideals regarding service,—this too a polytheism,—cannot fill the human heart and soul, direct and hold the human spirit, any more than the many gods of Greece could permanently hold the human spirit. In all their beauty, their manifold beauty, they failed.

This ethical polytheism, though it goes a bit farther than the worship of our contemporaries, is too many-sided to afford the necessary knitting up and centralizing of human thought and aspiration. Nor can self-engendered and self-directed ideas of duty, of service, fine, high, admirable though they may be, ever content us. There is that within the human soul which yearns for something beyond; only the Infinite can satisfy. For the true fulfillment of life we must find something better to worship than our own immediate neighbors, or our own Good Deeds.

MARGARET SHERWOOD.

A FRENCH LOVE POET OF THE 'NINETIES

BY GUSTAVE VAN ROOSBROECK
AND JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

One of the most intimate and tender of the love poets of modern France is Albert Samain. It was not his, indeed, to sing the joyful possession of love; but few have expressed with greater poignancy the timorous yearning for love, its world of dream and vague desire. Not impressive nor high-sounding is his note. All in minor key, it is the breathing of songs "*sans rien qui pèse ou qui pose.*" Like the music of a far-off harp in the dusk, they set us dreaming of pale hands folded vainly in prayer—of flowers withering before daybreak—of children's souls in pale evenings full of pain. For he has deeply felt and transcribed the melancholy and pensive grace of dying things, the mortal faintness of autumn and dead dreams, the hopeless languor of desires never fulfilled.

Small and shy, dying still young after protracted illness, Samain suffered all his life from almost morbid self-distrust. Without ambition or initiative, he submitted to the monotonous routine of the life of a government clerk, content in dreams to fancy himself a triumphator, riding through life in high pride and glory. In the struggle for existence he was beaten in advance. Above the gray monotony of his daily life he had built cloud-palaces of imaginary splendor that were the tabernacles of his soul. But nothing in his appearance, except perhaps his lustrous dark eyes, gave hint of the strange luxurious desires we feel throbbing in his poems. Mr. Gosse gathered from Samain's acquaintance that he was pale and slight, excessively near-sighted and seeming to "have no cognizance of the world about him." It is agreed that he was simple in habit, chary of word and gesture, except rarely when fired by emotion, and quiet,—curiously quiet, as if withdrawn into the privacy of his dreams. Without pretension he lived his limited and solitary life, with his

mother and a friend or two; in the barest simplicity he went through his days, without adventure.

And therein lies the tragedy of Samain—or, if that is a word of too great dignity to apply to so gentle a spirit, the *pathos* of his case—that he must remain solitary and not understood, wanting that which he craved and needed most, the loving sympathy of a woman. Woman! She was for Samain an awe-inspiring and unapproachable creature. Many were received by her who had slight gifts to offer, taken into high favor, while he, fearful and with overflowing heart, bearing his golden cup, as it were, shyly and prayerfully—he remained far from the holy place, with his never-stilled desire.

I

The refined art of Samain[1] was admired, as much as thirty years ago, by a small circle of devotees in various countries. Although dating from a time of effervescence in French poetry, from the emergence of Symbolism, although too studied and too ethereal to have a wide appeal, much of his work has shown a tenacious vitality, and remains fresh and true even now when the ultra-aesthetic work of the early 'nineties in France has so largely passed into oblivion. Twenty-five years ago, his brocaded and hieratic symbols, his tired and exotic grace, were enthusiastically acclaimed in foreign countries as well as in France, and found sympathetic response in the poetry, for example, of Belgium and of South America. This was the period of his first volume, *Au Jardin de l'Infante*, in which he represents his soul as "*une infante en robe de parade*," whose greyhounds hunt for her symbolic beasts in the forest of Dream and Enchantment. More recently his admirers have instinctively turned towards the verses of his later period, particularly *Le Chariot d'or*, which reveal more directly the heart, or as he would say, the soul, of the poet. For sophisticated as his work may often be, a blend of genuine feeling with sentiments assumed for effect, we glimpse his soul through it as a light, shining clearly at times, and at times but dimly showing as through stained or smoky glass.

[1] *Au Jardin de l'Infante*, 1893; *Aux Flancs du vase*, 1898; *Le Chariot d'or*, 1901; *Polyphème*, 1906.

It was about 1880 that he began to write. Scientific positivism had come to pervade both thought and art. Naturalism reigned in prose; Zola and the early Huysmans were reproducing the lowest life, brutal scenes tragic with the pain of sordid reality. Poetry had undergone the same influence. The Parnassians showed the positivist spirit in their preference for the visible world, for the picturesque surface of things. The cold and polished art of Hérédia is produced by almost wholly objective means. The broad canvasses of Leconte de Lisle, with their glaring colors and tropical splendor of light, seem a glorification of matter. Philosophy was dominated by materialism and the experimental method. The heavens were empty; faith seemed but the superstitious voice of the past. And yet the will to believe was strong; poetry could not be long content with an external beauty however perfect, and there came about a self-conscious revival of the "soul" in art. In the Latin Quarter and at Montmartre a reaction was impressively announced in the *cénacles:* the renaissance of the subjective in literature,—an art of more intimate feeling and more refined thought. Samain was associated with the insurgents in the companies of the "Hydropathes," the "Hirsutes," and "Nous autres"—the "Others" of that day. They craved a new style, new subject-matter, and a fresh outlook on life. Verlaine and Baudelaire they acclaimed as apostles, having adopted for their device the latter's verse:

Au fond de l'inconnu pour trouver du nouveau!

It was in their noisy gatherings that Samain read his early verse; there he made acquaintance with the aesthetes, the bohemians, the eccentrics, the *râtés*, the "decadents," who made up the picturesque mob of insurgents against tradition. But he went to their meetings more to escape his solitude and isolation than because he felt in sympathy with their vehement Jacobinism. He was no man of coteries, but in habit a recluse, and in thought an introspective dreamer. The outward world he did not study; but he gazed into the depths of his own soul, noting there the shades of delicate feeling, whatever was most tenuous and impalpable in his emotions.

If he took color from his surroundings, if he was inspired by

his contemporaries, it was as much by reading as by personal contact. He had indeed a certain feminine plasticity and adaptiveness of spirit which enabled him to assimilate the tone of sentiment of the poets whom he read with sympathy. He readily adopted their forms and their intellectual attitudes; and throughout his earlier period his work reflects a continuous series of poetic influences. In a historical point of view he may be looked on as a poet of transition. In a time of literary revolutions, of poetic tendencies sharply distinguished, he was an example of conciliation, of the discreet combination of opposing forces. By disposition and birthright he was a romantic. Werther, René, Adolphe, Rolla seem reincarnated in his nostalgic, vaguely suffering soul; all his life long he remained an admirer of Musset. The exotic feeling of Hérédia's *Trophées* is clearly the inspiration for poems such as his sonnets on Cleopatra. From the symbolists he has his indirect method of presenting his moods and thoughts by means of suggestive images. With the reading of Verlaine he evolves towards the *chanson grise*. It was not until his friendship with Francis Jammes, the poet of simplicity, that he learned to turn away his eyes from books and go to life itself for inspiration.

II

But of all the literary influences that were impressed upon his earlier poems, the strongest are perhaps those of the Parnassians and of Baudelaire. It is here that one feels most how strangely he is dressing himself out and disguising his natural feeling in *robes de parade*. It was almost naïvely that Samain—the poet of shivering emotion, the supersensitive lyricist—made pretense of going about to carve deliberately cold verses of perfect form. In an early profession of poetic faith, when he was baptized in Parnassian waters, he declares that marble alone is god in his pagan heart, that he has dreamed of building in verse a chaste Ionian temple—

Ainsi, dans le bleu pur de ma sérénité,
Sur le rare Paros d'un sonnet dense et riche,
Je sculpterai mes vers avec solennité.

Still more superficial was his assumption of Baudelairism. Poet of simple feeling, sweet and melancholy yearning, what has he to do with this mental perversity, this search for strange sins, bizarre sensations, unnatural imaginings? This was a curious and clever assimilation of a state of mind. The sacerdotal cruelty and lasciviousness of Samain's princesses is displayed in a setting of antique gardens, with crumbling marble staircases smothered under roses, as on a stage curtain. His pretended fevers of the flesh, chanted in liturgical style, were very much in the current mode: Tristan Corbière having indited his *Litanies du sommeil*, Louis Denise his *Litanies du silence*, Dubus his *Litanies de l'amante*, not to speak of Iwan Gilkins' Litanies in *La Nuit* and Baudelaire's *Hymn to Satan*. It is in this style that Samain conceived his hymn to Lust, in which he invokes *Luxure* (*"O très occulte, O très profonde!"*) as a purple star in the sad sky of the world, as a black idol, an immortal empress, a leper of gold, and as

> *Appétit du péché mortel, et soif et faim.*
> *Goufre, soleil sans ombre et spirale sans fin.*

Léon Bocquet, in his book on Samain, remarks justly that this state of mind was purely intellectual. It is the fanciful toying of an aesthete, in which the poet attributes to himself, in dramatic wise, the Saturnalian appetites of an Heliogabalus or the ideal purity of Paradisaical loves. The Baudelaire cult of the time did indeed degenerate in some cases into an actual erotomania. It was the period of Huysmans' *A Rebours* and Jean Lorrain's *Monsieur de Phocas*. But Samain's Baudelairism, like his Parnassian impassivity, was pose, attitude, literary make-believe. These were but hieratic gestures copied from some ancient monument, imperial vestments borrowed from some museum of antiquities. The manner of Baudelaire, the manner of Hérédia, of Leconte de Lisle, of Mallarmé: these were masks half-consciously assumed by one who as yet knew not his own face. The real Samain was not at all so perverted and hard and bitter, so analytic and tragical; but rather simple and elegiac, gently sad and painfully sensitive.

And so we may follow in his work the gradual evolution from a

sumptuous and esoteric symbolism towards a greater simplicity of art, from far-sought images and elaborated diction towards a more natural manner of expression, from an over-curious introspection towards the broader feeling of life. It was less an evolution proper than the process of self-discovery; it was the process of putting off one disguise after another.

There is one poem in the *Jardin de l'Infante* in which Samain signalizes his conversion. He refers to the *fleurs du mal* which had bloomed in his disquieting dreams—

Fleurs suspectes, miroirs ténébreux, vices rares.

But now the poet's soul is weary of these unnatural stimulants, weary of his strange ceremonial parade, of the tinsel glitter of intellectual Vanity Fair; and he longs to come back home to the "white house," and to enter again into the truth of his own heart—

Et rentre enfin dans la vérité de ton coeur.

This may be our introduction to the true Samain, the poet of *Le Chariot d'or*. Most of all does he reveal himself in the Elegies included in this volume, poems of a seductive tenderness and delicacy, the flowering growth of sincerity and heart-felt emotion. Here we have no longer the acrobatic performance of a clever "intellectual," the restless search for psychological rarities, but the unaffected voice of desire and resignation, the sincere utterance of the passion of love.

III

This love is at once a genuine personal sentiment and a symptom of the times. It is (if the reader will forgive us for speaking so of the sacred passion in the dialect of the decade) of those "aesthetic 'nineties" that echo still in so many sonnets. It is at the same time languid and passionate, of the flesh and of the spirit; and it is always, what the poet calls it himself, a twilight love, "*un amour de crépuscule.*"

This is not the love of a Byron or a Hugo, stormy, rebellious, imperious. It is all made up of dreamy longing, of melancholy contemplation, of echoes faintly reverberating in the chambers of

the soul. The poet is on his knees before the memory of his love as before a casket of treasured jewels—

Ton souvenir est comme un coffret de reliques
Ou dorment des joyaux d'amour mélancholiques.

He looks forward to the intimate communion of love as an occasion for uttering the unappeasable sadness of his soul—

Je ne te dirai rien, sinon que je suis triste. . . .
Telle une fleur qu'on coupe et qui douce à souffrir
Ne sait rien qu'exhaler ses parfums et mourir.

The thought of death is forever in his mind; and the lover, in the act of gazing into the eyes of his loved one, is seized with the desire to carry her off, so living, into death.

The desire for death reflects both the physical exhaustion of the sick man and the mystical exaltation of the lover. Like Keats, Samain had always been "half in love with easeful death." In his sensitiveness to beauty and to pain, he had always felt in his anguished heart an indefinable and mortal sweetness—

Je ne sais quoi de doux, qui voudrait bien mourir.

His fevered senses and imagination made him seek in love for those melting raptures in which all sensation is dissolved in a kind of sentient unconsciousness. He dreams of whispering the secrets of love

Avec une langueur si tendre et si profonde
Qu'en la sentant sur toi, ta chair, toute, se fonde.

He dreams of tranced silences, of words spoken in a feverish languor, words that die upon the lips, and that cause the eyes to close in ecstasy—

Tout l'espace languit de fièvres.
Du fond des coeurs mystérieux
S'en viennent mourir sur les lèvres
Des mots qui font fermer les yeux.

We are familiar with this in English,—in English poetry, still more in English painting. We know well these closed eyes of the "Blessèd Beatrice." We are not so well accustomed to the appearance of a prayerful or religious spirit in the full panoply of sensuous appeal. We may be used to the floating perfume of

La Robe, which plays so large a part in evoking the reveries of the Parisian poet, though it would be hard to name an English poet in whom this perfume so heavily weights the atmosphere. As for *La Jupe*, we know it not; we have not known it since the Augustan days, when the eternal Petticoat played its whimsical part in eclogue and mock-heroic. We are not ready to have signalized too explicitly in verse the part the senses play in the tender sentiment. We do not like to have so much made of the "warm shivers," to have the heavens themselves conceived as full of love like a vapor generated from a woman's scented dress. The Platonism of Shelley does not seem to us indelicate. But we are inclined to question, not indeed the truth, but the delicacy, of the way the French poet turns from the individual woman to Woman Herself, "lake profound, lure or trap, what matters it?" and dwells upon that delicious sob which rolls from the depths of Man towards Woman's Eyes,—

> . . . *cet éternal sanglot délicieux*
> *Qui roule du profond de l'homme vers tes yeux.*

What we do find natural to our race-feeling, in these latter days, is the conception of love in terms of religion, of a lover on his knees before the loved one's eyes, or exhaling all his heart like a censer, of the voices of lovers "rising, pure in the shade, like prayers." Such a mystical feeling of love, common enough in mediaeval poetry, has had its beautiful rebirth in the poems of Rossetti, not to mention other poets English and French. It is the special combination of the mystical and the carnal, by which the French poet can sing of his lady's "angelic flesh" or of a "sensual and pensive kiss," which makes us pause where we never blink at the loves of the Pre-Raphaelites.

IV

There is one conceit of the French lover which suggests the imagery of the Pre-Raphaelites at the same time that its modish prettiness makes it incompatible with the spirit of breathless awe which pervades their writing. He loves to think of his soul as a pale lily worn by his mistress in her corsage: not less than twice he

makes this comparison so suggestive of the Parisian genius for personal adornment:

Mon âme—comme un lys!—passée à ta ceinture.

One recognizes the symbolist origin of this image, albeit applied with so much of the conscious sense for costume. Samain reflects in his imagery the poetic fashions of his time, and particularly the reader notes the recurrence of the favorite symbols of the Urn, the Swan, the Enchanted Lake, and, in various connections, the Lily.

The new rhetoric is also to be felt in the lavish use of adjectives of vague and suggestive feeling,—"infinite," "divine," "sublime," "unspeakable," "ineffable." It is by reaction from the hard objectivity of the Parnassians that the poets of that day, wishing to render the life of the soul rather than that of the eyes, indulge so freely in terms purely suggestive in import. This subjective, or, as we loosely say, impressionistic, character is felt in all the landscapes of Samain. He seldom gives us precise details of scenery, an exact notation of what he sees. More often he refers, in general terms, to what he smells, that being the more vaguely and yet poignantly evocative of the senses. And still more often he tells us what he *feels*, giving us the general sense of the emotion of a sunset or a warm summer evening, generally by means of some comparison. A pale autumn is bleeding at the end of the avenue, or the evening is as tender as a woman's face. He has indeed a remarkable faculty for calling up the heavy, fragrant, dreamy atmosphere of summer nights, in which soul and sense yield themselves to the seductions of languorous beauty. But it is always the *general* impression that he renders. He is always inviting us to dreams, like Verlaine; it is always with him "the exquisite hour"; but he never gives us a picture so fine and precise as that of Verlaine in his most exquisitely evocative studies—

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure. . . .
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Samain has not enriched poetry, like his friend Francis Jammes or his contemporary Tristan Corbière, by the introduction of new material from nature, manners, the life of the street. His flora is confined to the roses and lilies long sacred to poetic art. His landscapes are lovely but traditional; his acquaintance with nature is apparently limited to the parks and boulevards of Paris; it is there that he finds his swans and moonlit lakes, his avenues of lindens and his bleeding sunsets. The atmosphere of Paris he does evoke with most persuasive and insinuating potency,—Paris in spring at the blossoming of the chestnuts, Paris at grey dusk or wrapped in the pensiveness of autumn mist, above all Paris late at night in spring or summer, the deserted quays, the languid swirling water, the soul of flowers abroad, the shadowy masses of foliage, the trees shivering in the warm currents of air.

Thoroughly Parisian is the delicate grace, the refinement of taste, with which this poet sets his scene and arranges his effects. There is never a harsh or jarring note in his picture or in his song. He paints in water colors, and his sentiment is always at home in an arrangement of blue and silver and rose and mauve. These delicious colors find their counterpart in the charmingly modulated harmonies of the verse. Samain is very scrupulous in matters of technique, conservative and even conventional in his handling of the Alexandrine or of slighter forms, of the sonnet or the couplet or the quatrain. This gives him a peculiar facility in the many poems in which he revives the spirit of Watteau or Fragonard, delicate and finished painters as exquisite and fragile as a butterfly's wing. When he calls up the spirit of old Versailles, "*cet air vieille France*," or when, in slight and graceful verse, he sings of the Fortunate Isle, or renders, as to some faint-voiced ancient instrument, an Arpeggio or an Invitation to Cythera, he displays the art of a painter of fans for queens who play at being shepherdesses.

In such poems he shows a delicate sensuousness not merely Parisian but distinctly feminine. He had a woman's love of perfumes and flowers. "*Quand je me sens devenir pessimiste*," he said, "*je regarde une rose*." He took a voluptuous pleasure in watered silks of changing hue, in the changing lights of rare stones, in finely wrought jewels and filmy lace; and long hours he dreamed

away under the spell of music. Verlaine had preceded him with his *Fêtes Galantes*, moving in the same atmosphere of playful sensuousness of the French painters of the old régime. The imagination of Samain responded to the glamor of those times of artificial refinement, mannered politeness and sentiment, with a tinge of smiling cynicism, and the somewhat dilettante enjoyment of a life scented with all that was delicate and voluptuous. Life seemed a bark laden with flowers and silks, gliding over cool waters towards Cythera, island of luminous and ideal pleasures—

Les gondoles sont là, fragiles et cambrées
Sur l'eau dormeuse et sourde aux enlacis mourants,
Les gondoles qui font, de roses encombrées,
Pleurer leurs rames d'or sur les flots odorants.

It is in such an atmosphere that Samain can breathe his songs of ethereal sentiment almost too frail for words. Some of his verses are as delicate as the pollen powdering over the velvet whiteness of water-lilies which one is fearful lest even a wind should stir. Such is the whole of the poem entitled *Keepsake*, from which we can find room for only the concluding lines:

Dans un parfum d'héliotrope diaphane
Elle mourait, fixant les voiles sur la mer,
Elle mourait parmi l'automne . . . vers l'hiver. . . .
Et c'était comme une musique qui se fane. . . .

We are solicited by a wealth of verses by Samain of the same frail, dewy, crystalline expression. His feminine nature made him most happy in these trembling, indecisive, softly undulating rhythms. As he writes of himself,

J'adore l'indécis, les sons, les couleurs frêles,
Tout ce qui tremble, ondule, et frissonne, et chatoie,
Les cheveux et les yeux, l'eau, les feuilles, la soie,
Et la spiritualité des formes grêles.

And in his Notes we find him writing: "I dream now of composing little things, light and exquisite, made of nothing and deliciously suggestive, like certain slight Chinese poems. They ought to be fragile and precious as porcelain, like tiny porcelain cups, from which one drinks a drop of concentrated tea, whose fragrance lingers for hours."

The classic evocations, *Aux Flancs du vase* and the poetic drama, *Polyphème*, represent the later craving of Samain for clearness and simplicity. These are not done, however, in the manner of Leconte de Lisle and the Parnassians, who painted the Greek life coolly and with exclusive attention to its picturesque possibilities. In *Polyphème* we fancy we hear the voice of the poet himself in the complaints of the unfavored lover, so touching and personal is the note. And it is with something like emotion that, in *Aux Flancs du vase*, he presents the primitive shepherds,—these sweet dreamers of clear idylls, sitting beside opal seas in the shimmer of diluted sunlight, their white figures harmonious in the calm blue of luminous skies and strands. And these scenes from ancient life are traced with a draughtsmanship and a sentiment as modern, and as unmistakably Parisian, as the paintings of Le Sidaner or the etchings of Legros.

V

But it is natural that Samain should be most prized for those Elegies in which the same refined taste is employed in the declaration of his most intimate and tender feeling. Sometimes, in reading his more personal verse, we feel ourselves in the intimacy of a quiet room, amid the uproar of a great city,—a quiet room with greyish walls, where something lingers like a pang of regret for joys that have died, white roses withering in silver bowls, and the air heavy with strange dissolving odors. And the evening is holy and sweet as the smile of a dying child,—seen through the open window, the pearl-grey and purple evening, tranced in dream. And the whispering poetry of Samain is as the voices of bells falling like rose-petals, frail and rosy white—like the sweet plaint of far bells in the mellow twilight of our seclusion.

His place is not among the builders of powerful and monumental art, but among the most refined of the minor poets, such as Max Elskamp, Georges Rodenbach, who gave expression to an exquisite and finely discriminating sense of life rather than to any large-visioned and forceful interpretation. Read the whispering songs of Samain along with the sonorous, bronze-hammered declamation of Verhaeren, and you will have a vivid

realization of the difference between the passive and the active manner of taking life. Samain himself felt it. "Certain wild, dishevelled and splendid geniuses are like torches shaken in the wind, full of dazzling magnificence and tragical glory; and with our admiration for them is always mingled some degree of uneasiness and dismay. Others burn like beautiful lamps, with sweet and equal light; one feels about them a certain quiet intimacy, and one loves them perhaps the better for it." An artist betrays himself in his preferences as well as in his own performance. And Samain reveals his own nature when he indicates his preference for the simpler poets whose work contains a more quiet and perhaps more minute delineation of tender feeling. He too was a soul burning "like a beautiful lamp, with sweet and equal light."

The poet's body, his physiological make-up, may be regarded as, what Nietzsche called it, his "larger Ego,"—as the ground from which of necessity such and such an art, such and such feelings and ideas, must be produced. Samain, who was of feeble constitution, and who died of tuberculosis, was the very incarnation of the pathetic tenderness and weary resignation of his poems. The realization that he was dying awoke in him no intellectual storms as in Pascal, no such insurgency as in his contemporary, the rare and ironical Jules Laforgue. He never fought—he bowed his neck. The fear of death mellowed in him to melancholy. He seems to be sinking in deep and dark waters, with meek and submissive, though reluctant, consent to the unavoidable. Slowly there grew in him an all-embracing, but inactive, pity for those who suffer,—trampled beneath the feet of the struggling mob, worn out with anguish of body and mind. He considered himself a brother to all those who had to drink the same bitter wine from the same dark cup. "I do not know," he wrote, "if it is related to some morbid tendency of my mind, but never have I felt more profoundly the misery of the world and the social barbarities; I have never felt more sharp in me the spirit of humane compassion. In certain hours of meditation, the obsession grows so strong that I feel it in my heart like the stab of a knife. . . . At such times the flood rises, rises, covers me, drowns me. By all human brutalities at once I feel myself wounded, and I have a craving to escape from life, somewhere,

anywhere. And I am haunted by Death. And then I consider above all that it is perhaps against something deaf, blind and dark that I rebel, against a machine or an element. . . ."

His songs of autumn and of evening are the breath of his own timid life, his reticence and self-denial, of his nature, compassionate and shy, craving love, and haunted with melancholy forebodings. One feels in them a kind of brooding tension, a something sickly and over-tired. Death and Pain were two unbidden guests sitting often at his table, with deep eyes of despair, and with that quiet melancholy smile which is an omen of decay. Out of his very being grew these songs, these whispered songs, which touch us with the emotion of a mauve and violet twilight. Fluid, shivering, melting verses, wherein weeps some half-uttered sentiment delicately impassioned: suave as the fall of petals on silvery water in the evening, words that do not weigh, but lightly graze the surface of emotion, words that sigh and sob and then die away in the silence of resignation.

Gustave van Roosbroeck
and
Joseph Warren Beach.

VENETIAN SKETCHES

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

I.—NARDO

SCRATCHED on the wall of an old prison, in Venetian dialect, is a legend to this effect:

> From the man I trust, may God defend me!
> From the man I trust not, I will defend myself.

This is your Venetian! Giovanni or Pietro might have said it, or almost any one of our friends among the people. As for Nardo, it is the very keynote of his character.

Nardo was the guardian and ruling spirit of the house on the Grand Canal for which we exchanged the Giudecca Palace in the early autumn. For thirty-five years he had been a servant in the house, and if at the time when we took possession he assumed a very grand air of proprietorship, it was only because after so many years of faithful service he had come to identify himself with his absent patron; and he bore his responsibilities with a sense of dignity that was entirely becoming to so scrupulous a conscience as his. In those thirty-five years Nardo had been married and lost his wife and raised up a family of useful citizens—school-teachers and dressmakers and a soldier of the army—all of them healthy and good to look upon; and Nardo's wages had never exceeded ten dollars a month. He himself had waxed strong in self-respect and independence, while he remained a simple and respectful servant. He had that about him which made it inevitable that one's relation with him should develop a common understanding and even friendship. He was not one of those dashingly handsome Italians to whose charms certain foreign ladies have been over-susceptible. Giovanni, the gondolier, was one of those—a very prince among them, it would seem, to judge from his superb looks and manners and from the stories one

hears about his sojourn in England in the service of a noble lady, where he guided her gondola on the Thames and whence he returned enriched with houses and lands. Nardo was of a different species. Inclined to baldness and stoutness, he wore a ruddy complexion on his round hearty face and a reddish moustache turning to white. His manner was cordial and responsive; but compared with the suavity of Giovanni, his impetuous affability was almost brusque. He had not spared his vocal cords in the service of a deaf patron, until now the native softness of his voice was quite destroyed. He had a smile for everyone who met with his approval; and for others—among whom was De Angelis, the painter—a cold correctness of demeanor.

"I can do almost anything," Nardo said one day in a mood of confidential frankness. "I am a cook and a gondolier and a gardener. I can do the marketing and keep the accounts and plan the menus and prepare the table and serve the meals and make the fires and clean and decorate the house. I am an expert packer and mender of glass and china. I am something of a carpenter and a mason—I built an artificial wall to hide the contents of this house from the approaching invader—and—well, I can turn my hand to almost anything. But there is one thing I cannot do. I cannot learn to speak a foreign language."

Nardo's efforts to say "doughnuts" and "pudding" were proof enough of this last contention. But for the rest, he was over-modest. To see him standing erect in his broad shirt-front and black suit, bending his ear to orders and assenting with quick little nods of his head, was to have revealed to the eyes the quality of an understanding mind, at once versatile and disciplined. He ought to have added among his accomplishments the ability to assist the parish priest in the functions of the church of Santa Maria Zobenigo, where he carried on his devotions with so little interference with practical affairs that for many weeks we had no knowledge of his church-going habit. He ought also to have added his quality of stewardship. The tiniest silver box might not disappear from a table loaded with silver objects without Nardo's being aware of its absence and watchful for its return. When the treasures of the house were dragged from their hiding places behind the artificial wall, a

certain vase failed to make its appearance. And Nardo "never slept a wink for nights" until he had found it packed safely and securely inside an oven.

Above all, he should have added his uncanny faculty for being in at least two places at the same time. The ubiquity of Nardo is a mystery that has never been explained. He was always at hand at any moment to open the water-gate and help us out of launch or gondola, to answer the door-bell or telephone, to show people in or usher them away, to serve afternoon tea, to bring coffee to visitors at whatever hour. Yet he was out of the house at the same time, doing the marketing, carrying notes or messages, or crossing to the Giudecca garden—that wonderful Eden Garden of flowers and fruits which belonged to the proprietor of the house. All winter long our rooms were filled with flowers brought over at some unknown hour and arranged by Nardo's skilful hands. He brought us the papers and told us what was happening in the Piazza. He set out our candles at night, though for him there seemed to be no such thing as bedtime, for he was up until all possible hours at night and rose at the most impossible hours in the morning. There is no doubt that Nardo, with his power of management, got the best of service from the two little maids and from the two sailors in their off-duty hours. But all these other things he did himself, and one never called upon him for anything in vain. He had time for everything, and unlimited resources. One might order dinner for three, and change it at the last minute to seven. Despite the limitations of rations and food tickets, there was always enough of something. Yet there was never waste; for among all his qualities his most outstanding virtue was thrift. Hunger and poverty were among the enemies he distrusted; therefore he sought, with wise forethought, to defend himself and us against them.

The house over which Nardo held such a magical sway was like other Venice houses. It was not built around a court like the more beautiful palaces, and at some time in the growth of this crowded quarter it had been denuded of its garden. The broad hall with its black and shining pavement extends through the house from the water-entrance, where the steps drop down into

the canal, to the door that opens on the street. The steps are one or many according to the tide, and all but the highest are covered with oozy green sea-moss. The so-called street on the opposite side of the house—in reality a narrow walk along the foundations of a small canal—approaches under a low arcade formed by the heavy beams and square wooden pillars that support the overhanging floor. In the lower hall, lighted by high barred windows, the family gondolas are kept—the black carved winter cabins, the summer awnings, the cushions, the ebony chairs, and bridges for crossing dry-shod over the wet steps. Here in former days the walls were hung with gilded lanterns for the gondolas and with arms and armor—helmets and cuirasses, swords and scimitars with polished blades, and halberds with crimson velvet shafts. It was bare and empty now, except for a clump of spreading palms in the centre of the floor, placed there by Nardo as if to confront the god of war with a glimpse of festivals and gala-days.

A short stairway leads to the low-ceilinged *mezzanino* where we had our winter quarters. Above that is the *piano nobile*, of such proportions as to suggest a life of courtly ceremonies; above that the kitchen and the servants' quarters.

Our rooms, stretching along the front of the house and opening their large sun-flooded windows on the Grand Canal, were full of life and light and movement. "Allegro" was the word that sprang to one's lips at the sight of the pink walls, adorned with white scrolls of stucco on which perched painted birds of bright-colored plumage. Over the table in the dining-room Endymion lay asleep under the protecting care of the lunar goddess. In the *salottino*, at once cozy and fantastic, a gold-framed mirror and low marble console filled the space between the windows. Beside the painted mantle-shelf moulded into curves was a deep recess, perhaps once an oratory, now full of plates and bowls and candelabra of ancient porcelain. Two gold-framed mirrors mounted on swinging doors projected from opposing walls and, leaving an open space between them, cut off an ante-room over whose raised floor a dim fresco of the Entombment faded into obscurity above the sheen of mirrors and the arabesques of walls and ceiling. A soft green carpet covering the mosaic floor of the room toned with the hangings of silk damask, while a black

fur rug before the hearth served to accentuate the tiny fireplace and make it dominate the whole.

In the quiet hour before dinner one November day, soon after the armistice, the Delegate sat beside the writing table of the *salottino*, while Nardo was moving about in the next room, coming in and out with his light tripping step to arrange the lights and encourage the fire, and lingering by the door now and again as if hoping to be drawn into conversation. I was curled up in the corner of the deep divan near the centre of the room.

"Have you something to say, Nardo?" I asked at length, dropping my paper.

"At your convenience, Signora. I beg of you! At your convenience. I wanted to ask a favor. I know people are always asking favors of the Signora, and my request can wait." Motioning to him that we would avoid disturbing the Delegate, I rose and passed into the dining-room where the table was already spread with its flowing cloth and set with the Nova plates and Venetian glass and old English silver of our far-distant hostess. Nardo placed a chair for me within the narrow radius of heat about the porcelain stove in the corner near the book-shelves, and standing with his hands clasped before him, lifting and lowering them for emphasis, he told me about his mother.

For a year she had been at the mercy of the invader, up near Sacile, in the conquered Veneto. And Nardo, knowing about her and waiting and hoping, had been storing away bits of food from time to time, dividing his own rations, and buying what he could find to prepare a store of provisions against the day of deliverance; and now he asked for permission to go to her with his little horde. Terrible details had reached him as the people had come down in search of food and medicine in the days since the liberation. His mother had lived through it all and had borne it, they told him, with a stout heart. But his wisdom was justified. He had not trusted to prayers alone. And his savings would be manna from heaven.

"The people have been given starvation allowances," he told me. "One good woman, my mother's friend, appealed to an Austrian officer for a little more than the regulation allowed for her children; and the officer looked at her card and said

to her: 'You've been stealing.' 'Stealing!' she exclaimed. 'Then why should I come to you? I have had nothing but what my card allows. And my children—' 'I know you've been stealing,' he replied, 'because you would be dead, otherwise. Nobody could live on what your card allows. You've been stealing, and now you're lying. Go!'

"Oh!" murmured Nardo, "God will punish the offenders. But the poor victims! What will make it up to them? Oh, there must never, never be another war! And all this time, while the people were living on bits of meal, their stores were seized, their cows and oxen and horses were stolen, and whatever the army of occupation could not consume was transported into Germany and Austria. Their farming implements are gone. How can they begin life again with nothing? Ah! It takes the heart out of one."

It was easy to grant his request and to promise him a new gown for his mother and some flour and lard from the Red Cross stores. Then I went on through the house to my own corner room and turned on the light.

The shutters were closed, a copper pitcher of hot water stood on the washstand, lace-edged towels of soft white linen hung on the wooden rack, the books and paper on my table had been put in order; it was all clean and comely. Yet as I looked about, a sense of oppression came over me. What right had anyone to comforts and luxuries like these? In the war-zone they seemed incongruous. Here was this room; the white cross-beams of the ceiling glistened in the light; a gold and white bed, large and low and covered with Sardinian filet, stood upon the soft red carpet. A dark wardrobe, deeply carved, rose up against the wall beside the window which I should open later to look down past the Church of the Salute to the waters that open out into the Great Basin. In front of this window a white and gold dressing-table of curious design spread out its top behind the mirror like a great open sea-shell. Hand-carved and inlaid cabinets lined the opposite wall, interspersed with books and pictures. The marble mantle rested on corbels sculptured into the forms of smiling children.

I sat down beside them on a straight white chair and shivered,

thinking of Nardo's stories. And my mind wandered back to the days of the June offensive, when I had shared greater dangers and been closer to the suffering and the hardship. Again I was up there on the straight, hot road that led to the fighting line. I was dashing along in a camion among the shell holes and the heaps of clothing, where the battle had just been raging, meeting the death squads with their pickaxes and seeing them at their work, and passing the long line of ambulances that brought the wounded back. Again I stood in the cream-colored villa, shaded by eucalyptus trees, where the camions were driving in through the avenue under cool foliage and stopping by the garden entrance to deposit their loads of human wreckage. The pavement of the broad hall that ran through the villa was crowded with stretchers. There was scarcely room enough to pass between them in order to carry the hot milk for which the men were famishing. From the walls, covered to the ceiling with replicas of Greek and Roman sculpture, the helpless gods looked down on us while we worked, and the odor of antiseptics hung heavy among the frescoes and carved-wood mouldings.

They were brought in by the hundreds every day—silent, tired, exhausted men. I had never known before what exhaustion meant. We were too far behind the lines to see the battle vim—the arditi advancing with bombs in both hands and a knife between their teeth. But we saw something of the racial gentleness toward suffering, which is like their sympathy for children. "Shall I give your coffee to these German prisoners?" asked a young Italian doctor. "Ah, yes!" he answered his own question; "they are wounded, and a wounded man is never an enemy."

Ah! Here in this house I was too protected and too far away. Yet, no! For in this very house the wife and children of Nazario Sauro, the martyred hero, had waited while he performed his forty exploits on the sea and under the sea, and it had not protected them from the blow that fell. Here they had bidden him their last farewell; here the news had reached them of his capture and execution, and that last letter in which he said: "Teach my sons that I was first of all an Italian, and after that a father, a husband, and a citizen." I was to see later the monument raised to him at Pola by Admiral Cagni—a simple column from the

Roman ruins crossed by another shaft of ancient marble, standing on the grass in the shadow of the frowning, massive Austrian prison where he was tried and condemned. And I was to learn later the story of his mother's heroism; of how, when summoned from their home in Capo d'Istria in order to wrest from her the proof of his identity which he had not betrayed, she steadfastly refused to give a sign of recognition, declaring that she had never seen the man. And when a serving woman, thinking to trip her, had whispered privately, "They will put that man to death at sunrise," "God rest his soul, whoever he may be," she answered without flinching. "To me he is a stranger."

No, this house had not saved Sauro's wife and children, but, none the less, they had been protected here from the actual ravages of war. How different would have been their tragedy if the invader had entered their home and driven them out, or robbed them, if nothing worse, of all those objects of tender association that make up the visible ties of a common life! Sister Annetta's family, for example. The father was dead, and the mother and four children—his memory might have blessed them in their little farmhouse. But they were uprooted and cast out upon the winds. The clothing we had sent them yesterday would cover their bodies for a time. And what then?

Dinner was ready to be served. I plunged my hands and face into the hot water and went back into the dining-room. Margherita, whose rooms were on the floor above, took her place between us. She brought the Delegate a telegram that had come by airship from Trieste, and we discussed plans for sending them hospital supplies on the morning boat. We talked of many half-finished projects, and we laughed and told anecdotes; and if Nardo could not speak a foreign language, the frequent smile on his face showed that he could understand one dangerously well! And after dinner the Delegate walked to the warehouse, where he and his lieutenant worked to a late hour loading the supplies onto a boat that was to start for Trieste at daybreak, while Nardo prepared a package of food for the Delegate, who was to go with them, and Margherita stood over the telephone arranging for his passage on a torpedo boat.

It was Nardo who called him before daylight, and gave him

his breakfast of coffee and toast, and saw to it that he had all he needed for the cold voyage. And when the little launch had dashed away from the doorstep across the dark water, Nardo slipped away to early Mass and returned in time for his regular duties.

A few hours later he showed me a letter from his daughters who were begging to be allowed to return to Venice. If they could find employment, it would be permitted by the authorities. What did I think?

"Tell them to remain in Rome, Nardo, till things are readjusted here," and I gave him my reasons.

"The Signora is right," he answered. "I will tell them that we must not think of what we want. Our desires must not count. We must think of what is best for Venice."

That afternoon he set out on his journey to his mother.

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER.

ALIEN MAGIC

BY W. B. DRAYTON HENDERSON

APPARENTLY it is the law that whatever continues entirely without doubt may easily come to continue without belief also. Domestic magic stands as an example. It is firm beyond disparagement, being compact of all manner of tender mystery. Fire-light, and stair rails worn to the hands, and the look of morning and night from windows go to make it up; also the adventurousness of some hallways, rugs that seem bent on sliding into Arabian Nights journeys, and stable rugs that rest content in the memory of bold accomplishment, such as Kurds or Bokharas. Yet sometimes this domestic magic suffers for its constancy. In the winter of the eyes it lies a thin and pallid shadow that was once ardent with free or arrested light from its edges to its centre. And yet we know—in a sense we know—that it is shot through with glory; sure, but for our "averted faces," that "the many splendored thing" remains, and "the drift of pinions would we hearken, beats at our own clay-shuttered doors." But who is, after all, to better this—give strength to hands and fingers against all that clay stoppage, untwist that perverse neck, and blow mote and beam out of unseeing eyes?

It is here that Alien Magic stands for a recovery. It has an ethereal wind somewhere, sprung to earth anew from some august vocation among the stars, that would blow scales from the eyes were they as heavy as Lybra; mountain-cabbage palm or regal cotton-tree, boled columnar for such practice of disused muscle as would lead to the overthrow of all Philistia. And it has more, being not only the complement of the unwandering magic, but a system in itself, a kingdom of its own.

Status there is predetermined. So Stella Benson states in her last guide into one of its secret provinces, *Living Alone*. "All witches and wizards are born strangely and die violently. They are descended always from old mysterious breeds, from women

who wrought domestic magic and perished for its sake, and from men who wrought other magic among lost causes and wars without gain, and fell and died, still surprised, still interested with their faces among flowers." But it does not appear that fortune favors always as she says. During the war they did indeed die—with flowers that shared their last interest, Flanders poppies; poppies again by Afion-kara-hissar where they dragged themselves after the bitterness of Kut, or wild geraniums about Gaza and the field of Ascalon. But that was an exception, and its real truth hardly glimpsed as yet. There is a rumor that the general conduct is otherwise. They may fall, more likely among fallen tiare blossoms, or edelweiss, or in the shadow of that cascading Himalayan orchid, than amid the ordered gentleness of a nasturtium bed. But they need not die. Before Maundeville it was whispered that they were immortal.

One circumstance about them is, however, surer than this. They may be predetermined for the kingdom and live in it forever. But they do not blunder into it. They must know the ceremony of the sea. Perhaps it is not necessary that, having known, they should tell. But there is doubt if they can do otherwise: so much so that your sailor man who ships you and in twenty or thirty words or even sentences is at an end of the voyage, becomes at once suspect as to his authenticity. Such cannot be trusted to traffic in the least evanescent of the impalpable cargoes of Alien Magic. For the sea is their safeguard, and the first great way to their discovery. It is the beginning of the end of the old, and the forecourt, if not the very holiest place, of the new. Like sleep it knits up the ravelled sleeve of care. But first it may unravel, before it begins with dextrous fingers to reweave a new pattern. If it is given no chance to do this, if you try to reach the Siege Perilous by mere circumvention or neglect of the perils, you might as well bide at home. You will but pass over it to perpetrate some old sin of Rousseauism in some virgin land. Our countrymen have too often done this that it should be condoned. They continue to do it, and we have the latest American wanderer satisfying the national egoism once again by discovering after easy vigils that the great meaning of the wilderness is Ourselves. With a swarter sea he would have been weaned of

this curiosity; or with any touch of open sea at all. For the sea does not need to batter to pieces all remembered nights and days, as it so often does: meeting you head on at the very hands of your port of sail with battalions of moving hills, smoking summits, and unstable valleys of fear, setting cold unrest at work at the hollowing foundations of all your old delight, and sweeping from your last grasp even the immemorial peace of the settled stars. It can woo you into the kingdom as well, and heal you with waters smoother than Damascus'. I have seen it prepare an ordeal in the midst of calm; stretch arms of wonder almost to the very slip, and at the harbor's mouth, in exchange for the acrid contention of docks and the bewildering weight of heat sluiced down glittering gutters of dim mountains, raise up suddenly a loveliness that was rending and intolerable to leave. In its ordinary mood that island appealed as the most beautiful island in the world to the Tomlinson who gave up his soul in *The Sea and the Jungle* rich with every gift of Alien Magic. But this was no ordinary mood. The sea spread ecstatic sapphire to a shore of misty gold. Above were mountains steeped in purple shadows, and on the mountain top, tiptoe, in a fulgent vesture of cloud from the looms of the Trades, stood jocund day. The suddenness smote like an accolade. To see the beauty was to travel onward changed, if onward at all.

Whether accomplished by battery or by lure there is always this result, and the change is a new consciousness of the world. They begin to know their island when they begin to know beyond it. Also they begin to value its gardens when they have weeded spindrift from sea pastures, and its safety and reason when they have met unreason at flood and have recovered. For three years and more even the casual type of voyager might know this last, were it in no more than a smother of phosphoric wave, say off Bordeaux or Brest, making a beacon of his ship in an innocent sea where every wavehead seemed to hold a candle to disaster. But in general it is removed from the casual. He gives not so much as his eyes to ways when they grow perilous, and lies indifferent to disastrous or propitious stars, Ena and Algena even, marking in some lonely skies a sure entrance into desire. It is reserved for stouter hearts and for curious, perhaps even childlike

eyes. Only these are constantly open to the twofold craft of the sea, the simple animistic fancies it stirs up by its profuse strength, the need for definite and familiar things which it inflames by leaving it long unsatisfied. Only they can really conceive its magic. Possessed of them, you need not press beyond the Roaring Forties to know the first mystery. With the sea silent and marching under wind like a ruffling flag, you may still see the "filmy shapes of those things which darken the minds of the primitives," and perhaps you may be afraid. If you voyage further, you will see and feel more. Then, say in the Sixties, North or South, if you enter upon a realm long ago known to be populous with powers hostile to the constancy of man's mind, you begin to wonder what sense of law we should have learned had these been our teachers. Man is an intruder in that world. The natural forces at work are less mindful of him than are remotest mountains. His utmost effort is futile against them, and his senses daze beneath the play of their unrealities. Adventuring there is a desperation of the mind, as adventuring among Alps is a desperation of the body. Strange and multiple suns mock him, and the one he has learned to trust for so much regularity he may see rise and set and rise again in fewer minutes than it ordinarily takes hours. Shining cliffs of immense ice rise before him where no cliffs are, tender leads of open water invite where are only swart leagues of compacted floes, and over all the long Arctic night comes down, a bewildering half darkness that casts no shadows and forewarns of no pitfall or stumbling-block to those who trust it. Sir Ernest Shackleton records all this in his *South*, and also the effect of it upon men's minds, the fantastic shapes of snow and ice they come to see, hostile guardians of safety or of further danger. "People living under civilized conditions, surrounded by all the familiar work of their own hands, may scarcely realize how quickly the mind, influenced by the eyes, responds to the unusual and weaves about it curious imaginings, like the firelight fancies of our childhood days." Escape inevitably takes the name of deliverance. Safety is miraculous and golden—if it comes. So it was long ago with Hakluyt's men also. "Troubled with danger and continual fear of death," they found their exit at last to be a wonderful provision of God for

their necessities, and a benefit of "time" who, in the quaint humor of the narrative, "had made them more cunning and wise to seek strange remedies for strange kinds of dangers."

The gift of reverence is here very plainly acknowledged. It is a great gift. Along with it, however, must be noticed another. This is that benefit of time, doubtless a new device or set of sail, jib, flying-jib or the like, and the very practical magic of being able (as previously they had not been able) to work against the wind. With this is advanced, although humbly, the triumphing spirit of man. Shackleton's epic advances it even more dramatically, in scenes that the cosmic humor may well like to brood upon. The mote of vital dust is indifferent to the whirlwind; then it strokes the mane of the whirlwind and calls it good. In the midst of five days of unending storm breaking upon their open boat, one splendid pirate buys matches from his equally splendid chief at the rate of one bottle of champagne per match, to be paid (paradisal faith!) when he should open a possible "pub" in the then most improbable future. There grows meanwhile a serene impersonal delight in the beauty of those enemies of delight: "drifting across the storm-whitened seas and watching with eyes interested rather than apprehensive (as their forbears' were 'still surprised, still interested') the uprearing masses of water flung to and fro by nature in the pride of her strength."

It will be remembered that after this, Shackleton and two others adventured for thirty-six hours over impassable mountains, glaciers and cliffs of immense ice. Mountains have their gift of magic at any time. In the Alps, even, beneath which men passed before Hannibal, and have adventured among them from Saussure, feeling himself lifted into surviving safety above the ruin of the common world, to Nettleship certain that death does not count, or the last of those other climbing British brought home beneath the square peace of the little church at Zermatt, men have received from them the gift of vision. But South Georgia was stranger. And the record, sustained independently by all three who prevailed against its fastnesses, is that "it seemed to me often that we were four, not three"; . . . "things intangible, but a record of our journeys would be incomplete without reference to a subject very near to our hearts." When that was

ended they knew more themselves. They had "suffered, starved, and triumphed, grovelled down, yet grasped at glory . . . grown bigger in the bigness of the whole. . . . They had reached the naked soul of man."

The growth is in relation to wonders and perils, to knowledge also of the large zest of the earth and vitality of living things, the battering charge of killer whales smashing through tons of broad ice, the survival with immense scars, of seals that had almost been their prey. But also it is in relation to simple and common things which reveal their exquisite significance come upon from these ways. They reveal it, admittedly, come upon from ways other than terrible: as water, for instance, "sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring" heard in sudden court yards or unexpected forests; giving sudden tongue (as it once happened) from a hidden culvert between Tintern and Chepstow as it lept into the peacefulness of Wye. . . . But such appeals, sacred as they are, in comparison seem almost trivial. These ears ill with the crunching of polar seas, and eyes blind with spindrift and lips black with thirst, offered a completer receptivity. So when courage brought the seekers to land, and the divine chance that waits upon extreme need gave them a coign of cliff to shelter, and essential water flowed singing to their need, it was, as they said, "a splendid moment." There could be no other word for it.

Perhaps there must always be some harsh contrast that such a moment may arrive. Cloud must be riven that light may fall beneficent. Pontus must thunder and Colchis darken about the fleece of gold. There must be lands *domibus negata* and far from the genial sun to love laughing Lalage. But even we may imagine the rapture, coming upon quiet places and unexpected beauty. It has been heard of on the lower Fifth itself where in a modest window opposite the Drab Sibyl, butterflies, "volatile flames," of Borneo and Madagascar and Brazil have fluttered into stillness, *Attacus Atlas*, *Sapilio Blumei*, *Urania Croesus*, in soft browns and blue blacks as gorgeous as flame. Such are, however, but the relic of dreams: the transportable fragment of Alien Magic, and to know that, these dreams, like the harsher polar ones, must be followed home. They are easier to follow than Borean

Aurora—though it is doubtful if you could get 5000 volunteers in a month or so to follow them as Shackleton did to his cause of White Warfare. But they have an even longer darkness, the twilight of trees, where there are even more terrible forces at work that have stirred more men and stirred men more into an acute awareness of the "inexhaustible riches" of nature, and of man's integrated place in its general scheme than perhaps any other. They have opened up through their pathlessness innumerable paths into that informed pride and rapt humility which is the great gift of Alien Magic. They are the forces of the jungle.

The jungle is more approachable than the Poles. In tender moods it may seem even to invite men to rest upon its selvage. But in reality it is more hostile to man than anything on the Earth. It has the discrete personality of irreclaimable heath or moor through which the most that man can do is to make a path for his swift occasions. And in addition it has fierceness and venom as the mere by-products of its life. Mr. Tomlinson, to whose book I have already referred, has pictured it as no one else has done. His jungle is the greatest of all—Amazoniana, with its 30,000 miles of navigable waterways, a thousand miles and more from the sea rising or falling almost twice as many fathoms as "my father lies" at the dictates of remote Andean springs. It is a world that even fearfully reveals life. Its humus literally "stirs beneath your feet with the movement of spores and seeds." "Its free fecundity has buried the earth everywhere under a wild growth nearly 200 feet deep." He contemplates it from a viewpoint of accelerated time under whose very eyes these trees lift themselves up at summons of the sun, thwarting their less resolute kind, and lianas, writhing and constricting about them, "manifestly like serpents, throttle and eat their hosts." Others have felt this similarly, if not so keenly, seeing sycophant fig winding about stalwart cedars, and epiphyte cereus or wild pine or orchid in the gloom of their battle or embrace, and starring the gloom: Nature's last word after an endless duplication of effort; but that word music. The swift violence of life makes death a mere gesture of its change. In other jungles, more seasonably watered, it is hardly necessary to accelerate time to discern their swift growth. Witness that of the *Jungle Book* and the "white night"

in which Mowgli and all living things leap in the fervor of a Central Indian spring. "All green things seemed to have made a month's growth since the morning. The branch that was yellow leaved the day before dripped sap when Mowgli broke it." But there is more than a pleasant aspect to such lavish springs. They have desolations also. For the jungle is full of surprises. It yields a little, space or indulgence, and man celebrates a triumph. Then it descends upon him. It breathes out clouds of flying poisons from its swamps. It secretes a dread at his heart and persuades him of Powers of Darkness. So it is in Hudson's Patagonia. So in Malaya as Sir Hugh Clifford has made plain, evil takes place that does not cohere with light and has no fraternity with the sun. So in the Central Indian Highlands, in the days of Captain Forsyth's description, sal forests shed their seeds in millions, thus maintaining themselves against the blind destructiveness of Byga and Gond, and "the jungle, in terrible and unequal battle with the aborigines, vexes him with its immense and unremitting strength of vegetation and noxious wild beasts." ". . . Every now and then the heart of the Korku failed him, and he abandoned the contest." Hathi and Bagheera and Kaa and riotous creeping greenery occupy the field. Abler men have abandoned it elsewhere, with somewhat similar results, not counting those who abandoned it for the graveyards of Manaos,—whom Miss Eliot describes in her *Black Gold*,—or those of Mr. Tomlinson again, similarly circumstanced about Serpa or Port Velho. The drama of their going remains, so long as stone and stone cling together, accented by the proposed permanence of their stay. Sevilla d'Oro overcome (*on dit!*) by the unquenchable fire of "armies of innumerable ants," doubtless left such, tessellated pavements and carved marble and cathedral walls, for perhaps centuries. Boro Budur's carved hill temple in the elder world is islanded and hidden this millennium in a sea of leaves. As I write, comes a memorial of Prah Khan, in the heart of Cambodia, the floors and walls all but hidden blankly beneath vine and fern; gigantic fig blocking with columnar roots the great doorways and spreading vast tentacles among the loosening cyclopean ashlar. "People who are born in it, dependent upon jungle, are afraid of it." Miss Eliot says of her riverine Indians:

"They seem to be always conscious that its life is as active as theirs, and very much stronger. . . . A deceitful beauty! It enchants its lovers, but always devours them in the end if they do not run away. Foreigners always love it, and they who know it least are least afraid."

But the jungle practices more than this black magic, and has more gifts than the generous gift of fear. Dare its peril and it may certainly crown you with a sense of the radiant wonder of the earth. This is the penultimate gift of Alien Magic. It persuades you of a new caution and adds a golden hope to your tense distrust. You begin to feel you might go in search of asses and find a kingdom, or reach after a flower and inadvertently touch a star. For you may actually stoop to a dry twig, and, that learned, a green, and startle into new stillness one and another kind of mantis; or you may grasp an inviting rope such as might aid any Jack up a bean-stalk to all romance whatever, and discover—the thinness of the walls of Paradise and the tender adjacency of that old serpent. To your startled caution comes then amazing beauty, a butterfly, a paroquet, a trupial like a fallen flake of flame from a seraph's wing, humming-birds with ethereal wings "hanging adream." There are orchids also, spear-heads of light that stab the dark, and tongues of flame by no means "stammering of things unutterable." Those who feel that swift thrust and the immediate message of those burning words, are not likely to forget. They remember Beauty as supreme experience fashioned out of agonies and raptures; radiance amidst the awed stillness of sombre wings.

This jungle road of surprise and beauty is not, however, the only one that Alien Magic prepares. There are others, of knowledge and adventure, and of these the hunting road is the first, as it is the most difficult. Some few men, distinct from millions of cheap destroyers, have gone along it, far, since Nimrod walked there mightily before the Lord. Captain Forsyth, whose *The Highlands of Central India* has lately been reissued, was certainly one of these. Roosevelt, who was experienced, said that Forsyth's record was the best of any. The jungle must welcome such, for, being an unmodern woman, she thrives on mastery, and cannot but perceive that in his dealings with her this least hopeful of

all her sons has grown reasonably masterful since the far day when fire lured him from her sheltering trees. She can feel it now, even though she also has changed, and has put aside the harsh disciplines of his infancy, no longer opposing him with sabre-toothed tiger or mastadon. For he has mended his frailty, and taken her most constant strengths, and used them with the free assurance of a favored son, taming her elephants and making them projections of his own will, steadfast under tearing claw and fang. He possesses implicitly, and proves what she appears to offer with what she appears to withhold. He knows her signs and is equal to her shifts of mood. For him only the tiger "burns bright" and displays "fearful symmetry." He values its strength because he has measured it, and the speed of the black antelope and the glory of Ovis Poli. Nonetheless, he is not lost in amazement. For all his delight in life he becomes a master of death also, killing cleanly and not above his need, neither wasteful nor distrustful of Nature's abundance. He merges himself with her personality, without relaxing his own disciplines, vital to all its vitalism and economy; no less swift or cruel or tender. This, as Emerson says, is Brahma. He that slays is one with what he slays—and there is a gift of classic strength to his kind in the knowledge of this kinship.

Alien Magic, moving to virtue by revealing such strength, and to humility by such weakness, and to reverence by such startling beauty, moves also in other ways. It leads to peace. We are discontent with change, and it shows us the unchanging. We are perplexed with a divine nostalgia and a sense of the long way we have come from our true home. It leads us back by instant paths. In tender dawns it discovers the gesture of the new earth and winds blow to it that are fresh with the scents of original day. Now it opens up the desert and spaces free before to sun and stars, but to little else. So we begin to desire them and find such uses for many in them as Arabia had for St. Paul only, or Gobi for some few lesser saints—or (as Paul would have it) sinners. There is Hardy, delighting in Egdon or Scheveningen, and, before Hardy, Shelley's delight in all waste and solitary places, and Darwin expressing it for Patagonia, and now Hudson, whose *Idle Days in Patagonia* shows his "intense longing to visit this solitary

wilderness, resting far off in its primitive and desolate peace, untouched by man, . . . unmarred." In such places we are safe from contacts. No kaleidoscope of appearances blinds us of the truth, and no man stands between us and the light, or, with a penny candle, confuses us of the stars. Such freedom is, however, but half the tale. Men find not only peace, but integration, to which peace is the open door: beyond it they think to hear the essential music and to touch with their hands simple and perfect things fresh from the beginning of the world. Such was Hudson's dream bird which he desired to find. It was to be one as old on earth as the oldest, and in his dream where only he found it, it was always softly colored. His ultimate explanation of the power of these solitudes upon him was that they encouraged a return to an actual primitive mental condition—an intimacy with the native earth—long outgrown by the world. Somewhat similarly, Somerset Maugham, not unduly swayed by the unities of his story, pictures the spell of Tahiti as belonging to a channel in which life had come down unstopped and unstained from immemorial times; and Frederick O'Brien, in his *White Shadows in the South Seas*, conscious of this same heritage and of going back "across centuries of time," builds, partly on this foundation, his alluring picture of a fading Paradise and undivided childhood of our race. But the happy play and kinship with Nature of such pictures is no more than a detail and tolerable byway of Alien Magic. If it could not lead us except to a dying heaven, it would be of small service as a guide. We must have more than this limited sort of friendship with Nature.

> Man must begin, know this, where Nature ends.
> Nature and man can never be fast friends.
> Fool, if thou canst not pass her, rest her slave.

Pleasure in Marquesan life is pleasure in a sort of engine-room slavery—a boy's pleasure in smooth life that turns with glimmer and singing. But it has no completeness in itself. Having learned its secrets, the inner secrets of the speeding earth, true adventurers therefore turn elsewhere. They must know not only the strength but the way of their ship. So like boys from the experience of bunker gloom, and engine's rhythm, or the solace of habitable decks where life goes on and the beauty of continuance, they turn

adventurously to some uplifted place. They seek out a bridge of lonely watch, or some remote masthead of space or time: to be the first in any new adventure, "that ever burst into that silent sea"—and have the gift fresh from the eternal hands; to be lifted up high above the common experience to which, as it were, stage after stage, ratlines and shrouds descend. To Saussure, first at the top of Mont Blanc, they descended out of sight: "I seemed to have survived the universe and to see its corpse at my feet." To Sven Hedin at Lake Manasorowar in Thibet, visibly they descended with the four great rivers that flow down from it to water a continent, and ascended in the hope and effort of centuries of pilgrimage.

When in such watchers memory is keen of the secrets of the earth, the ultimate gift of Alien Magic is bestowed. The world lies beneath them, and they apprise its definition, its strength and habit and burden, as a man may apprise the definition of a known ship, as proudly, as lovingly. Like Hardy or Vaughn Moody they feel it lift itself against the sea of space, and, like Tomlinson, conscious not only of its celestial magnitude, but trustful of the obscure port of its destination, lost just now in archipelagos of remote stars, they answer the cry, "The lights burn bright, sir!" sung them from any watch whatever, with a promise in the ear of space, "All Right." These are the ones whom Maundeville describes as immortal. They are fed on eternal things. That prow of our voyaging galleon of Tellus where they stand, he but sees in another light, calling it the mountain of Polombe. And there the well, fair and great, that changes its odors and its spices every hour of the day diversely, is but the magical draught of the known earth's virtue. Who drinks of it fasting is made whole. They that dwell there and drink often are always young. "Some clepe it the well of youth. . . . And men say that that well cometh out of Paradise."

W. B. Drayton Henderson.

CHARLES DOUGHTY

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

THERE has befallen Charles Doughty the curious fate of becoming a classic in his lifetime as a writer of prose, while as a poet he remains incredibly neglected. It seemed possible that the new edition of *Travels in Arabia Deserta* might improve matters to some extent, but the public press, while showing a real admiration for Doughty the prose-writer, and while reminding us of what we had long known—that *Arabia Deserta* is a great classic—still fails to point out what most people do not know: that Doughty is a fine poet. It is to be hoped at least that this awakened or reawakened interest in the great book of travels will tempt many to go on from it to the poems.[1] And through the *Arabia Deserta* lies the proper approach to the poems, for they are, both in style and content, the sublimation of Doughty's prose; the record of things imagined as *Arabia Deserta* is the record of things seen, heard, and lived.

The most obvious and most usual attitude for the traveller among a strange race and a strange civilization is the subjective. He observes as one apart, he records and criticizes in terms of his own traditions: the reader is all the time aware of his presence, describing and explaining. But the miracle of *Arabia Deserta* is its complete objectivity. Reading it, we see the desert under our eyes, and watch in its process the primitive wandering life of its inhabitants. And among the nomads we see one, Khalil, living, speaking, feeling almost, as they. Doughty simply shows us the picture, and he himself, Khalil, is a consistent and native detail in it. Even his occasional outbursts of hatred and anger are not those of an alien, and where his wit and morality rise above theirs it is not in an English, a national

[1] In his poems Doughty employs an unusual scheme of punctuation which, for those unfamiliar with his work, is, I think, frequently apt to obscure the meaning. I have therefore ventured in my quotations to alter the original punctuation where it seemed helpful to do so. —THE AUTHOR.

sense, but in a universal sense. Even when he criticizes the Arabs, he seems to do so out of their own mouths, as one of their own sages, and the criticism is simple, graphic, intense, a page of generalities summarized in a single particular.

> The Fehjies eat the owl: for which they are laughed to scorn by the Beduw, that are devourers of some other vermin.

A comprehensive criticism of their narrow-minded bigotry is compressed into the cynicism of that bare statement.

Such objectivity can be achieved only through a great understanding and a great sympathy, but it is immensely reinforced by what some of Doughty's critics have labelled his "Elizabethan style." The primitive and unaccustomed effect of this style to modern ears, its simplicity, slowness, dignity, form an admirable medium for the simple, slow, primitive, and to us remote, life which it describes. Without an effort we close our eyes on modern Europe. But if style can do this for us, it is clear that in Doughty's hands it is no quaint pastiche, but a genuine and living thing, capable of vivid description and deep emotion. And yet its deepest emotions flow out with an unhurrying simplicity which is almost serene:

> "Now God be with thee, my father Mohammed, and requite thee."
>
> "God speed thee, Khalil," and he took my hand. Amm Mohammed went back to his own, we passed further: and the world, and death, and the inhumanity of religions parted us for ever.

And in this slight mention of a young man who died, the pathos emerges from an even barer simplicity:

> This fresh and ruddy young man, more than any in the town, but not well minded, I found no more at my coming again: he lay some months already in an untimely grave.

The vast emptiness of the desert pervades the book, and through it runs the perpetual pathos of these lonely wandering lives, so transitory, so useless against the eternal desolation.

> We journeyed forth in high plains . . . and in passages, stretching betwixt mountain cliffs of sandstone, cumbered with infinite ruins of fallen crags, in whose eternal shadows we built the booths of a day.

To read such a book is a great and refreshing experience. We lose ourselves in it till the wanderings become our wanderings:

we are exhausted by the long marches, chilled by the sharp night air, parched with thirst under blazing noons; and the writer's spontaneous cry becomes our own: "Oh, what bliss to the thirsty soul is in that light sweet water, welling soft and warm as milk, from the rock!" and we enjoy with him the consolation of evening and the camp-fire:

> and pleasant those sounds of the spretting milk under the udders in the Arabs' vessels! food for man and health at a draught in a languishing country. The bowl brought in foaming, the children gather to it, and the guest is often bidden to sup with them, with his fingers, the sweet froth. . . .

Thomas Fuller, the seventeenth century divine, in his *Worthies of England*, published in 1662, wrote thus of the poet Spenser:

> Most happy in English poetry: as his works do declare, in which the many Chaucerisms used (for I will not say affected by him) are thought by the ignorant to be blemishes, known by the learned to be beauties, to his book; which notwithstanding had been more saleable, if more conformed to our modern language.

The sentence, if we add *Spenserisms* to *Chaucerisms*, might be applied to the poet Doughty. His poetry, as I have said, is still neglected, and the chief reason for this neglect is that his poetic style is, even less than his prose style, "conformed to our modern language."

True style is a vital thing: it is bred in the bone and lived in the life, and no perseverance in imitation will ever achieve it. Doughty's style, archaistic both in word and syntax, with all its Spenserisms and Chaucerisms, is a real and living thing. To the reader approaching Doughty's poetry for the first time, this becomes evident in a remarkable manner. Beginning perhaps with *Adam Cast Forth* or *The Titans*, he is puzzled by the language, the meaning of a sentence frequently escapes him, the work may seem to him at first even clumsy and arid, and yet when he has laid it aside he will find that his mind is full of clear images which constitute an atmosphere, a world of their own, so that the memory of the poem is less the memory of a reading than the memory of an actual experience.

Doughty repeatedly proclaims himself a follower of Spenser and Chaucer, and indeed, if we judge by his language, all the great poets between Spenser and himself, in so far as they in-

fluence his work, might never have existed. This is not to say that Doughty derives exclusively from these two poets. In his poetry one dimly feels influences of a much more primitive ancestry. But it constitutes a true indication of his style to imagine that, from the long family-tree of English poets, in each of whom we feel to some degree the family tradition and relationship, a cadet branch put out at Spenser, and that branch begins and ends with Doughty.

Yet Doughty's relationship to Spenser and Chaucer is in reality superficial. It is true that we find in him the same golden serenity and the same genius for vivid pictorial detail which we find in Spenser, but the temperament through which each expresses these is widely different, and Doughty's actual relationship to Spenser is little more than one of words. He has adopted many of Spenser's words and phrases, just as Spenser adopted Chaucer's, but he is temperamentally as far from Spenser as Spenser is from Chaucer, in spite of the occasional closeness of their candid plagiarism.

Doughty's relationship to Chaucer, on the other hand, is not only one of words but also of syntax, so that we often catch in his verse the sound and rhythm of Chaucer.

Enough has been said to give some diagnosis of Doughty's poetic style, in the narrowest sense of that term, and to show how closely he follows Spenser in word and phrase, and Chaucer also in syntax. Yet the smallest acquaintance with the work of the three poets is enough to discover that the poetry of each is worlds apart from the others.

What then is the nature of Doughty's poetry? While carefully ignoring the savory appeal of a red-herring, I may safely say that the individuality of a poet emerges through his style, his matter, and his temperament. It would be an entertaining but insoluble puzzle to enquire how far Doughty's prose style is the outcome of his life in Arabia, and how far his conception of Arabia is the outcome of his style. But, since his poetic style is an intensification of his prose, it is perhaps not idle to say that his poetry has grown directly out of that great spiritual experience of *Arabia Deserta*. In his utterance there is a great cleanness and a great emptiness. Being remote from our modern

language in texture, it escapes all the associations, the commonplaces, the obscurations with which the current tongue (written and spoken) is encrusted, and remains empty and unsullied. In this emancipation from the familiar, Doughty's language is capable of producing a background bare and sombre, richly strange because outside our daily habit, upon which the clear brilliance of words with a strong sense-stimulus leap out with the purity of primary colors. But potentialities such as these can be exploited only by one who, like Doughty, is a great craftsman in words. Doughty sees and feels with sharp accuracy, so that he convinces sometimes by mere exactitude of visual description, sometimes by producing a strongly emotional impression through a series of appropriate stimuli. His poetry is full of things seen, —mountains "upleaning in a calm divine"; a "deep swart pool of liquid flint"; "bees with wings as sheen as glass"; "sky-shouldering naked rocks"; goats "that in hillsides wont, reared on their hind shanks, mongst thymy rocks to browse the tender stalks"; ocean—"that blurred vast mirrow of Heaven's suns and stars"; flocks that stand "ewe behind ewe, and hang their horned heads." Such phrases instantly become realities to us, because we are made to see vividly as the poet saw. This felicity is not confined to short phrases. I do not know where clouds have been so beautifully and so graphically described as in *The Titans:*

> Sought other to vain kingdom of moist clouds,
> Sky's unstaied flocks, without continuance:
> Whereof there hang some on World-mountains' flanks
> In guise of flocs of wool caught in the thorns.
> Some (which pavilions of air-riding spirits)
> Are listed as with gold and dyed in blood.
>
> Other swart-hewed, fleet, big with tempests' wreak.
> Udders of heaven some are, wind-driven the most,
> Fleet, changeful daughters of the liquid loft
> With tawny outblown locks. Some reared on height,
> Seem steepy uprolling hills of snow, but hardly
> Endure till morrow's day.

But what I may call Doughty's poetic accuracy is not confined to the thing seen, though it is perhaps preëminent in that. It extends to the other senses, and those atmospheres,—moods,

which are, as it were, subtler senses. It is this analytic quality in his verse, this feeling for the essentials which constitute a mood, that makes his simplest descriptions so good:

> Come to the silver-streaming river's brinks,
> Under bee-murmuring boughs of linden sweet,
> In raiment clean upon the daisy grass
> They sit and cheerful hours spend till high noon
> Nigh draws.

There in a few lines lies the calm happiness of a summer noon, and yet how simply it is produced! *Silver-streaming, bee-murmuring, sweet, clean, daisy, cheerful!* It is easily dissected: and a flower, too, is easily dissected, but it has not yet been explained.

It is not merely because of the archaic language that, seeking to define Doughty's poetry, one is driven for similes to antique things. It is vitally akin to ancient things in the spaciousness, the serenity, the primitive simplicity of its spirit. One thinks of it as a great tapestry where clear and beautiful forms move across a darkly varied background, or as a huge rock-hewn temple, austere and bare at first sight, but adorned at closer view with exquisitely carved detail and with small bright flowers growing from its crevices. It is in fact the spirit of *Arabia Deserta*, the empty wilderness with the vivid contrast of numberless beautiful details of nature and humanity. There is in Doughty's poetry, to use the words in which he has so splendidly praised Chaucer's, "a justness and directness (springing from ingenuous disposition, and diligent searching-out and observation of natural and human things, with knowledge and meditation of the tongue) which touches men's hearts: a certain noble height and living fulness of song: as if his vein flowed from the island-wells of Nature herself."

That strangeness of language is an unusual phenomenon in English literature to-day must be the reason for the exaggerated ideas of the difficulty of Doughty's poetic style. It is a curious fact that there are undoubtedly large numbers of people to-day who patiently and humbly study the music of Scriabine until they come to an understanding of it, yet who would unhesitatingly condemn Doughty's poetry on the evidence of a few pages.

Yet after a careful reading of *Adam Cast Forth* or *The Titans*, this difficulty will practically cease to exist.

Doughty's first poem, *The Dawn in Britain*, was published in 1906. It is an astonishing performance, even when we take into account that the poet, when he published it, had already reached middle life and may for years have practised the writing of poetry. The poem, in six volumes, is in length something over 30,000 lines. Not only does the style, strange though it be at first to modern readers, show no trace of immaturity, but in structure the poem is an imposing architectural whole. It begins with the landing of early Christian missionaries in Britain, then, turning back, pictures the life in Britain from earliest times. Volumes III and IV show the welding of the British tribes into one force against the threat of the Roman invasion under Claudius, and their long, heroic, hopeless struggle. In Volumes V and VI we see the final decline and fall of Britain and, growing up out of this ruin, the small beginnings of primitive Christianity and, through it, the reconciliation of Briton and Roman, beautifully symbolized in the story of the love and marriage of the Roman Pudens and the British maiden Rosmerta. The great Caractacus, a heroic but intensely human figure, is the protagonist of the poem.

It is absurd to hope that such a work will be widely appreciated in these days. Few people, even among those who really appreciate fine poetry, have either the serenity and continuity of outlook or the intellectual humility to read and enjoy this enormous poem. But those who do read it through, slowly and absorbedly, as all fine literature should be read, will find that both style and story take possession of them with a force which is the best proof of their superb quality.

In 1908 appeared *Adam Cast Forth*. We find in it a reaction from the fierce, strenuous temper of *The Dawn*. The poet's mind seems to have cast back to Arabia again. The story shows Adam and Eve, cast out from Eden and driven apart, wandering in search of one another. They meet, and after they have refreshed themselves in the "Valley of The Lord's Rest," an angel tells them that God, to prove their obedience, will send them five days through the desert to reach "The Lord's Earth" which is

given them to possess. In their terrible passage through the waste, Doughty renews his memories of desert journeys. After those five days they reach "Earth's Field" and dwell there in peace. It is the simplest of all Doughty's poems, and remains in the memory like a piece of old, mellow sculpture.

In his next poem, *The Cliffs*, published in the following year, Doughty leaves dateless and remote subjects and turns to England of the present day. It is one of the themes of *The Dawn in Britain* applied to modern times.

It is at first something of a shock to find Doughty writing of railways, aeroplanes, motor cars, wireless, and all the paraphernalia of the present day. Not that I would suggest that he should have stooped to absurd synonyms and paraphrases: that is the negation of poetry. Doughty calls a telegram a telegram, which is as it should be. The trouble is that we are conscious throughout the main parts of the poem of a serious incompatibility of language and subject. That it is possible to make fine poetry of the facts of modern life in archaic tongue is amply proved in the poem which follows this one—*The Clouds*, and it is through a comparison of the two that one of the chief causes of the failure of *The Cliffs* emerges. That *The Cliffs* is a drama and *The Clouds* a narrative, explains to a large extent the respective failure and success of the two poems. For though it is possible to narrate a modern story or to soliloquize through the mouth of a modern character in archaic language without incongruity, it is, I think, impossible so to write dramatic dialogue. That this is so, appears in *The Cliffs* from the outset. The scene opens on a cliff with the solitary soliloquy of John Hobbe, an old shepherd. That soliloquy, nearly 300 lines in length, is a beautiful and satisfying poem in itself. But when two German officers descend in an airship and converse in dialogue, incongruity appears at once. Here are their first words:—

First Voice. Herr Baron, right beneath us wide cliff lies.
Second Voice. Cliff-brow of *perfide* Albion! So alight.
First Voice. Avast, Hans! Let down anchor on the grass.
Baron. Herr Ingenieur, we sooner than we looked for,
Here touch to shore.

And it is not only this incongruity of language that mars the poem. Often the action is delayed by prolonged discussions and criticisms of pre-war England which, however justified in fact, cannot be justified poetically or dramatically. Doughty the poet frequently nods and his place is taken by Doughty the critic and politician: he becomes submerged in the minutiæ of small evils which obscure the larger aspect of the present. And when the poet nods, his exquisite visual imagination also falls asleep. There is little profit in lingering over a great man's failures, but there is equally little profit in indiscriminate admiration. Though *The Cliffs* undoubtedly contains Doughty's least successful work, it also contains passages and details as lovely as any he has written.

The Clouds was published in 1910. In it the subject of *The Cliffs* is continued. England is shown invaded by the Germans: but the form here is narrative and not dramatic, and the poem succeeds admirably. Where, in the former poem, so much of the verse carped and discussed or unfolded in uncomfortable dialogue, in *The Clouds* it bodies forth, as did *Arabia Deserta*, *The Dawn*, and *Adam Cast Forth*, in visible narrative. It is a profoundly English poem. After the solemn, comminatory proem, the narrative advances in a series of vivid pictures, and the language, too, has taken on a suppleness, an appropriateness, which was often lacking in *The Cliffs*. *Easthampton Burned* remains intensely and terribly real in the memory, and *Ely* is full of the mellow richness of English Gothic.

In *The Titans*, which followed in 1916, Doughty reverts to prehistoric times. The theme (embodied in a myth of Titans, Gods, and Mortals) is Man's gradual subjection of the elemental forces and his growing scientific discovery of the world in which he lives.

Mansoul, Doughty's most recent poem—it appeared in 1920—is in a real sense the epitome of all his other work. In it the experience of a lifetime—the real experience of *Arabia Deserta* and the imaginative experience of his poems—is fused into a beautiful and luminous whole. Doughty is one, I think, who has reached his religion through a despair of human knowledge. He has found that all the wisdom of the past and all the wisdom

of to-day can teach us nothing of ultimate things. All who reach this final barrier react according to their temperaments. But all great artists, however they react, turn back upon life, because fundamentally they love life. Thomas Hardy, when he reached the barrier, believed that all beyond it was for the worst: but though in word a pessimist, his magnificent preoccupation with life and emotion makes him really a great optimist. For the man who wrote *The Dynasts*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and even the terrible *Jude the Obscure*, life with all its miseries is a wonderful, a supremely valuable thing. It was Meredith's passion for nature and human society that drove him back on life. For him, perhaps, there was nothing beyond the barrier. Earth, he says, is all we have: but to him "Earth" meant a living intelligence, so that at times one is tempted to call him paradoxically a mystic materialist. He was able, at the darkest hour of his life, to exclaim: "Smite, sacred Reality!" and for the unknown future to trust to "Earth,"

> Leaving her the future task:
> Loving her too well to ask.

Doughty says that all beyond the barrier is good. He lives "in Faith of the Eternal Good," and turns back on life with a large sympathy and a large serenity.

Doughty is a Christian. He accepts Christ as his guide along the path of human goodness. He has a great capacity for veneration and fine emotion, so that, as regards ultimate things, his religion is, I think, free from dogmas,—the serene aspiration of a golden temperament

> . . . meekly adoring the Eternal Verities.

Mansoul, the latest, is also the richest, maturest, and in style the most perfect of the poems,—which is saying a great deal, for no English poet living to-day can, I think, be placed on a level with him except Thomas Hardy.

Looking back again over Doughty's eleven volumes of verse, one asks in amazement how much longer lovers of fine poetry will remain oblivious to this mass of beautiful work.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE FAERY QUEEN[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It was the egregious Disraeli who dubbed Victoria "the Faery," and Mr. Lytton Strachey in his triumphant biography of the Queen elaborates the Spenserian allusion, with "its suggestion of a diminutive creature, endowed with magical—and mythical—properties, and a portentousness almost ridiculously out of keeping with the rest of her make-up." Mr. Strachey wonders rather naïvely whether or not the unabashed histrion smiled in his sleeve when, remembering another fairy queen, he wrote to Victoria thanking her for a gift of snowdrops, and told her of his fancy that "perhaps the gift came from another monarch: Queen Titania, gathering flowers, with her Court, in a soft and sea-girt isle, and sending magic blossoms, which, they say, turn the heads of those who receive them." Victoria and—Titania! Raw stuff, it would seem; but so far as we may judge from what Mr. Strachey tells us, Victoria swallowed it all without gagging; "like a dram-drinker," as he says, "whose ordinary life is passed in dull sobriety, her unsophisticated intelligence gulped down his rococo allurements with peculiar zest." Mr. Strachey's metaphors are slightly dissonant, but the testimony is definite and plain. Victoria, her Teutonic sentimentalism deliciously released, floated voluptuously upon these scented tides, not caring that the odor was musk and patchouli. When, at intervals, she came ashore and found her feet, even her appearance had changed. "The short, stout figure, with its folds of black velvet, its muslin streamers, its heavy pearls at the heavy neck, assumed an almost menacing air." In her curiously rodential countenance, with its small, projecting teeth, receding chin, and protruding eyes, the traces of disappointment and displeasure

[1] *Queen Victoria.* By Lytton Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

were now overlaid by lines of arrogance and hauteur. Dazzled by Disraeli's assurances that she was the greatest of mortal sovereigns, basking in the full realization of an imperial magnificence of which she had only dreamed, she dilated with a new and unconquerable will to power. When she was with Disraeli, the grotesque little body thrilled and fluttered with excitement, and Disraeli feared she was going to embrace him. "Wreathed in smiles, she tattled and glided about the room like a bird," he wrote to a friend. She showered the industrious sycophant with gifts—illustrated albums, primroses from the woods at Osborne—and his responsive ecstasies became almost uncontrollable. They "were more precious than rubies," these gifts from "the most loved and illustrious being, the Sovereign whom he adores." Yet Victoria, saved by her Teutonic fidelity to fact, kept her head, and signed herself, at the end of an official letter to her Prime Minister, "yours aff'ly V. R. and I." In such a phrase, as Mr. Strachey remarks, the deep reality of her feeling is instantly manifest: "The Faery's feet were on the solid earth; it was the *rusé* cynic who was in the air."

Nothing could be more admirable than Mr. Strachey's exhibition of Victoria in this most preposterous of her many preposterous relationships. It is typical of his performance throughout. The delicate justice of his attitude is beyond praise. He ignores a thousand opportunities for ridicule, for a devastating satire so tempting that it cannot have been easy to forego. His irony is exquisite, profound, delectable; his sense of comedy is rich and unflagging: but an inexhaustible magnanimity restrains him from unkindness, a sage and clairvoyant tolerance mellows the brilliance of his exposition.

He has confronted and triumphed over every provocation offered by his theme. He is content to show us, without parody, Victoria as a baby, extremely fat, and even then pious without difficulty; at six a queenly and Christian child; at thirteen, sincere and simple, affectionate, commonplace, resolutely good, "essentially middle-class, who might almost have been the daughter of a German pastor," able to praise with enthusiasm the Bishop of Chester's *Exposition of the Gospel of St. Matthew.*

She is eighteen, and we watch her get out of bed at 6 o'clock in

the morning of June 20, 1837, put on her dressing-gown, and go alone into the room where the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, the Lord Chamberlain, were waiting to fall on their knees before her and tell her that she was Queen of England; and later, at her first Council in the Red Saloon, the great assembly of lords and notables, bishops, generals, Ministers of State, "saw the doors thrown open and a girl in deep plain mourning come into the room alone and move forward to her seat with extraordinary dignity and grace—an eighteen-year old Queen with fair hair, blue prominent eyes, a small, curved nose, an open mouth revealing the upper teeth, a tiny chin, a clear complexion . . . gravity, youth, composure; they heard a high unwavering voice reading aloud with perfect clarity; and then, the ceremony over, they saw the small figure rise and, with the same consummate grace, the same amazing dignity, pass out from among them, as she had come in, alone."

She was then at her most winsome. In Mr. Strachey's remarkable projection she becomes increasingly less persuasive—her coarseness of mental grain, her incurable mediocrity, her spiritual obtuseness, her narrowness and crude intolerance, her infinite sentimentalism, are more and more deeply etched. We observe her raptures, two years later, over the pulchritude of Albert—his "exquisite nose," his "delicate moustachios and slight but very slight whiskers." They embrace, and he is "*so* kind, so affectionate," as he murmurs to her that he will be very happy "*das Leben mit dir zu zubringen.*" She marries her enamoring German cousin, who was born in the same year as she, and whose birth had been assisted by the same midwife. They are miraculously happy; they visit Albert's fatherland, and Victoria expatiates, in a letter to her mentor Leopold, upon her affection for "our dear little Germany . . . I fear I almost like it too much." Albert plays with the royal babies, designs a new pigsty, reads aloud to Victoria the *Church History of Scotland*, shows her how she should behave when she appears in public places. We see him playing a more and more dominating part in the affairs of England, assuming the actual control of the forces and the functions of the Crown, so that by the close of Peel's administration he had become, in effect, another one of

England's German kings. We witness the triumph of nineteenth-century duty, industry, morality, domesticity, over eighteenth-century subtlety and cynicism; with "even the chairs and tables assuming the forms of prim solidity." We note the apogee of the Victorian Age.

Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli, cross the stage, inimitably realized. Albert Edward is born—alas! that Mr. Strachey tells us so little of him (we beseech from him a book, at least an essay, upon Edward VII). What we see of him is not easily forgettable. "Bertie, though he was good-humored and gentle, seemed to display a deep-seated repugnance to every form of mental exertion. . . . The more lessons that Bertie had to do, the less he did them; and the more carefully he was guarded against excitement and frivolities, the more desirous of mere amusement he seemed to become. . . . Certainly the Prince of Wales did not take after his father. . . . On his seventeenth birthday a memorandum was drawn up over the names of the Queen and Prince informing their eldest son that he was now entering upon the period of manhood, and directing him henceforward to perform the duties of a Christian gentleman. . . . 'Life is composed of duties,' said the memorandum, 'and in the due, punctual, and cheerful performance of them, the true Christian, true soldier, true gentleman, is recognized. . . .' On receipt of the memorandum Bertie burst into tears."

The Prince Consort dies at forty-two, and a long darkness falls upon Victoria's career. With the passing of Albert, a veil descends. "Only occasionally, at fitful and disconnected intervals, does it lift for a moment or two. . . . Thus, though the Queen survived her great bereavement for almost as many years as she had lived before it, the chronicle of those years can bear no proportion to the tale of her earlier life." But the veil lifts at intervals. We see Victoria absorbed in the holy task of evolving a suitable monument for her dead consort, and achieving the ineffable Albert Memorial, with its central figure of the adored Prince under the starry canopy,—designed by Mr. Foley, but inspired, in one particular, by Mr. Gilbert Scott, who chose the sitting posture for the figure "as best conveying the idea of dignity befitting a royal personage." The statue, of bronze gilt,

weighs nearly ten tons. "It was rightly supposed that the simple word *Albert*, cast on the base," murmurs Mr. Strachey, "would be a sufficient means of identification."

Victoria, no longer guided by Albert, tackles affairs of state. She considers the intricate Irish Church Bill, yet can make nothing of its complexities except to be sure that she disapproves it. She obtains relief by diverting her attention to a suggested naval reform. It had been proposed that the sailors should thenceforward be allowed to wear beards. Victoria is favorably inclined toward this innovation. "Her own personal feeling," writes the Sovereign to the First Lord, "would be for the beards without the moustaches, as the latter have rather a soldier-like appearance; but then the object in view would not be obtained, viz., to prevent the necessity of shaving. Therefore it had better be as proposed, the entire beard, only it should be kept short and very clean. . . . On no account should moustaches be allowed without beards."

The Prince of Wales becomes one of "her more serious distresses." He had begun to do as he liked, and in 1870 "her worst fears seemed to be justified when he appeared as a witness in a society divorce case. Victoria was indignant—less with her son than with the social system. She wrote to Mr. Delane of *The Times* requesting him to write frequently 'articles pointing out the *immense* danger and evil of the wretched frivolity and levity of the views and lives of the Higher Classes.'" It is a pity that the Queen could not live to read Col. Repington. It might have reconciled her to Edward's associates.

The veil lifts more often now. Victoria is white-haired, and walks with a stick. Disraeli and John Brown are dead. The fiftieth year of her reign is celebrated with pomp and gorgeousness, and she is hailed by her people as "the embodied symbol of their imperial greatness." Victoria, escorted by kings and princes, drives to Westminster Abbey and gives thanks to God and the dead Disraeli. She is tired, but almost happy again. The sharp edge of her grief has blunted, and she can enjoy her breakfast without wondering how "dear Albert" would have liked the buttered eggs. But she is still an inexorable memorialist, a faithful attendant at secret shrines, a passionate observer of

holy rites. At this period, every bed in which she slept had attached to it, at the back, on the right-hand side above the pillows, a photograph of Albert's head and shoulders as he lay dead, surmounted by a wreath of immortelles; and in the suite of rooms which he had occupied at the Castle, his clothing, by her command, was laid afresh each evening upon the bed; and each evening the water was set ready in the basin, as if he were still alive: "this incredible rite," says Mr. Strachey, "was performed with scrupulous regularity for nearly forty years."

It is a large element of Mr. Strachey's triumph that he makes such ghastliness as this seem an organic and not too horrible part of his superbly modulated portrait. He displays Victoria with completeness but without cruelty. He is benignly caustic, bountiful and exact, profoundly humorous and inclusive, infinitely exhilarating. He discerns the nature of the underlying element which, in Victoria's personality, really counted: "It was a peculiar sincerity. Her truthfulness, her singlemindedness, the vividness of her emotions and her unrestrained expression of them, were the varied forms which this central characteristic assumed. It was her sincerity which gave her at once her impressiveness, her charm, and her absurdity. She moved through life with the imposing certitude of one to whom concealment was impossible —either towards her surroundings or towards herself. There she was, all of her—the Queen of England, complete and obvious; the world might take her or leave her; she had nothing more to show, or to explain, or to modify; and, with her peerless carriage, she swept along her path."

Four years after the culminating public occasion of her career, the Jubilee of 1897, she died at Osborne, in her eighty-second year. Mr. Strachey fancies her calling up out of the past, as she lay blind and silent in those last days, the drifting shadows of her marvellous history, summoning them one by one,—"passing back and back, through the cloud of years, to older and ever older memories: to the spring woods at Osborne, so full of primroses for Lord Beaconsfield; to Lord Palmerston's queer clothes and high demeanor, and Albert's face under the green lamp, and Albert's first stay at Balmoral, and Albert in his blue and silver uniform, and the Baron coming in through a doorway, and Lord

M. dreaming at Windsor with the rooks cawing in the trees, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on his knees in the dawn, and the old King's turkey-cock ejaculations, and Uncle Leopold's soft voice at Claremont, and Lehzen with the globes, and her mother's feathers sweeping down towards her, and a great old repeater-watch of her father's in its tortoise-shell case, and a yellow rug, and some friendly flounces of sprigged muslin, and the trees and the grass at Kensington."

And so Mr. Strachey, with this charming coda, comes to the end of a dazzling exhibition of bravura. In his field, he is an unequalled virtuoso. We can think of no living writer of English who could have yielded us, in this particular adventure, so memorable a parade of beauty, of entertainment, of slyly dissembled malice—unless it is Mr. Max Beerbohm. But Mr. Beerbohm would infallibly have avoided even the one little pitfall that has entrapped Mr. Strachey and kept him from attaining complete distinction: Mr. Beerbohm would never have been betrayed into using that appalling *cliché* invoked by Mr. Strachey when he tells us, in the idiom of the "local item" and the suburban tea, that the Prince Consort was "passionately fond of music."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

AMERICA takes the lead for world peace. That is the inspiring purport of the President's action. Amid the score or more of wars that have occurred since the armistice of 1918, the continued military preparations of the powers, the rumors of impending conflicts of vast magnitude, and all the hesitancy, doubt and fear that beset the world, there comes one clear, brave voice. "Come," says the President in effect to the other four Great Powers, "Come, and let us reason together for the limitation of armaments." This is a summons which cannot be refused, and which can not fail—faith in God and man forbids us to doubt it—to have beneficent results surpassing anything else that we have known in our age. The question of limiting armaments has been discussed before, as one item in the voluminous agenda of miscellaneous conferences. This is the first time in history when the chief nations of the whole world have been called together for the specific and sole purpose of seeking such limitation. It is the voice of the President that calls them; and the voice of the President is the voice of America.

The long-promised new era in Ireland began, formally and actually, with the opening of Parliament at Belfast, the King and Queen being in personal attendance; and June 22, 1921, henceforth ranks in Irish and British annals with January 1, or February 2, 1801, whichever may be regarded as the true date of the beginning of the Union. Unhappily the new order of things was accepted and went into effect in only a minor fraction of the island, the central and southern parts, under Sinn Fein domination, remaining recalcitrant and defiant. Mr. Lloyd George immediately strove to put into effect the conciliatory spirit of the King's Speech, by inviting the heads of the Ulster government and the chiefs of the Sinn Fein "Republic" to meet himself and his colleagues in a friendly tripartite conference. His efforts were earnestly seconded by General Jan

Smuts, acting as a candid friend of all three parties and as an advocate at once of regional autonomy and of imperial solidarity. The gratifying result is a more hopeful prospect of just and amicable settlement than would a month ago have been regarded as possible. To the United States these developments should be of special interest, apart from our humane desire for the welfare of all kindred peoples, as confirmation of this country, both officially and popularly, in its correct attitude toward the "Irish question." No people are more ready than Americans to sympathize with every legitimate aspiration for governmental reform, enlargement of liberty, and establishment of self-government. None should be more scrupulous in refraining from interference of any kind in the domestic affairs of a friendly foreign Power. John Hay's description of our foreign policy as "the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule" is doubly apt. The one pledges us not to meddle in the affairs of European nations which do not concern us. The other admonishes us to do to others in 1921 as we wished others to do to us in 1861.

The college and university commencement season of 1921 has been marked with exceptional interest both in its general aspects and in various specific features. Among the latter conspicuously outstanding was the centenary commemoration of the founding of Amherst College as an institution for the free education of candidates for the Christian ministry. The college quickly got away from that narrow scope, and for a hundred years has been a fine example of what has rather infelicitously been called the "small college" and which may better be called simply the college as distinguished from the true university. It has been foremost in demonstrating the indispensable utility and value of such institutions of general culture as the very backbone of our higher educational system, whether as ends in themselves or as the best possible feeders to the post-graduate, professional and research schools of the great universities.

Another commencement time incident of national interest was the installation of a new President of Yale University, in circumstances marking a new era in the history of that institution, the chief of them being that Dr. Angell was before his election in not

the slightest respect connected or associated with Yale. A few of the very first Presidents of Yale were alumni of other colleges, for the reason that Yale had not yet a sufficient body of alumni to draw from. But since the first five, until Dr. Angell, every Yale President was a "Yale man." The new President was educated at the University of Michigan, and is the son of a President of that great institution who had himself been educated at Brown University. For the first time in a history of more than two centuries, Yale has at its head the product of a Western "freshwater college." That might mean that Yale had conformed itself with the standards of scholarship obtaining elsewhere, even in the generality of colleges and universities throughout the nation; or it might mean that other institutions had come up to Yale's standard. Did Mohammed go to the Mountain, or did the Mountain after all come to Mohammed? Judicious observers will in this case incline to the latter view. There has been no decline in the standards of Yale and the other great Eastern universities, but there has been a coming up to that standard by other institutions in all parts of the land. That is the national significance of Dr. Angell's election to Yale—the uniformity and solidarity of our national intellectual culture.

The order for the withdrawal of our arbitrary military despotism from Santo Domingo is to be regarded with gratitude, though it came too late to save us from much shame and from the just resentment of the people of the island republic. Years ago, when President Roosevelt merely loaned an expert official to advise and assist the Domingan Government in its fiscal affairs, there was a monstrous to-do over such "meddling" and "imperialism." Yet under the Wilson Administration our Government went almost immeasurably further than had so much as been dreamed of, and established what was very much like a military satrapy over a conquered and subject people. It cannot be maintained that there was any justification for such a course, in law or morals, nor does there seem to be any reason for hoping that permanent good has been wrought by it in the island. We shall be fortunate if, through frank withdrawal from a course which we never should have undertaken, we avoid a serious alienation of confidence.

One of the most interesting announcements of recent years in the realm of journalism is that of the purchase of control of the *Saturday Review* (of London) by the Canadian-English banker, Sir Edward Mackay Edgar, and the engagement of Mr. Sydney Brooks—who needs no introduction to the readers of this REVIEW—as its Editor. Since it was founded by Lord Salisbury's brother-in-law, Mr. Beresford-Hope, two-thirds of a century ago, the *Saturday Review* has had an always conspicuous, generally brilliant and often influential place in English journalism. At first Peelite and then ultra-Conservative in politics, its strenuous partisanship incurred for it at times the name of *Saturday Reviler*. But more than for its politics it is remembered and regarded for its attention to sociological and literary matters. It was in its pages that Mrs. Lynn Linton exploited the "Girl of the Period," and that Messrs. Andrew Lang, Frederick Greenwood, George Saintsbury, H. D. Traill and others presented some of their best writing to the public. Nor should we forget, as a striking instance of what we might call the liberality of Toryism, that during some of his most radical and iconoclastic years Mr. George Bernard Shaw was a conspicuous member of its staff. We could not wish Mr. Sydney Brooks a more fascinating task than that of taking over this journal, with its brilliant and unique traditions, and remoulding it in accordance with his own principles of journalism, nor could we wish the redoubtable *Saturday* a worthier fate than to fall into his cultivated and masterful hands.

The appalling flood disaster at Pueblo and other places in Colorado was apparently one of those "acts of God" for which men disclaim responsibility. It does not seem that it was due in any appreciable measure to human faults or follies, but to an outburst of the elements which could not be foreseen, averted or controlled; though we shall not question the possibility that some day engineering skill will devise ways and means of protecting mankind against even such disasters. By contrast, at almost the same time, there was a still more appalling occurrence at Tulsa, Oklahoma, which was not at all an "act of God" or a cataclysm of nature, but was due entirely to human faults and follies and the abhorrent passions which nineteen centuries of

Christianity have not yet eliminated from the race. Years ago a serious South American revolution arose over the question whether five or ten cents was to be paid for a melon. So this hideous race war of devastation and extermination is said to have arisen over the misuse or misunderstanding of a single word. But a spark cannot cause an explosion unless the magazine is there, ready to be exploded. The misinterpretation of the word was one of the commonest and stupidest of the current corruptions of English speech. But it would have been innocuous had not evil passions been there, ready for unchaining with even so small a key. Our civil engineers will do well to curb, if they can, the fury of mountain torrents. Immeasurably more do we need some moral engineering which will not only curb but if possible destroy the far more deadly passions of cruelty, savagery and hatred which lurk in the dark recesses of the human heart. Mention of Pueblo arouses only sentiments of pity, help and hope. Mention of Tulsa will for many a year excite those of loathing, detestation and immeasurable shame.

An encouraging reminder of progress in a little noticed corner of the world was afforded by the consecration in a New York City church, of the Protestant Episcopal faith, of a Suffragan Bishop of Liberia; the significant feature of the incident being that the clergyman was in his youth a member of one of the wild Negro tribes which still roam in the inland jungles of that part of Africa, and owed his civilization, education and preparation for the episcopal office entirely to schools within the Negro republic. It is just a hundred years since Liberia was founded by the American Colonization Society as a refuge for American Negroes who had been emancipated but were denied enfranchisement. In those years the little nation, now composed almost entirely of African-born Negroes, has been generally neglected by this and other countries to a discreditable degree, but in spite of that circumstance has maintained a stability and integrity of government and has attained a degree of civilization and culture, which might be much envied by many a more pretentious and more conspicuous State. It is particularly encouraging to observe that with a few early exceptions the men of "light and leading' in Liberia, such as Barclay and Blyden, and the newly-conse-

crated Bishop Gardiner, have been of unmixed Negro blood and have owed their culture chiefly if not entirely to Liberian schools.

There was, and with much reason, profound satisfaction, in the United States as in France itself, at the fine support which M. Briand received in the Chamber of Deputies when a vote of confidence was sought on his policy in the settlement with Germany. Criticism had been noisy and virulent, but when after full and free debate, and after M. Briand's frank and manly exposition of his course and the reasons for it, a vote was taken, more than seventy-one per cent of the Deputies registered their approval. Equally gratifying was the assurance, quickly following, that the relations between France and Great Britain remained unimpaired in cordiality and mutual confidence. It would have been deplorable and ominous for M. Briand to be repudiated by the representatives of the nation which he has served so well in so difficult circumstances. It would have been nothing less than disastrous to have a breach between the two great Allied Powers.

Lord Curzon's destructive criticism of the League of Nations was described by some writers as unexpected. Why, does not appear; unless merely in the time and technical occasion. He is a man whose sane perceptions are not dazzled by idealistic visions. Mr. Lloyd George had only a week before declared that the League was dangerously insufficient, and that unless controlled by a right public opinion it might lead to war. And a little before that various League Powers, great and small, had taken both diplomatic and military action of the most important kind without consulting the League or so much as recognizing its existence; while several others, of authoritative status, had given notice of their resolute purpose to move for radical amendment of the Covenant, even to the cardiotomy or excision of Article Ten. The progress of events is remorselessly demonstrating that, as Lord Curzon says, the Allies at Paris erred in precipitately rushing into discussion of matters which it is now seen would better have been solved by being postponed; and that if instead of taking up the regulation of the world they had endeavored to secure the peace of the world as it then was, "we should

have been much further advanced in the conditions of peace than we now are."

Memorial Day was marked, above many other appropriate and impressive incidents, by the unveiling and dedication of a bust of Washington in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, close by the monumental tombs of Nelson and Wellington. We are not sure that a more gratefully significant act of the kind was ever performed in any country of the world, though it was merely a confirmatory epilogue to the memorable speech of King George at his dinner to President Wilson at Buckingham Palace. Of course it is historically true that Washington was in the first instance a British commander, fighting for the King under the Union Jack, and it was not unfitting to be reminded of that fact. But of course it was not for that reason that he was honored by the side of Nelson and Wellington, but rather because he was the victorious leader of a revolution against British misgovernment and the founder of a new and independent Anglo-Saxon nation. It was not Braddock's aid and successor, but Cornwallis's conqueror, not the Washington of Great Meadows but the Washington of Trenton and Yorktown, whose effigy was placed in St. Paul's. The incident interpreted in action the King's speech of three and a half years before.

The death of General Horace Porter, literally "full of honors and years," removed almost the last important figure of the Civil War, and one of even greater importance in civil and diplomatic life since that struggle. A grateful nation must never forget that it owes to him the stately sepulchre of its most famous soldier and also the home-coming and appropriate entombment of the founder of its navy. Those two labors of love will cause his name to be inseparably and perpetually associated with the fame of Grant and John Paul Jones. Neither will it be forgotten, while international law and justice are cherished, that he conspicuously made the influence and the principles of America felt in the great Congress at The Hague, in the direction of the adjudication of international controversies on a basis of equity and equality.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

China, Japan, and Korea. By J. O. P. Bland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The great virtue of Mr. Bland's book about China, Japan, and Korea—which is mainly a book about China, and only incidentally a book about the other countries mentioned in the title—is that it outlines with unsparing clearness an unsolved and perhaps insoluble problem. A secondary virtue, but by no means a small one, is its freedom from too much discursiveness. In most writings about the Far East important facts are largely mingled with impressions and with more or less sentimental reflections—to the practical obscuring of issues. In reading accounts in which so much is strange, sensational, or picturesque, one finds difficulty in giving due weight to the real factors. Pestilence, starvation, and graft, placed beside odd social customs and striking scenes lose half their significance and take on a merely imaginative value. In short, we receive too readily the point of view of the visitor to China as distinguished from that of the resident in that country.

Those who prefer optimistic, ingeniously constructive, entertainingly discursive books, especially about subjects seeming so remote from our daily lives as the condition of China, will find Mr. Bland's work unsatisfying. To others it will prove intensely interesting. There can be no doubt that the author, who has lived for thirty years in China as secretary to Sir Robert Hart, is well informed; and his arguments are hard to resist.

The problem of life in China depends upon the ratio of population to food—a ratio which has to be multiplied by another factor,—the "procreative recklessness" of the people. Plainly not much can be done to improve matters unless this last coefficient can be in some way cancelled or diminished. But this appears to be impossible, for it would involve a complete change in the social system and the religious beliefs of all China. This being the case, the plan of introducing modern methods among the Chinese, with a view to enabling them to compete industrially with the white races, could, even if practicable, bring only temporary relief. Moreover, "there is no possibility of materially increasing either the productivity of the soil or the area under cultivation." The "Wisconsin Idea" is absurd as applied to a land already cultivated more intensively than any other part of the world; and machinery can do little good in a country where agricultural man-power is far cheaper than any fuel-driven machine.

It is this essential condition which Mr. Bland keeps plainly before us throughout his discussion. As a remedy for such a deep-seated and chronic evil, a

republican form of government is, of course, the hollowest of mockeries. How can a real republic exist in a country where the great mass of the people are inevitably ignorant and degraded—debarred from progress by their very virtues and by that "procreative recklessness" which is a part of their religion?

But the Chinese Republic is also in itself a sham, and it is evidently a political evil. "Young China" is not truly representative of the nation, nor is it truly modern or advanced. Those who look hopefully upon the student movement "overlook the fact that whereas Young China will work itself to a semi-hysterical condition of eloquence and tears over China's sovereign rights in the Shantung case, its indignation has never yet been publicly directed against the growing rapacity of the metropolitan and provincial officials or the notorious corruption of both parliaments." Pretended civil wars—wars not really for the assertion of any clearly defined political principle, but mere "struggles for place and patronage and pelf"—go on within the republic under the leadership of immensely able men, "coldly calculating and quite ruthless." The Tuchuns have amassed great wealth, and some of them are known to be multi-millionaires. But the most convincing argument tending to prove the proposition that the republic is a futility, and its corollary, that the only course offering stability and solvency to China is a return to the monarchy—the most convincing argument of all is Mr. Bland's highly interesting and instructive account of the career of Yuan Shih-K'ai. Every step in this wily statesman's policy was based upon the assumption that just these things were true—that the republic was a delusion; that a monarchy was the only form of government which the Chinese people could understand and peaceably live under. Shams, hypocrisies, corruption, double-dealing, he knew they would regard as quite normal and put up with, while the monarchy in itself would appeal to them. He was entirely right. Every step was successful until Yuan slipped up through his ignorance of foreign relations.

As for reconstruction, Mr. Bland thinks that the present four-Power consortium, which has made disbandment of Chinese armies a condition of loans to China, can work effectively only by arriving at a comprehensive agreement with Japan. There is reason, he believes, to hope that the old Japanese militaristic spirit is on the wane, and that in the future the Japanese will seek for economic predominance rather than political control in China. But if Japanese militarism—in the sense of war for war's sake—is decreasing, there is nevertheless no diminution of Japanese pride or self-assertiveness. Moreover, the actual economic needs of Japan are pressing. There is no valid objection, the author thinks, to Japanese expansion into Manchuria and Mongolia; and in Korea the only practicable procedure seems to be gradual assimilation by the Japanese.

Other close students of the Far East have advocated a solution of difficulties in that part of the world along lines of practical expediency rather than idealism, but perhaps no other has given his reasons quite so convincingly as Mr. Bland.

LEGENDS. By Amy Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Miss Lowell makes in her Preface the most pregnant of comments upon her own book. A Legend is something which nobody has written and everybody has written, and which anybody is at liberty to rewrite; wherefore she cares nothing about the inaccuracies—from the point of view of the student of folk-lore—which have crept into her poems, because the truth of poetry is imaginative, not literal. In all that we most cordially agree with her, in relation to the present work. But since this is so significantly and pertinently true concerning the poetry of legends, we cannot escape wondering that Miss Lowell has not always perceived the equal truth of the converse, or perhaps of a corollary, when applied to what we may call the poetry of history.

The poet should be free to exercise any flight, vagary or eccentricity of imagination or of invention in writing legends, because legends are essentially products of imagination and invention. But incidents and narratives of history are not imaginary, but literal; wherefore in enshrining them in poetic structures we should always so far adhere to the spirit of the facts that, no matter how opulently adorned with the embroidery of imagination, the finished poem shall produce an effect in harmony with that of the most prosaic and dry-as-dust annals. This can always be done without in any degree hampering the poet or sacrificing the fanciful charm of the work, for the reason that historic truth must always be as fertile soil and as fecund a source of inspiration for imaginative enlargement as historic untruth. Of this a striking exemplification was afforded in a former volume of Miss Lowell's. Among its contents are two historic poems, side by side; of which one produces upon the mind of the reader an impression exactly accordant with the known facts of history, and the other an impression as exactly discordant. Yet in amplitude and variety of the exercise of creative imagination, the former is if possible superior to the latter.

All this is, however, by the way for the present, since the volume before us comprises nothing but Legends in the truest sense of the word. Every one of them is sheer invention, and of every one of them the inventor has from time immemorial been unknown. Doubtful is it, in fact, if one of them ever had an individual inventor, author, composer. Rather should we say that they "out from the heart of Nature rolled," and they are no more to be strait-jacketed in a single fixed form than the sunrise or sunset sky is to be confined to a single fixed color scheme. The epigram of Kipling on Tribal Lays is apt and accurate. No matter in how many different ways one of these Legends may be repeated, they are all right ways, so long as they are instinct with the essential spirit of legendry. And that spirit is assuredly not lacking in any of these vibrant, scintillating and heart-haunting versions. Miss Lowell has, as she admits,—or boasts,—changed, added, subtracted, jumbled at will, made over to suit her own poetic vision. But always she has done so in the intrinsically legendary vein, and the result is so enthralling, so enchanting,

that we are quite sure that her version is the best possible version and is the very one in which the legend was from the beginning of time intended to be told.

When from the matter of the Legends we turn to the dress in which Miss Lowell has clothed them, we are inclined to felicitate many other poets upon her insistence in pursuing her own unique and self-ruled way. For here is convincing evidence that if she had chosen to adhere to any of the more familiar and conventional mediums of poetical expression, she would have so greatly excelled that among many of her competitors there would have been "no second." Thus in "The Ring and the Castle" we have the very perfection of ballad-making, and again in "Dried Majoram," though in an entirely different rhythm; as both are entirely different from the accepted and traditional "ballad measure." Again, in "From a Yucca to a Passion Vine" there are passages so purely lyrical that they sing themselves, whether the reader wills or no. In the colossal "Many Swans" we find all things, lyrical, dramatic, narrative, descriptive; as many and as varied notes as in a Beethoven symphony, and all as harmonious and as integral.

Those, if those there be, who assume Miss Lowell's poems always to be devoid of rhyme and rhythm, will be informed otherwise by finding here sustained passages of marvellous beauty in which the versification is as regular, the rhythm as uniform, the rhymes as carefully chosen, as in any poem of Tennyson's or Poe's. True, we do find "hero" made to rhyme with "must know," and "lustres" with "dust blurs"; but we should not have to search far to discover more flagrant examples in the masters of rhyme whom we have mentioned. We may with Horace be indignant "*quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*," though if we are we shall be unreasonable and shall risk spoiling our sweet dispositions. Personally, we have always wondered why Tennyson went to the trouble of composing his famous "A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman," in the competition for the most hopelessly commonplace and wooden line, when he could have done as well by quoting a line from Poe's "Raven," or from "The Warden of the Cinque Ports" of Poe's *bête noir*, Longfellow.

But—and this is the supreme merit and charm—whenever Miss Lowell does thus employ regular forms, rhythm and rhyme, we are invariably made to feel that she does so not because she is compelled but because she freely elects so to do, and that she thus elects solely because such forms happen to be in her taste and judgment the best suited to the themes. If it would have served the themes better, she would unhesitatingly have employed "free verse" or blank verse or "polyphonic prose" or what not. So these meticulously versified, rhythmical and rhyming ballads and lyrics are after all as truly "free" as any other form of poetical expression. They were not imposed upon the writer, but were taken by her, of her own free will, simply because they suited her purpose better than any other. This, we repeat, is the supreme fascination of these poems; that they always seem absolutely free, spontaneous, sincere. They are not exempt from faults, and sometimes these are grievous.

But the damning faults of affectation, and of eccentricity just for eccentricity's sake, which are characteristic of the major portion of current "free verse," are never found in the poems of Amy Lowell.

THE SALVAGING OF CIVILIZATION. By H. G. Wells. New York: the Macmillan Company.

A kind of intellectual knight-errantry upon the part of Mr. Wells—a willingness to attack the most monstrous and savage problems with the weapons of idealism—is no small part of this writer's undeniable appeal. It requires some boldness, one must remember, to advance constructive ideas. Only a venturesome, as well as a disinterested thinker could have written a book like *The Salvaging of Civilization*, and the adventure itself, considering the courage, the high motives, and the intellectual address displayed in it, wins applause. It must be said, however, that Mr. Wells, like Sir Launcelot, does not quite arrive.

Civilization, thinks Mr. Wells, is liable shortly to collapse and the human race to decay unless some way can be found to prevent wars—for into further wars the world is aimlessly drifting; the next great convulsion will be more horrible than the one just passed, and civilization will be unable to withstand the strain. To avert this disaster, the author offers three suggestions—two of which are original.

With that perspicacity which he never fails to manifest in some part of every book that he writes Mr. Wells perceives that the present League of Nations—and, indeed, the league of nations *idea*—is amateurish and insufficient. In words that could not be bettered he points out that the League is "at once, a little too much for American participation and not sufficient for the urgent needs of Europe." What is needed is not something less than the League, but something far greater—a true World State. The proposition is a big one, for the abolition of war means no mere readjustment of human relations, but a change of human nature—war is as much an integral and shaping influence in our present civilization as is religion or law. We ought not, therefore, to underrate the magnitude of the undertaking, but we should realize that because of this very magnitude a heroic remedy is required.

It at once occurs to the reader, at this point, that there is possibly something a little wrong with Mr. Wells's logic. To say that because a World State is incompatible with national jealousy, with that atrocious Sinn-Fein spirit which the author identifies with European patriotism, that therefore the remedy for war is to establish a World State as soon as possible, would be like arguing that because football-playing is incompatible with physical debility therefore tubercular patients should play football. Practically Mr. Wells recognizes this; but the recognition takes away more perhaps than he realizes from the force of his plea for a World State. The whole problem, he admits, is one of intellectual and moral education.

How does Mr. Wells propose to provide the education necessary for the salvaging of civilization? His first suggestion on this score is original and fascinating—if somewhat startling. He suggests the preparation of a book of wisdom for universal distribution, to be called "the Bible of Civilization." The old Bible, he argues, is open to criticism in several important respects. For one thing, it is tautological; it tells, for instance, the history of the Jewish nation twice over. And again, it is unscientific. But its most serious fault is that it has become standardized, that it has ceased to grow—a condition that did not exist in those early ages in which the Bible had its origin. The idea of the old Bible was, however, essentially right. It was a needed compilation of all the knowledge and inspiration available in its age, and, best of all, it did give man a real conception of his place in the universe. Following so successful a model, Mr. Wells would construct his modern Bible closely upon the lines of the old. There would be a biological and geological section corresponding to the Book of Genesis; hygiene and ethics would fill the place of Deuteronomy; there would be literary Books; and finally there would be a "Book of Forecasts." Mr. Wells does not say whether he would include in his Book of Proverbs such sayings as Thomas Brackett Reed's definition of a statesman, or Labouchere's comment that "mere disbelief in the existence of God does not entitle a man's opinions on all other topics to uncritical acceptance." The Book of Forecasts would consist of the programmes and philosophies of living statesmen, and the author ironically suggests that while the first draught would undoubtedly be a pale and sad affair, the project would at least force public men to define their ultimate aims and to question themselves as to whether they had any ultimate aims.

What Mr. Wells presents in his conception of a modern Bible is, in short, just a brief abstract of all our education and culture—including the sort of thing we read in the magazines and reviews. Well, probably Mr. Bryan would contribute, and if he isn't a prophet, who is? It is a grave question whether our modern education and culture, with its vast extent, its rival views, and its considerable uncertainty, could advantageously be thus compacted. Besides, how many, who do not go to college, could really understand Mr. Wells's Bible? Not even the amount of advertizing done by the promoters of the Encyclopaedia Britannica would be sufficient to popularize such a work, and this amount does not equal the total propaganda in behalf of education in our colleges. Illiterate persons would not assemble in churches and Grange halls to hear Mr. Wells's Bible read to them. People do not do that sort of thing nowadays. They go to Chautauquas to hear Mr. Bryan direct. In brief, isn't it better to let our vast and somewhat fluid culture do its work in the ways it has found for itself—in schools and libraries, in books and periodicals—than to attempt to concentrate it in a Bible? It is by its very nature a diffused and general influence.

Moreover, in all this, Mr. Wells seems completely to ignore the fact that the immense influence of the Bible has been due in large part to general belief in

its inspiration. It may be true that the world has passed the point when it can be saved, or greatly aided, by belief in an inspired book; but it does not follow from this that it can be saved by the popularization of an uninspired book. Something more than factitious enthusiasm for the five-foot shelf is evidently needed.

The author's third suggestion seems more practical than the others. Mr. Wells is one of the few who have grasped the essential truth that the great difficulty in education is just the difficulty of securing an adequate supply of competent teachers. He therefore urges that the work of planning lessons and supplying materials be centralized; that every teacher be supplied with the best possible lecture notes, apparatus, diagrams, phonograph records, and cinema films from a central bureau. The premise is certainly sound, and better organization in these matters might secure greater efficiency. But Mr. Wells's criticism seems to point to deficiencies possibly more prevalent in England than in America, and also it is clear that, in the form of text-books, laboratory methods, and uniform supplies, we already have a considerable degree of standardization. Experience seems to show, moreover, that good teachers, and writers of excellent text-books, are apt to become affected with a kind of bureaucratic stupidity as soon as they are constrained to coöperate in making out a syllabus. Something is to be said, after all, for educational liberty.

On the whole, one finds in Mr. Wells's extraordinary and stimulating, not to say provoking book, little more than several ordinary ideas greatly magnified.

Is America Safe for Democracy? By William McDougal, Professor of Psychology in Harvard College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

While Mr. Wells pessimistically analyzes the causes of the probable downfall of European civilization, and with unquenchable optimism suggests educational remedies, Professor McDougal writes in a somewhat sprightly manner of how "the American nation is speeding gaily down the road to destruction," and not too hopefully points to Eugenics as the sole available remedy. It is worth noting that Eugenics is the one thing that Mr. Wells considers too vague and impractical to be worth discussing as a means of national and world salvation, whereas Professor McDougal emphasizes the limited effect of education upon the race. If one had to choose between the two, one would unhesitatingly decide in favor of Professor McDougal. It ought to be clear enough by this time that the limits of education, and hence of reform, are fixed by native intelligence, and Eugenics appears both a more logical and a more sufficient alternative to sheer destruction than does a centralized educational bureau. But when doctors disagree there is always the hope that both may be wrong, and the thesis that this or that is the *only possible* remedy for a threatening evil has been frequently falsified by history.

Hence we hope that, despite Mr. Balfour's thesis that conclusions are gener-

ally sounder than premises, Professor McDougal's premises may be sounder than his main conclusion.

This tentative suggestion is, however, about the only idea remotely approaching a criticism that one has to offer as comment upon Professor McDougal's book.

It would be difficult to imagine a wiser, more interesting, more generally acceptable popular discussion of the vexed questions of heredity and of race than this able psychologist and philosopher has written. Particularly fascinating are the developments of the idea that "on both the moral and intellectual sides the *innate* potentialities of the mind are richer, more various, and more specific than can be described in terms of degrees of intelligence and degrees of strength of the several instinctive influences." Through statistical methods, moreover, the author seems able to fix with approximate accuracy certain really primary psychological qualities of the principal races of Europe. Of course, the Eugenic significance of all this is simply that moral and intellectual qualities are distributed in about the same way as are physical characteristics such as stature; and that they are, at least relatively, unchangeable —though Professor McDougal suggests that Weissman *may* not have been right in holding that acquired characteristics are in no degree transmitted to offspring. But the subject of race is in itself of immense importance and a real clarification of the questions about it could not but deeply affect our thinking upon a great variety of other subjects, including politics, art and literature.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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A FRENCH STATESMAN,

ARISTIDE BRIAND

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

PHYSICALLY, he resembles strangely Mr. Lloyd George: the same prominent nose, the same long hair combed back, the same active eyes, the same gripping and persuasive eloquence. As a matter of fact, they are relatives, at least insofar as the Welsh and the Bretons are related, and when they are together, they chat with each other like cousins. There are moments when their jokes become sharp.

"How is it," Mr. Lloyd George asked recently, "that the Bretons fought so well during the war?"

"Because," replied M. Briand with the utmost seriousness, "they continually imagined that they were fighting against the Welsh!"

Those who have seen the two men together and at grips during the most recent international conferences, have experienced one of the rarest pleasures: that of being present at a contest of adversaries not only of equal force, but of similar nature, possessing the same talents, using the same methods. In this game, perhaps it was not the Premier of Great Britain who was the calmer and more phlegmatic player. For French impulsiveness is hardly more than a legend—as false as all other legends.

On the exciting screen of French politics, where men appear and disappear with an unaccountable rapidity, M. Aristide Briand,

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Prime Minister of France, offers the spectacle of a remarkable exception who has never disappeared from the political scene except to return almost immediately. He is to-day for the sixth time Prime Minister. No man can say how long he will remain Prime Minister, but any man can be sure that, God granting him life, he will be Prime Minister a seventh time and more than likely an eighth time.

Curious detail: he has never been turned out of power except once, and that time not by the Chamber of Deputies, which in France has the almost exclusive privilege of unseating Governments: it was by the Senate, in 1913, at the moment when he was defending a bill concerning electoral reform, already voted by the Chamber and adopted also by the Senate a few years later. On all other occasions, M. Aristide Briand has given up power of his own accord, without having lost his majority by any unfavorable vote, and simply because he has been tired out by the overwhelming task represented by the Premiership in France, or else because he felt his support weakening behind him.

Another striking detail: each time that he has been Prime Minister, he has had to face a great crisis wherein the interior or exterior fate of his country has been at stake. Once it was the general strike on the railroads, the first general strike that had been known in France. Another time it was the war, and the war at its darkest moment, when Serbia and Roumania were crushed. This time, it was the question of reparations, to which is linked the very life of France, the question of Silesia and the question of the Near East. Never has a statesman in power known more difficulties, and it is easy to understand his grumbling, "What a responsibility to go into the Government! What a relief to come out!"

His greatest quality is a complete absence of hate and passion.

The first time in my life that I saw him was in 1909, when the religious battle in France was at its height. He had just come into power for the first time, and he had to apply the law, which he had had the Parliament vote, calling for the separation of the Church and the State. The Catholics regarded him as the Antichrist, and accused him of wishing to kill religion in France and of having acted only because of hatred against Rome. The

struggle against him was ardent and bitter; violent attacks were launched against his public and his private life. I went to see him. I found a man calm, smiling, and cool, as indifferent to the insults hurled at him as if they had been addressed to a citizen of Kamchatka. He explained to me what had been his purpose in separating Church and State, and talked to me of Rome, of the Catholic religion, and of religious beliefs, with a respect that impressed me.

"What is," he said, "the situation of the Church in France? It is the same as that of a government administration. In accordance with the Concordat that Napoleon I, a century ago, signed with Rome, the priests are no more than employees. It is the State that pays them, and which, if it is dissatisfied with their conduct, deprives them of their salary. Besides, Napoleon made no attempt to hide from himself what he wanted to do. '*The bishops*,' he used to say, '*are police commissioners*.' He treated them as such and kept for the Government the right to veto their nomination. He even gave them a special rank in public ceremonies. According to agreement, they came after the prefects and in front of the generals. He had even arranged for the head of the State to present the red hats to the cardinals. . . . Well, I say that such a régime is as little worthy of the Roman Church as of the republican State. There is something unheard of for a Government, composed sometimes of atheists or freemasons, to decide whether the merits of a priest do or do not fit him to become a bishop. It is still more unthinkable that a chief of State who may be Protestant or a freethinker, should enthrone a cardinal of the Church. What would the American Catholics say if the President of the United States had the right of a veto over the nomination of a bishop, and if it were his function to confirm the elevation of a cardinal? Personally, I have wished to bring an end to such an unsatisfactory state of things. And I have kept in view the dignity of the Church as well as the dignity of the State. All churches are entitled to respect, and all religions are beautiful. And it is because they are infinitely beautiful and entitled to an infinite respect that they ought to be left outside of the jurisdiction of governments and of the State. They should have their full independence, which carries with it full responsi-

bility. As for the State, it has enough to do with its material occupations, without mixing into the spiritual domain with which it has no concern!"

Such were the preoccupations of the man who was represented as the determined destroyer of religious belief. Frequently his question, "What would the American Catholics say if . . . ," has come back to me. And I have little doubt of the reply that they would have made. But the question was never put to them. . . !

Again, in the general railroad strike which broke out in 1910, M. Briand showed neither hate nor haste. And the way in which he solved the problem was a masterpiece of skill. French law forbade the use of force in opposing the strike, which was a legal act. Nevertheless, no Government could allow such a strike to break out and to last: it meant to stop the life of the nation; to open the frontier, without any possible defense, to a sudden German invasion. What was to be done in such a perilous situation? . . . M. Briand recalled that an old French law permitted, in case of national emergency, the mobilization of all the railroad men. If they did not answer their mobilization order, it meant a court martial, just as in time of war. Therefore M. Briand simply published a decree that a national emergency existed, and mobilized all the railroad workers as if war were to have broken out the next day. The men did not dare resist: within twenty-four hours they returned to their posts, and in forty-eight hours the strike was finished. A stormy debate took place in the Chamber. The Socialists attacked the Prime Minister with uncontained fury, and when he mounted the tribune, tried to prevent him from speaking. But his speech was brief. From the speaker's platform he held out his hands and showed them to the representatives of the nation. And he said to them:

"The crisis is over. The railroads are running. But in spite of that, look at my hands: there is not a drop of blood upon them!"

In the course of the war, M. Briand turned out to be of the same calibre as in peacetime. He did not denounce the enemy in fiery speeches, he delivered no burning philippics; the whole of his talent for diplomacy he used for the unification of the Allied

armies. It was he who first pronounced the famous precept: "*There is only one front.*" By this he meant to convey that it was not only on the Verdun front or the Champagne front that we had to give battle to the Germans, but on the front of the Isonzo or the Vardar as well, and that a victory won in the Balkans was worth a success gained in Flanders. With this principle in view, he maintained and increased the French forces at Salonica, and obtained the maintenance and the increase of the British forces in the Near East. To-day it is only necessary to read the *mémoires* of Hindenburg and of Ludendorff to understand to what extent his judgment was sound and his vision clear. For the day that Ludendorff and Hindenburg judged that all was lost, the day when they asked Berlin to undertake peace negotiations with the Allies, was not the day of July when Mangin attacked the enemy flank at Château-Thierry and changed the advance on the Marne into a retreat, nor was it the day of August when Foch hurled the German advance guards far back from Amiens; it was the day in September when Franchet d'Esperey, smashing through the Vardar front, began to advance by forced marches on Belgrade and on Sofia. "It was on that day," says Hindenburg, "that I realized that the game was lost." It is nothing more than justice to proclaim that the victory in the Orient, prelude to the great victory in France, was due to the foresight and to the perseverance of M. Briand.

Again, recently, in the state in which we are living, which is no longer that of war and which is not yet that of peace, it fell to the lot of M. Briand to settle the question of reparation, on which depends the recovery of France. He used the best of methods, that which Roosevelt used to recommend, and which consists in brandishing a big stick in order not to have to use it.

M. Briand said, "I put a loaded pistol to Germany's temple; she gave in. There are those who regret it, and who would have wished me to fire my pistol. But I congratulate myself. There is no use shooting one's debtor when it is merely a matter of making him open his pocketbook."

What should I say now of the special attitude of M. Briand toward the United States? . . . To say that it is an attitude of confidence and affection is not enough, because all French

statesmen have such an attitude. The French people would not permit it to be otherwise. But, perhaps with M. Viviani, M. Briand is the French statesman who best understands America and who makes himself best understood there.

I shall always remember that evening of October, 1916, when I was notified that the French Government had decided to send me to the United States on a special mission for the remainder of the war, for the sole purpose of informing the American public of what was happening in France and in Europe. At once I went to the Quai d'Orsay, and I was immediately ushered into the presence of M. Briand, then President of the Council. I asked him his instructions, or at least, his suggestions. I still hear his voice, clear, serious, and deep, answering me:

"My instructions are very simple: tell them always the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Lying or bluffing is good for monarchies and autocracies. But between two democracies, there is only one true rule. When people respect and are fond of each other, they tell everything."

For my own part, I have always applied this rule, which is also the invariable rule of M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador in Washington, when speaking to my friends of America, and I have always found it extremely convenient. "*When in doubt tell the truth,*" Mark Twain wrote on a sign which always hung above his writing desk. But it is not only when in doubt that it is best to tell the truth: it is always. The truth is the cleverest cunning.

Recently, again, I discussed the United States with M. Briand. It was on the return from a recent voyage which I had the honor of making in the company of M. René Viviani. And I told him —for such is the profound conviction of my conscience—that America is not only an inexhaustible reservoir of material riches, but that she is above all a measureless source of moral force. I added that for this reason, in the disorder and chaos in which Europe is struggling, the voice of the most just and the most disinterested people in the world should sound and should be heard. M. Briand listened with all his attention; then, fixing his dark eye upon me, he said:

"It is true that America incarnates a great moral force, perhaps the greatest in the world. And, in this building on the

Quai d'Orsay, where no day passes without the visit of a representative of some nation of the world, there is one personality whom I always see with joy: it is the American Ambassador. In all the annals of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of France, there is no example of a painful or troublesome incident with the representative of the United States. Whatever the administration in power in Washington, we always consider him as one of our best friends. As soon as he appears, he finds on all sides hands stretched out to greet him. At certain grave moments of the war, he was a useful and an appreciated adviser. It depends on him alone if he desires to be a valued counsellor in times of peace. . . ."

Then, leaning forward a little in a position which he habitually assumes when he wants to emphasize a point, Prime Minister Briand added:

"Do you know why these two peoples, American and French, have got along so well together up to now? It is because, at bottom, they resemble each other. People pretend that, for two nations to love each other, they must be different. That is an absurd error. Beings who have nothing in common can never like each other. And the rule which applies to individuals applies equally to peoples. The American people and the French people have a thousand things in common. In the first place, they have the same titles to nobility, that is, they have both struggled for the same democratic ideal. Also, they possess the same good sense which makes them put aside the socialist Utopias, the same fondness for order and equilibrium. Where else will you find two countries where the middle class predominates as in America and as in France? Where will you find two countries where the rural classes are so similar and where they form the granite keystone on which rests the whole structure of the nation? Where will you find the same spirit of sacrifice and the same hatred of autocracy? All this means that we understand each other even though we speak different languages. We have only to look at each other squarely and each of us finds in the other the same traits, as surely as if we were to look at our own reflection in a mirror. . . ."

Here I stop the citations from M. Briand. If, in tracing his

sketch, I have made him speak, it has been in order to make him better understood. It may be that France possesses statesmen more daring and more energetic. But she has none more brilliant, more penetrating, more clever.

One day in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Maurice Barrès cried out to him, half in anger and half in admiration:

"You are a monster of flexibility." ("*Vous êtes un monstre de souplesse.*")

The world needs such monsters. One cannot always govern with a closed fist and a threat on the lips. The world cannot be built of iron bars alone. There must be oil to ease the turning of the cogs of the immense machine; a careful and expert hand must pour it on the right spot; and an experienced and calm eye must watch over the ensemble of the factory.

M. Aristide Briand has all of that. And he has also the courage of knowing how to make enemies in order not to abandon a friend—which in politics is the most useful and the rarest courage.

To some political followers who came to see him one day to declare that they approved of his theories, he replied:

"I am glad that you like my principles, but I would prefer that you like me for myself!"

M. Briand can rest assured. He is liked for himself.

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE.

Paris, July, 1921.

THE NEW CENTRAL AMERICA

BY MARY WILHELMINE WILLIAMS

Down on the Isthmus which joins the two American continents a new nation is in the process of formation. On January 19, last, representatives of the little republics of Honduras, Salvador, Guatemala, and Costa Rica signed articles of union which, it is hoped, will bring about the strength made possible by coöperation and the permanent good-will that is blessed by peace.

The idea of one flag and one government for Central America is neither new nor unprecedented. During the colonial period the five Central American states formed a single unit in the Spanish Indies and constituted the Captaincy-General of Guatemala; and, after having cast off the leading strings of the mother country, they, for fifteen years, were known as the United Provinces of Central America. But the selfishness which marked most of the leaders and the inexperience in self-government which characterized the nation as a whole made this latter period one of civil strife and general chaos. After 1839 the union was legally as well as actually at an end, and the immature, undisciplined states were launched separately upon their stormy political careers. Yet, throughout the long years that followed, the idea of ultimate reunion persisted with a tenacity truly remarkable, and by the end of the last century at least a dozen attempts had been made to restore the states to a common nationality. Though the efforts were not successful in attaining their immediate object, they were by no means fruitless, for through them the leaders in the movement gradually learned that no permanent reunion would be possible until mutual trust and friendship among the states had supplanted selfishness, jealousy, and suspicion, and the habit of flying to arms on the slightest provocation—or without provocation.

With the object of laying a foundation for better relations, the five governments entered into mutual treaty engagements

in 1902. But mere legislation cannot overcome long-established tendency, and in a few years the little nations were in the insane grip of one of the most serious wars that has ever blighted the Isthmus. The situation indeed became so distressing that, fortunately, Mexico and the United States jointly intervened and ended the struggle, and promptly afterwards they brought about the Central American conference which met in Washington in 1907. This gathering accelerated the preparation of the states for the successful reëstablishment of the union, for at it several excellent agreements making for friendship and coöperation were signed, and later ratified by the governments concerned.

By the treaty of peace and amity all the states pledged themselves to refrain from meddling in one another's affairs,—a pastime which seemed almost a mania in some quarters,—and although this pledge was repeatedly broken during the ten years of the legal lifetime of the agreement, the treaty had considerable restraining effect, for wars in Central America have not been so frequent since 1907 as they previously were. The plan of the conference for a Central American Bureau fared better. The *Oficina Internacional Centro-América* was created and has performed admirable service in collecting and disseminating commercial and other information, and in fostering international coöperation and interest in union.

The Central American Court of Justice was a disappointment, and, on the whole, a failure. By the Treaty of Washington the states solemnly agreed to settle in it all disputes, of whatever nature, and several cases were thus disposed of; but from the outset there was serious question whether a tribunal unaided by coercive authority for the enforcement of its decisions could contribute much towards the solution of Central American problems.

The actual scrapping of the treaty providing for the court was, however, brought about by an unexpected chain of events growing out of what is known among Spanish Americans as *imperialismo yanqui*—"Yankee imperialism"—manifested in Nicaragua. In order to make clear the part played by the United States in this connection, it is necessary to recall that the abrogation of

the Clayton-Bulwer treaty by the Hay-Pauncefote agreement gave the United States a free hand in Caribbean affairs, and that this government, with Theodore Roosevelt at its head, lost no time in taking advantage of those changed conditions. The Platt Amendment had already placed Cuba under American tutelage, and, following it, the unique diplomacy which gave birth to the Republic of Panama and accelerated the building of an interoceanic canal, and the intervention in Central American affairs in 1907, were indications of the new policy of the United States toward the lands to the south.

Nicaragua, ruled by the tyrant Zelaya, had been the storm centre of the Isthmus for several years when, in 1909, the execution by Zelaya's orders of two American adventurers who had been aiding in a revolt against the dictator, focussed the attention of the Taft administration upon that unhappy state. Diplomatic pressure from Washington was brought to bear and Zelaya was forced to resign. But his elimination appeared to increase, rather than to diminish, the disorder in Nicaragua, and the handful of American marines originally sent down to protect American life and property was, in 1912, increased to an army of nearly three thousand men having the avowed object of restoring order. Subsequently most of the forces were withdrawn, but never for a day since the first invasion in 1912 has Nicaragua been entirely free from American military forces. This is the most conspicuous phase of the "dollar diplomacy," which is but one aspect, in the view of Central Americans, of the hated and feared "Yankee imperialism."

But neither the peace insured by the presence of the American marines nor certain financial arrangements effected privately by American capitalists were sufficient to enable Nicaragua to get firmly on her feet. Treaty guarantees seemed necessary to secure sufficient funds to rescue her from the desperate financial straits in which she had placed herself by her foolish wars. As early as 1911 an attempt had been made to secure such an arrangement, but it failed through the refusal of ratification by the United States Senate. Two years later the Taft government negotiated a new agreement, which gave to the United States the exclusive and perpetual right to construct a canal across

Nicaragua, and leased to it for ninety-nine years the Corn Islands, in the Caribbean, and a site for a naval base in the Gulf of Fonseca, on the Pacific. In return, Nicaragua was to receive three million dollars from the United States. Nicaragua's Government, upheld by American bayonets, ratified the agreement, but again the United States Senate refused ratification.

Undiscouraged, the Wilson administration drafted an agreement which included not only virtually the whole of the recently rejected treaty but also most of the terms which the Platt Amendment imposed upon Cuba, thus making Nicaragua a United States protectorate; in return for which the American Government guaranteed the Nicaraguan debt.

For several years uneasiness and suspicion due to the imperialistic procedure of the United States had been growing in Central America, and the arrangement just mentioned produced actual alarm. It was met with a storm of opposition from individuals and groups representing all of the five nationalities; and the Governments of Costa Rica, Honduras, and Salvador filed with the United States Government formal protests against the treaty. Costa Rica especially objected to the canal concession, for she shared with Nicaragua sovereignty over the San Juan River, which was the logical route for a canal. Honduras and Salvador were particularly disturbed by the grant of the naval base in the Gulf of Fonseca—which is only about twenty miles wide at the entrance—for, since they both bordered on this Gulf, they held that the concession to the United States not only impaired their proprietary rights there, but jeopardized their sovereignty, as well. Furthermore, they asserted, ratification of the treaty would render impossible the reunion of Central America.

How influential were these protests it is impossible to say, but it is a fact that the new convention was rejected by the Foreign Affairs Committee of the United States Senate. A redraft was promptly made, however, and the distinctly protective features were omitted, leaving the agreement almost identical with the second one negotiated by the Taft administration. That is, the document gave to the United States the canal concession and the ninety-nine years' lease of the Corn

Islands and the naval base in the Gulf of Fonseca, in return for three million dollars. In this form it was ratified by the United States Senate, in February, 1916, with an amendment providing that, in view of the protests of Costa Rica, Salvador, and Honduras against the pact, the ratification was given with the express understanding that nothing in the agreement was intended to affect any existing right of the three states mentioned.

But to the aggrieved republics the Senate amendment was mere empty words, and not the safeguard to their rights that it purported to be; and, promptly following the proclamation of the obnoxious treaty—named for its authors, Bryan and Chamorro—Costa Rica and Salvador brought suit before the Central American Court of Justice against Nicaragua on the ground that the agreement referred to violated the treaty of peace and amity made at Washington in 1907. This contention was unanimously supported by the votes of the justices from the four other states; but Nicaragua refused to have anything to do with the suit, and defied the findings of the court.

Though the Court of Justice seemed now to be wrecked beyond any chance of restoration and rehabilitation, its mere existence served to preserve the hope of a united Central America. Therefore, as the ten years set by treaty for its existence neared expiration, an earnest effort, initiated by Salvador in 1917, was made to have the tribunal continued. By this time manipulation of Nicaraguan affairs by the United States had thoroughly persuaded Central American Liberals that only through union could the little republics escape ultimate absorption by the imperialistic power to the north. Consequently, the former leaders manifested more unselfishness, and a new enthusiasm was contributed to the cause by the growth of unionist clubs among the young men, especially in the universities.

All of the states agreed to meet in conference for the purpose of renewing the court and of fostering coöperation along other lines; but, unfortunately, Nicaragua—probably impelled by an influence made virtually inevitable by United States military occupation—expressed the wish that Panama be admitted to the deliberations also. Though they hoped that Panama would eventually join them, the proposal promptly met with disfavor

from the other states, partly because of the protectorate maintained over the Isthmian republic by the United States; but the fact that the five original members of the Central American Union had in their constitutions clauses looking toward and providing for ultimate reconfederation, while Panama's constitution lacked such a provision, was also influential; for Panama's presence at the conference would thus be almost certain to complicate the discussion and minimize the likelihood of a successful outcome. This was no time, they felt, to regard Panama as a member of the Central American family. Yet Nicaragua was firm in her insistence that Panama be invited, the conference failed to take place, and the Central American Court of Justice died early in 1918, when the treaty limit expired.

Following this disappointing attempt came a pause, bringing changes which improved the outlook for the realization of the ideal. The most important of these was the elimination of Manuel Estrada Cabrera, Dictator of Guatemala, whose interest in the proposed union had recently disclosed an entirely selfish character. In spite of his well known enmity towards what we call "American ideals," and notwithstanding the dread and hatred with which his own people regarded him, Cabrera had possessed the friendship and backing of the United States Government, for he welcomed and protected American capitalists; and he succeeded in maintaining his despotic control for twenty-two long years. But early in 1920 his oppressed compatriots, fired by the impatience with autocracy engendered by the World War, revolted under the lead of the Unionist party and overthrew him.

A further element of encouragement grew out of the universal cataclysm. The repeated utterances of the United States Government regarding the rights of small nations gave Central America the hope that, through urging these admirable principles upon others, it might finally occur to the United States to incorporate them in its own foreign policy. An announcement made in July, 1920, by the United States Government regarding the coming election for President of Nicaragua seemed to indicate the desired change of heart. The American Government, the Nicaraguans were informed, gave no preference to any of

the candidates for the office in question, and its sole desire was that the election should be entirely free, in order that the real wishes of the people might be expressed. This seemed to promise that Nicaragua would now be a more harmonious, as well as a more safe and generally desirable, confederate than formerly.

Encouraged by the improved outlook, Salvador again took the initiative and issued invitations to the four sister republics to meet in conference at her capital on September 15, 1920—the ninety-ninth anniversary of the Central American declaration of independence from Spain. The announced object of the gathering was to effect a confederation of the five states, and to revive and execute the treaties of Washington. Honduras, Costa Rica, and Guatemala promptly and unqualifiedly accepted the invitation, but Nicaragua quibbled over the existing status of the treaties in question, and thus caused delay. But the plan for meeting was persisted in, with the result that in December representatives of the five original Central American states began session at San José, Costa Rica, in the Peace Palace given to the republics by Andrew Carnegie.

Like a wicked ghost, however, *imperialismo yanqui* rose at the fraternal gathering and prevented perfect consummation of the unionist ideal. Nicaragua refused to affix her signature to the pact of federation, signed by the four other states on January 19, 1921, the reason given being her rights and obligations under the Bryan-Chamorro treaty. In spite of their well-known abhorrence of the treaty in question, she asked that the other states ratify it in its original form, without the Senate amendment. This they refused to do, for the feeling was strong, especially in Salvador, that no headway toward union could be made unless Nicaragua abrogated the Bryan-Chamorro agreement; but, moved by a spirit of compromise and conciliation, accepted the offensive treaty *with* the Senate guarantee; and, furthermore, included in the pact of union a clause, known as Article IV, to the effect that, until modified or abrogated by diplomatic agreement, all treaties existing between members of the new federation and foreign Powers should be binding upon the states involved. But Nicaragua declared those measures inadequate, and withdrew her delegates from the

conference. Whether or not the United States Government refrained from influencing the Nicaraguan presidential election last autumn, the outcome of it was that Diego Chamorro, who had been with Mr. Bryan joint author of the treaty which caused the difficulty, was the victorious candidate; and this fact doubtless made the agreement loom larger at the conference than it would otherwise have done.

Obviously, the crux of the question is the clause of the treaty giving the United States the exclusive privilege of building a canal. Whenever the United States may decide to make use of her right, another treaty, providing for the payment of many millions of dollars to some Power in Central America, will, of course, be necessary; and Nicaragua desires to insure the safe delivery of this fortune to her own coffers. With the matter left indefinite, the money might have to be divided up with Costa Rica,—who would certainly be entitled to compensation should the San Juan, the only practicable route, be decided upon,—or be paid largely into the common Central American treasury. The Nicaraguan authorities would probably have been satisfied with the reservation of the right later to negotiate independently with the United States with reference to the canal, but this would be disastrous to union and so not satisfactory to the other states.

But from the first the Nicaraguan officials, who were well aware of the benefits to be derived from union, were inclined to be conciliatory, and the hearty approval of the union expressed by our Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, at a dinner given in honor of the Nicaraguan Minister at Washington, doubtless greatly reinforced the inclination to come to terms with the other states. Hence, on July 3, last, the newly-formed Central American Council was pleasantly surprised by a request from Nicaragua for a statement of terms which might serve as a basis for negotiations looking towards Nicaragua's participation in the union.

It is sincerely to be hoped that this request may speedily lead to an arrangement satisfactory to all, and that when the states gather on September 15 to celebrate the centenary of their independence, there may be five stars in the flag of the new nation on the Isthmus.

In spite of the disappointment and complications caused by

Nicaragua's refusal to sign the pact of union last January, there has been steady progress towards constructing the machinery of the federation; for the votes of three states were sufficient to make the new nation a reality. With the preliminary agreement as a basis, a constitution has been drawn up providing for a federation of autonomous states, with legislative, executive, and judicial departments, which, to avoid jealousies, shall have their seat in a Federal District, to be created. Meanwhile, the place of meeting is Tegucigalpa, Honduras. The most interesting clause of the constitution stipulates that there shall be an Executive Council, similar to that of Switzerland, instead of a single executive. The members of this Council are to be elected for five years, and shall choose from their number a President, whose term, however, is limited to one year, with prohibition against immediate reëligibility. These restrictions seem to offer excellent assurance against the wrecking of the federation through usurpation of power by the executive—one of the most common evils in Spanish American politics.

The importance of recent developments on the Isthmus becomes manifest only when it is realized that the completed federation will be fifth in population among the independent nations of the Western World; and, yet, as compared with England—which has but two-sevenths as large an area with seven times the population—it is an empty country. The establishment of peace and financial security will surely invite a great flood of immigration, for in natural resources Central America is one of the richest regions in the world, and her proximity to the Panama Canal affords her tremendous commercial advantages.

Will the United States Government respond to the challenge offered by the situation?

MARY WILHELMINE WILLIAMS.

ANGLO-AMERICAN FAITH

BY WILLIAM McCLELLAN

THE peace of the future depends upon the concerted action of Britain and America. This is the most significant lesson in the world politics taught by the war. Whatever league of nations or other instrument may be devised, the English-speaking peoples, when acting in unity, will strike the note of authority. As the next war would be infinitely more devastating and horrible than the last, keeping the peace becomes more than ever the duty of civilized man. It follows easily that if peace can be assured by the coördination of Britain and America, it is of paramount importance that heed be given to the necessary conditions.

That was almost an exhilarating moment in 1914 when the world learned that Britain would throw all her resources into the struggle for civilization. Germany had expected it when she invaded Belgium, even though she seemed surprised. It was overwhelming to Germany in 1917 when the United States finally recognized her own responsibility to humanity. At that moment, it is known now, Germany secretly admitted defeat.

The change in the mode of war has given Britain and America their position of dominance, or better said,—leadership. War is no longer a matter only of individual valor or military genius. It is a titanic struggle of organized human and natural resources. From the moment that the struggle commences, every man, woman, and child on both sides, whether at home or with the colors, makes war. All natural, industrial, and commercial resources are taken from ordinary uses and reshaped for most effective war purposes. No discussion is needed to prove that those countries having a huge wealth of mineral and agricultural resources, and which have built up their manufacturing and transportation facilities to make these resources available, will be dominant in international affairs. Great Britain and America

are in precisely this position, and whether it be due to accident or superior genius is insignificant. Moreover, the primacy will prevail in any international organization which may be functioning.

Every honest-minded person must desire some effective association of the nations. But the builders of the existing league attempted the impossible. They essayed to invent a full-grown league when there was not an international mind among the nations; when each nation, large or small, had a most exaggerated national mind; when two of the largest nations could not be present at the organization; when the peoples of the world were war weary to exhaustion, and were interested only in a quick peace; and when the mind of the world was far from exultant and generous as was the mind of the American colonies after gaining independence. A league of nations will never be a direct creation. It will be a growth from a very simple beginning. It must start as a consultative assembly only, for no great nation will ever surrender sovereignty in cold blood. A league of nations—say what you will—is the beginning of an international State, which somehow will accumulate sovereignty. Such a State could never be formed at the close of a great war. Even the American Colonies with a common speech and a common political background could not do it until after a period of experimenting and waiting for passions to subside. The Colonies had to possess themselves of national minds, which incidentally was not completed until 1865. No such international superstate is above the horizon now. Even if one were, it would be a decade or two before it could depend on its own strength. With or without it, when Britain and America were agreed in any crisis, a demonstration of force could be made which would effectively control explosive action anywhere in the world.

To have Britain and America on the same side of every international issue is, then, the *sine qua non* for world peace. The serious problem is to discover how circumstances may be arranged so that they can be expected to be there. There is certainly no reason to expect that they will inevitably find themselves in coördination. At numerous times during the last forty years, feeling between them was tense, and war was possible if not

immanent. To-day there are numerous prophets of varying position who think the two great English-speaking nations must clash, sooner or later. I respect the thinking of no person who believes such a war impossible. Such an assumption does not square with the facts, and is an easy road to trouble. Even though with difficulty, they could fight like any other two peoples, if the causes of war should arise at any time.

The only possible cause of war between Britain and America would be lack of faith of one in the other. Neither one lacks territory, nor covets any particular territory which the other has. Both have remarkably attractive and ample "places in the sun." Both are powerful, with extraordinary resources, and have a wholesome respect for each other. For these reasons, if war came, as someone has said recently, "We should drift into war with Great Britain after weeks or months of exchanges, doubts, delays." Conceivably a single overt act might start a conflict, but not until a policy, steadily pursued for a relatively long time, had undermined the faith of one in the other. The ulterior purpose would have to be proved—be apparent—before these two giants would resort to trial by combat. To prevent war between themselves, and thereby hold the proud position of forever keeping peace on earth, both must keep the faith.

Both nations will be wise to look the facts in the face and recognize that they are natural antagonists. In the first place they are the only two nations at present which, because of wealth and organization, could challenge each other with any uncertainty as to the result. If insane enough, we have the resources and ability to equal or exceed the British Navy, which would be a challenge indeed. Granting that we could come to one national mind as to method, we could certainly compete with Britain for a mercantile marine. New York is the only city in the world which could replace London as the financial centre. The war between the sterling and dollar exchanges is on, with some visible success for the dollar. Then there are the numerous financial and commercial relations, entangling and otherwise, with undeveloped countries. Great Britain or her nationals have had these things, have dominated these and other fields of commercial and political activity. To give them up would be to lose tremendous prestige,

in fact, would be to lose empire to a great degree. America, or a large part of it, would not be averse to at least sharing the throne. Indeed, there has been a large volume of printed and spoken discussion about wresting this or that portion of leadership from Britain. There are any number of Americans who think their country could defeat any other in war, commerce, or other contest, and who resent holding less than the first place. They have no conception of the dogged quiet, but far from passive resistance of that nation who knows what leadership means, knows how to get it, and how to hold it. These are the facts, and in the face of them it is fatuous to ridicule the idea of war. It is the acme of ineptitude to think that blood, language, institutions, or origins, will alone suffice to remove friction and heat. These are more or less powerful instruments for the wise use of those who perceive the intense and vigorous rivalry that is on its way between the two English-speaking giants. There is evidence even now of the real situation. Until 1914 Great Britain was the arbitrator in Europe. Of Europe, but detached, she maintained this position for more than a century. She was stronger at the end of every European war than at the beginning. To the superficial observer she still seems to speak softly, but with authority, as of old. France, Italy, Germany, Poland, and all the rest struggle in negotiation, but they wait for the casting vote of Lloyd George. The careful observer notes, however, that there are few permanent settlements. He notices, in every case, side glances toward America. He records the frequent assertion that there can be no league without America. He perceives a general distrust by small nations of the big ones, including Britain, and a universal hope that America will step in, accept mandates, lend money—in other words, accept leadership. If America were willing, and had faith in her ability, she could now take the position in Europe that Britain held at the end of the Napoleonic wars.

The thoughtful Britishers are not confused. To them America is not the first, but the most formidable and resourceful rival which they have had to meet. They speak outright, as did *Fairplay*, when discussing our mercantile marine. Speaking for the shipping interests of Britain it announced frankly and cheerily:

When it has been a question of the survival of the fittest we have invariably done our level best to crush or mold opposition, and as regards America's new mercantile marine, we shall go on doing it and expect her to do the same by us.

The task of statesmen is to make sure that this intense rivalry progresses with that remarkable sportsmanship that both nations have shown in other fields. First of all is the necessity for a clear understanding of the nature of the contest. So many of the jingo nationals of both nations talk as if it were a "fight to a finish" with no rules. Britain or America must be eventually "knocked out." If this attitude were to become general it would be a fatality. I suspect at times that the fear of this pervades the minds of those who are most noisily advocating some form of rapprochement. If we must have a simile, the dual meet is more like a distance race. From time to time each contestant has his turn at setting the pace. They run with different form perhaps,—one may excel in stride, the other in coördination. We are not interested in the finish, for this is too far off for speculation; but we are supremely interested in the way the contest progresses, and under what conditions it is started and managed.

There must be no formal alliance for mutual support between Britain and America. First, because both nations would chafe under it. A huge amount of time and energy would be required to administer it. More important, it would be objectionable because it would erect a more or less embarrassing barrier between us and all other nations. Moreover, a formal alliance is unnecessary. Better results can be obtained by each nation independently deciding that sympathetic coöperation and understanding is the best policy from a purely selfish standpoint, and then governing their actions accordingly. Two important public questions now under discussion,—the British Navy and the Panama Canal,—illustrate the point. In these, both nations have an opportunity to demonstrate a clear understanding and good faith.

Is Great Britain at present justified in refusing naval disarmament below a figure which would give her command of the sea? I think she is. First let us gain a clear understanding by comparing the positions of Britain and America. America is continental (virtually so), self-contained, almost undivided territorially, whereas the British Empire is insular, colonial or

provincial,—territorially divided. Great Britain is the heart of the empire. The British navy, in which a huge portion of the mercantile marine must be included, is the connecting chain between the parts. In no fanciful sense, the merchants ships are the highways between the parts. As well ask America to give up her transcontinental railroads as ask Britain to give up her combined transporting and guarding navy. It may set an unpleasant problem for all the rest, that one nation finds itself in a position where it must, beyond any question, command the sea; but there Britain is. Incidentally, for the territory represented, hers is not larger than any other navy. The difficulty is that it is under one command. Not a small part of it provides the "steel walls," formerly the "wooden walls," of the two islands. Neither America nor any other nation has a reasonable right to demand that this navy be rendered impotent for its primary purpose of making the British Empire possible. The day will come when the British mind can be at ease without the fighting part of it, and then that purpose be given up. Is the British navy a menace to us? That is the vital question now. Must we take up a programme of navy building which, *ipso facto*, means that we are afraid of war with Great Britain? Can Britain do anything to improve the situation?

Great Britain has for a century shown a wholesome respect—not in any sense fear—for America's naval ability. Where prepared strength was not available, "Yankee smartness" has helped out. In war, necessity is the mother of invention. To-day, if we can have no faith in the character of Britain, it would be folly to depend on anything but a great navy. Granting a reasonable faith, there are some very important material factors. Britain is three thousand miles from our shores, and could detach only a portion of her navy to attack us. True, if we ever have a large mercantile marine, we shall find a great difficulty facing us, but I believe international law will render this risk less onerous. Resolute action at international conferences will take care of all merchant ships, unless they become belligerent. Moreover, Britain or any other nation with a great preponderant army or navy is constantly suspected and subject to attack by all when she shows a disposition to be grasping. Such a nation invariably

has a number of weak situations internationally, and could never afford to become selfishly aggressive. Her navy, large in the aggregate, must be subdivided to cover a large number of strategic points. For America, particularly, the most potent factor is the group of independent constituents which really control the Empire and its actions. Merely to mention Canada, Australia and her neighbors, South Africa, Ireland, Scotland, and—in a growing sense—Egypt and India, is to realize that aggressive action by the Empire would be well-nigh impossible except in a righteous cause. As has been pointed out, the British Empire, in determining its action, must consult a very large number of almost national relations within the Empire, and experience has shown that these may be very divergent. I think, therefore, as a practical matter that America can solve her naval programme without consideration of Britain as a menace. A navy strong enough for any other emergency will be ample for all purposes. Naturally, any extended mercantile marine would be subject to partial destruction, but for America this would be a financial, not a vital, matter. The question immediately presents itself as to what Britain could do to increase the confidence of America so that such a decision could be made and not only all rivalry removed, but also an unwritten alliance be created.

She could dismantle completely all her military and naval stations in this hemisphere and neutralize forever all ports in her possessions, colonies, and provinces here. Such neutral ports, of course, could never be attacked by the United States, and an attack on these neutral ports by any other nation would be resented by us. Such an action would in the first place weaken to a great degree any navy which Britain could send against us. Her nearest naval base would be three thousand miles distant. It would render whatever navy we had relatively stronger by reason of our own near by resources. On the other hand, Britain would have nothing to protect in this hemisphere. Should the seemingly impossible war come between Britain and us, Canada, with such neutralized ports, would be in no different position. In such a war her relation and effectiveness would depend upon her own military resources as measured with what we could send against her. Some will contend that the existence of these naval

bases is no disadvantage to us, as we should capture or destroy them at the outset. This, however, is tantamount to saying that they would be of no use to Great Britain in war, that she has no plans for defending and using them, and that we could safely divide up our navy to attack them, and at the same time protect our own ports and coast cities. There are many assumptions here, not necessarily advantageous to us. How Canada would regard this neutralization of ports is another serious question, for it is well known that the opinion of Canada would prevail irrespective of the Imperial Government. It would seem that she could accept it. As a nation she would be in no sense neutral.

In the Panama Canal, America has her opportunity to induce faith. It ought to be internationalized, without any discrimination whatever in favor of any nation, including ourselves. I am one of those who believe that the clear language of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty requires this, especially when remembering that it is a substitution for the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. But there is no need for argument, for its neutralization is urged here as a matter of policy irrespective of any real or fancied rights. While this neutralization would apply to all nations, it would be chiefly effective as to Great Britain because of her extensive mercantile marine. It would be an act of faith of far-reaching importance, in that it would be an earnest of our fair and sportsmanlike thinking and acting in the future. Again it may be stressed that Great Britain and America are natural rivals in commerce and shipping, but neither nation can afford to take any advantage over the other, based on strained interpretations of treaties or agreements.

I sometimes think it would increase Anglo-American comity if the British Empire should adopt the decimal money system. Canada already has it. To say the least, it would be an exceedingly graceful action. The coins and notes should be of precisely the same content and value, though of different designs. There would be a distinct loss in having one design, in that the masses would not have the constant symbolism of two sovereign nations faithful each to each, with intimate relations. Obviously there would be a very great gain in practical efficiency in commercial transactions from such interchangeable specie, but it is not pro-

posed for this reason primarily. Our effort is to bring the minds of the common man and woman of Britain and America to a real unity. Imagine what a direct and effective help the intercirculation of coins and notes would be,—those of either nation equally valuable to the holder.

We have been constructing an alliance, but, written or unwritten, it must not arouse antagonism among the other nations. Self-interest makes strange bed-fellows, and should Continental Europe, including Russia, become violently suspicious, we might have a powerful entente against our alliance. The greatest problem the nations have to solve is Germany—seventy million trained and organized producers and consumers. There isn't force enough in the world to keep such a population in subjection. Their numbers will multiply and their industrial and commercial power will increase. Needless to say they mean to have—must have—their place in the sun. We ought to be far enough away from the passions of the war to look facts squarely in the face, even if we cannot forget or forgive. How long will the insanity of separating German-Austria from Germany continue? Hardly less intricate and important is the solution of the middle east of Germany and Italy. And there is, further, that very dangerous and complicated Asiatic tangle. There will be wars here and there, and rumors of war everywhere, but happiness or war for us will depend entirely upon whether the leadership of Britain and America is acceptable to the other nations. Our every action will be scrutinized for sincerity of purpose and fairness of dealing.

The most serious obstacle to confidence and leadership is the evident fear by many peoples of a British and American lust for Empire. America has probably removed to a large extent this feeling in Latin America, the only place where it ever existed. Britain, however, has fanned the flames everywhere by her additions through the peace treaty. To speak frankly, these very large additions of territory have operated unfavorably for Britain in the mind of the average American. Many careful thinkers, including a vast number of Britishers, look on the additions as added burdens which really weaken the Empire, but the popular mind cannot arrive at that point of view. Apparently the British flag, already flying over a huge portion of the earth, is being carried on

a wave of empire further and further, provoking jealousy, resentment, and suspicion. There is a generally held opinion that once in the British Empire, a unit must fight for its freedom as did America, South Africa, and now Ireland, with Egypt and India on the way. Britain's most serious problem will be to change the point of view of the American man on the street. The arrangement for extra votes in the League of Nations merely confirmed his prejudice. The Irish question stresses it still further. There can be no complete faith between Britain and America until Ireland is at peace in the Empire. Such problems are not local or internal,—they are primary tests of national character. To reduce antagonism and disarm suspicion is the great task of British statesmen. The menace of a Napoleon aiming for empire was serious, but for a great democracy to be suspected of that ambition would be fearful. Britain must avoid even the "appearance of evil." Her diplomacy must be as open as that of America. In short, if Britain and America are to lead effectively, they must demonstrate to the world that in every case they are capable of thinking internationally. They must develop that unknown faculty—an international mind.

Supported by an undoubting faith in the motives and purposes of each other, the two great English-speaking nations not only could not war with each other, but also could march together in the approach to every international problem. Jointly they would be the arbiter of nations. Sympathetic and scrupulous toward each other, they would gain the confidence and faith of the others. In any conclave of the nations their independent actions would be completely harmonious, and the moral force created would settle differences so that they would become details or disappear altogether. A long time might be necessary, and the progress might be slow and jerky. Perhaps the end is far off, but there can be no finish unless there is a start. If the world is to become really safe for democracy, an unwritten entente between Britain and America is the only conceivable first step, with both nations recognizing faith in each other as their most precious possession.

WILLIAM MCCLELLAN.

LIBERALS AND RADICALS

BY SAMUEL SPRING

"LIBERALS," the President of the bank remarked as he bestowed one of his Havanas upon me, "Liberals are merely terror-stricken Radicals. Like all Radicals, they want the whole cake or none; but knowing that they will get none, they are willing to compromise on part. Scratch a Liberal and you find a Bolshevik. Fortunately Liberals are disappearing from America like the Indians."

He smiled on me genially as he spoke. Though the outstanding Reactionary of the town, he appeared rather cheering as he sat in the modest President's room of his ostentatious bank, a tall, white-haired gentleman of seventy years' experience and astuteness. I should have answered:

"You Reactionaries are trying to murder Liberalism by calling it Anarchy. That went all right during the war; but Liberalism cannot be choked so easily."

Instead, I lit his cigar and left. I felt all too keenly that Liberalism was gently being pushed out of the world in precisely that fashion. To be a Liberal in these lurid days is to be suspected and unhappy. Everything successful is lurid; Radicals are lurid; Reactionaries are lurid; we Liberals alone seem drab. This death awaits us.

An hour later I was eating lunch with a Radical. A bald-headed, scant man of forty, he keeps his large family alive by editing a *Milkman's Monthly* and writing about the butter-fat possibilities of short-horn cows, while he dreams happily of the New State and awaits the inevitable task of seeking another job so soon as the dairymen discover that he is a "Red."

"Liberals," he said, "are merely desperate Conservatives. They rely on their magic 'Liberalism' to preserve them and their ease. Give me an honest, police-guarded capitalist. I hate hypocrites. Like the bourgeoisie, Liberals are a thing of the past; the world progresses; Tartuffe is dead!"

Is not the time ripe for someone to leave a fund for the study of the Radical mind, and, incidentally, for the preservation of dying Liberals? Is not the Liberal worth preserving, at least as an inoffensive curiosity? We are preserving buffaloes and razor-billed auks:—why not Liberals? Time was when we Liberals considered ourselves the saving remnant; boasted of our patience, our tolerance, our deep thought; felt that we alone could make progress possible. Progress? Our very ideal is out of fashion. The Conservative insists on staying just where he is. Like the carp in the mud, he says, "Here I lie possessing, happily possessing. Let me lie." The Radical scorns progress; he demands change, abrupt, glorious, perilous change. We are caught between two armies. The Conservative adroitly turns every hand against us by calling us hard, radical names. The Radical simply sputters in rage when we appear. Could anything be of more profit than to understand the Radical Mind? In the past the Radical usually ended up in the madhouse, in jail, or in the Liberal fold, finally to reappear as a Reactionary of Reactionaries. Dare we hope that this will be true also of the future? Indeed what are the outstanding types of the Radical Mind?

I

True it is that the reaches of the world are, after all, only a small back-yard. When I came upon Ashe in the cold light of the morning, beside the gray Pacific, he was sitting on a rock watching the sea intently. I had heard a few months before that he was a war correspondent in Turkestan; before that he had been the patient organizer of several of the outstanding Radical campaigns of the decade. Organized labor at one time feared him more than it did capital. I was startled when I discovered that with him was the woman he had married a few months back; his marriage, we all felt, was his intellectual death warrant. For she was one of those Radicals who had started brilliantly; written sagely though daringly about shop and factory slavery in New York; and, as is too often the case with the woman Radical, at the point when she was on the threshold of a great work, she went wild. She became an

emotional Radical; no cause was too scatter-brained or too futile for her not to be a leader in it. And to complete her folly she married Ashe.

For by that marriage she led astray one of the finest minds and staunchest hearts of the generation. His great defect was overweening idealism. At the head of his class in the law school, envied by all who labored harder and received poorer grades, he refused to complete the course because his restless mind revolted from the two-by-four credo of the law. He entered the ministry, only to upbraid his small-souled board of trustees, composed of shop-keepers and disappointed spinsters, and to resign in contempt. Then he became a social service worker, and told his donors that they could not use him as a disguise for their greed, or exhibit him as a satisfaction to their vanity. Finally he became a Radical leader with few peers. His marriage was the last episode I had heard in his career, and his wife displayed him in every side-show of the Radical circus. He was always in revolt; always seeing the falsity and death in life; but never able to compromise ideals with realities. And now he sat quietly, almost feebly, beside the indifferent sea.

The mellow light of the California dawn suddenly made life seem blithe and serene. Only the placid sea remained stupid. It was hard to think that out of this drowsy bay, Drake had sailed, daring and damning Spaniards, tempests and the unknown. Beyond the cliff on which we stood, bounded by a white stretch of beach curving magnificently like the crescent moon, lay the very harbor where Drake had beached and scraped his water-logged *Golden Hind* before he turned her broken prow straight into the sinking sun on the high adventure of all adventures—around the world or straight out of the world!

I thought of Drake as soon as I saw Ashe; for Drake had always been his model rebel. He had even written a *Revolutionist's Life of Drake*. The reason was evident. Ashe confused rebellion with adventure. And was not Drake the greatest yet weirdest of adventurers? For he began life as a pirate, robbing silver-laden galleons on the Spanish Main, and ended life as the naval genius who broke the Armada and thus made English Conservatism eternally secure.

We talked a long time, but not about ourselves. There was a matchless tone of optimism about his remarks; not blind optimism founded on faith, but rather a peaceful surety that the world was mellowing and that life was delightful after all. His wife said not a word. I was happy to find that his Radicalism was almost gone. He had found himself at last; sure of his judgment, reliant upon his infinite experience, he felt that the short-comings of our civilization called for labor and not wild-eyed revolt.

"It's all right to change the world," he said finally, as he rose to go, "but after all it's like sailing a ship. Drake never hit the rocks—and that's a good deal. We Radicals always seem to aim for the rocks; the way to end a voyage profitably, we think, is to sink the boat. Drake's tiny ship was full of holes; she leaked and creaked and staggered as the waves struck her; but that was his adventure, to sail her patiently and keep her away from the rocks. So with this society of ours; it seems ready to quit and go to smash as it shivers on the crest of a wave; I used to pray for the power to crash it to pieces on a reef; but now I respect it. Somehow it goes; and we must spend more time sailing it instead of damning it. . . . You see, I'm still a worshipper of Drake. . . . And after all, the wisest of us may be the biggest fools. Who was it who said that the world, after all, might be a poor joke played by God on man?"

We parted gaily. The sun was shining in full, glowing splendor. The poised sea sparkled like a jewelled garden. The freshness, the cheer, the glorious color of a California morning thrilled us as only vibrant life can.

She lingered behind. I was embarrassed, for I had spoken sharply of her in the old days. The pain, the rebellion, on her small face startled me. How could she be in such unhappy, surging revolt on so glorious a morning? Heartily did I pity Ashe.

"You'll never see him again," she said simply. "Perhaps a week, a month, . . . not more than a year . . . Cancer. He knows it—and look at him! . . . Oh, the brutal, mad tryanny of it all! . . . And to think that I was ever fool enough to believe in a God, to feel that there was any force in life greater or nobler than the courage of man!"

II

"Little Napoleon," a ship-fitter's apprentice said to me truculently, "will get you government guys soon, and *get you good!*"

It was my task during the war to assist the Emergency Fleet Corporation in shaping its labor policies. It was also my duty—task for a Mohammed!—to receive complaints and keep the workers happy.

The young Radical, a ship-fitter's apprentice, who addressed me with these kindly words, had just demanded that the Government pay his railroad fare to the Great Lakes because he was an indispensable ship-fitter and would be happier there, for he was weary of the West.

"The Government ought to wake up and realize that if they keep us guys happy they'll get more ships. Little Napoleon will wake 'em up with a bang."

Always Little Napoleon! How does this Emperor of Radicals gain his power? I asked myself.

The next day the ship-yard workers, or rather part of them, struck without notice, for higher wages, in violation of their agreement to submit all labor disputes to arbitration. That same night I attended a labor rally at a great hall full of tumult, wrath and chaos. Little Napoleon, with his tumbling eloquence, was in his element. I soon learned how he held his power. To dare all and always to dare was his motto. Spoiled by high wages, believing that the golden days would never end, the younger workers were afire for radical achievement. Little Napoleon ruled them by urging them to grasp for more than they dreamed of. He phrased, in sharp, angular invective, all that they felt but dared not say. Who ever foolishly spoke of a Radical leader? They seldom lead. A Radical leader is like a cow-boy riding ahead of a mass of maddened, stampeding steers. So long as he can ride faster than they, he can lead; so soon as he hesitates, he disappears. The Conservative and Liberal labor leaders, who had nursed the Affiliated Council through bitter years of starvation, were swept aside. When the dreams of the moment passed, and the Union fell upon sad days, they would be allowed to lead again. Now they sat mute, powerless, like

Egyptian mummies. As Little Napoleon spoke I felt that I was at the high religious service of Radicalism in which he, as the priest of the temple, raucously chanted "Higher wages! Always higher wages!" while the chorus of workers stormily sang back in wrath, "Strike! Strike!! Strike!!!"

And strike they would until hunger taught them reason. For after the meeting Little Napoleon met me on the stairs. He was flushed after his constant speaking; but a touch of cunning shrewdness, despite his rampant emotionalism, still lingered about his eyes.

"Perhaps after all they will have to go back to work again," he said slyly, "but this strike will wake up them fellows in Washington. It will only be a truce. Labor will prevail. The future belongs to us!"

"The head of the Federation of Labor and your own international President," I answered, "have ordered you fellows not to strike. How can you, then? Don't you believe in organization? There may be a wrong time, even for a strike!"

"Never! What do those guys who call themselves labor leaders back East, drawing down their fat salaries from us, know about our needs? When they get at the top of an organization they become cowards. Their manners get good and their nerve gets bum. But not me! It's the strong that deserve it all; and we laborers"—his hands were soft as a woman's—"we laborers are the strong if we only knew it. Look at old Napoleon, and old Morgan. The only things they didn't grab, like the North Pole, were too far away for them to reach. Grab it all! That's me—I mean us. We've got to grab and we will! Hang reason; damn reason; just grab! Look out for us!"

Such Radicals as Little Napoleon are common enough. They always have brains of some kind. Sharp, quick to act, daring enough to clutch the stars themselves, they are a power not to be denied. But their greed betrays them utterly. They are to be feared, yet they soon destroy themselves. There are too many of them. And even the Great Napoleon could not lead his starved people through the deserts of defeat. Common sense, hidden though it may be at times, proves the Waterloo of such Radicals when hunger and disaster lend an edge! Their

ideals are as old as tumult itself. Shakespeare pictured their revolution for all time when he had the Welshman timidly say:

> The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
> And lean-faced prophets whisper fearful change,
> Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
> The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
> The other to enjoy by rage and war.

III

H. was the valuation engineer of a State Railroad Commission. An indifferent engineer, he was nevertheless a diligent revolutionist. How often have I seen him on the witness stand testifying boldly and glaringly on behalf of the public with but one purpose, to rob the utility as far as possible. His pale face with its underbeard, his large ash-colored eyes, would flare up in passion on every occasion, like an Oriental monk about to be martyred. He lived and worked and argued emotionally. Women Radicals often reveal the same quality; well-meaning souls who seem in search for an excuse to grow impassioned, and outraged, and unhappy. They would start a revolt over the color of your hair; the revolt's the thing!

H. was a college teacher for a decade. Starvation then confronted him and his growing family. H. actually did the family washing before starting his lectures. Finally he fled into the Government reclamation service. Again starvation and ill-fortune out-stared him at every turn. He owed his position with the Railroad Commission to his willingness to do two men's work on half a man's pay. His jarring personality and narrow mind turned every hand against him. The utilities despised him for his unfairness and his impassioned Radicalism; they realized that everything with him was class conflict. His own associates hated him for his intolerance. No one would work with him. Adversity, instead of breeding fortitude, had bred bitterness.

Like all of those who are Radicals through starvation, his end was simple. The telephone company, because he was about to rob them of a couple of million a year by a neat use of the theo-

ries of depreciation, offered him a job at $100 more a month than he was receiving. He instantly accepted. With his stomach no longer empty, he forgot Radicalism. To-day he even shows the makings of a first-rate Reactionary!

IV

The high Sierras. A donkey and two men—thus the sacred trilogy of Conservative, Liberal, and Radical. My friend M., though a tumultuous Radical, was a rare companion for a hike. At college he had aspired to be a poet, but finally compromised on art criticism. If one could not create Art, one could, at least, criticize it. To-day he is a photographer in the Zion of Mormonism, growing wealthy on the income derived from his skill in taking children's pictures in nursery style, with bits of original, apt verse at the bottom. He is as radical as ever; only now that Socialism has ceased to be accursed and startling, he has become an Anarchist, a Bolshevik. Over six feet two inches tall, stout in proportion, an awkward, blonde giant, he is nevertheless unable to carry more than forty pounds on his back, and would rather join the Conservatives than walk faster than three miles an hour. Hence his fondness for donkeys.

That memorable afternoon, just before sunset, we were toiling up a ridge, wrangling as usual. Indeed our travels could well be called "Wrangles with a Donkey." Suddenly below us appeared one of the magnificent vistas of the Sierras. The serene glory of the great wilderness, coming across our weary path so abruptly, made us forget our bickering. For miles, between forested walls, the valley stretched straight into the sinking sun and the soaring, austere Sierras. A volcano had covered one side of the valley with great boulders; masses of twisted rock appeared here and there; between the boulders stood great pines, killed and whitened by some weird blight. On the other side above the masses of colored underbrush rose lofty, serene red-woods, half green, half sere. Far away, emerging from the mists of the horizon, gleamed a faint, quicksilver stream with argent bursts of color where the water dashed against the rocks.

It was one of those rare times when the naked beauty of

Nature moves one as does the climax of a Shakespearian tragedy when a great actor stands before eternity. Being human, I am never speechless; but wrath seized me when M. began to speak.

His face was flushed, his eyes strained. He moved his hands grandiloquently, evidently under the stress of overwhelming emotion. Impassioned lover of beauty that he is, I was startled to find him breaking the spell in jarring, futile speech.

"Behold," he babbled brokenly, "behold the philosophy of Anarchy, the credo, the hymn of the Social Revolution! I worship at the shrine—"

"Anarchy and asses," I sputtered, "I see no dynamite, no sabotage, no red flags, or boiling orations—"

"Look! See the marks of the glacier down this side of the valley. Tumult, and blind, protesting force swept the mud and ugliness out of the valley, and now we have serenity and eternal beauty. What a glorious revolt; its history is written—"

"Thousands," I interrupted.

"If you pull that old saw about the changes of Nature taking thousands of years, while we Radicals want perfection over night, I'll push you and the donkey over the edge of this precipice. We don't want perfection; we simply want to sweep away ugliness, poverty, disease. Beauty must then come to fill the void. I'm sick of this rickety civilization. It has the hook-worm. This glacier swept down the country over night. Let us choke and shoot you Reactionaries and sweep away the mud over night, then—"

"Then, more mud," said I.

We were wrangling again.

Late the same day we were passing by a mountain meadow where the timid, delicate-hued mountain flowers had edged up in prodigal abundance as the snow slowly melted away. Here and there, though it was July, patches of snow and ice still remained. A great redwood had fallen along the trail, forming a matchless Juliet balcony.

Suddenly, like one of Ovid's Metamorphoses, a tawny-coated, frightened deer leaped sheer our of the red-wood balcony, lighted with unbelievable grace and ease near us, and fled across our path

into the meadow. The primitive man within me spoke and I reached for my gun. M. blocked me.

"I would gladly shoot Conservatives or their Liberal step-sisters," he said savagely, "but why murder beauty, even if it is only a deer?"

Where M. is to-day, I don't know. He is one of the great types of the Radical Mind. Beauty is his religion; yet Fate denied him all creative power. Like old Kraft in Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe*, he can feel beauty supremely, but he lacks all power of expression. He is allowed to gaze into the celestial gardens, but enter he cannot. Embittered, revolting against his fate, what is more natural for him than to revolt against the world? Gray's "mute, inglorious Milton" was probably the village atheist or cynic. The surge within could not be suppressed; even futile opposition was a relief. M. reads his politics, his economics, his philosophy in terms of beauty. Ugliness is to him infinitely worse than chaos. He can revolt against society; he can form a perpetual minority; but he cannot construct. Why fear him?

So they stroll across the stage of rebellion. The man on horseback, denied his horse, and forced to mount a soap-box instead; the starved stomach in revolt; the futile, kindly lover of beauty, ready to destroy the world because he cannot create beauty or make society beautiful; the great mind and big heart, athirst for adventure, ready to destroy all for the sake of adventure, yet taught by Life; and finally—a Liberal.

Infinite other types there are to be sure. For who can count the crows in the cornfield; or even the eagles in the heavens? Like the dark and swirling waters of the Nile, our Radicals flood the busy fields, and then when the weak begin to despair, they recede into their normal bounds leaving life much enriched and refreshed. So Liberalism is not on its last legs; rather Radicalism is. What has happened in the past will happen again in the future. At least we Liberals like to hope so, and since nothing is so comforting to those in doubt as bold prophecy, I have boldly set my prophecy down.

SAMUEL SPRING.

REPORTING PARLIAMENT AND CONGRESS

BY P. W. WILSON

ACCORDING to the wisdom of those who speak English, it is best that we should be governed by persons whom we elect to Congresses and Parliaments from constituencies where dwell the voters. There arises the question, therefore, how we are to know from day to day what our representatives are doing in our name, and in England the answer to that question was for many centuries that there was no need for us, and no right, to know anything at all. Lords and Commons were "privileged"; in neither chamber was there a press gallery; to publish a debate or any part of it was a misdemeanor; and I have in my library original reports of alleged proceedings, two hundred years ago, in which the proper names of Queen Anne's great men are printed without vowels and so disguised. The theory was that the nation put itself under a Parliamentary trusteeship, that any publicity permitted by Parliament was a favor, and that while every citizen should know the law, no citizen could claim to know how the law was made.

With the development of newspapers, such privacy was bound to be swept away. Members themselves, being human, began to publish their speeches, and men like Dr. Johnson were employed to summarize and, if need be, to improvise each day's eloquence. When the present Houses of Parliament were designed by Sir Charles Barry, provision was made in both chambers for a Press Gallery, with ample writing rooms attached, and also dining rooms, while, of course, there are now all the paraphernalia of telephones, telegraphs and tickers. Unless typewriters have been introduced since I left, three years ago, they are still taboo. After all, in adopting improvements, England must draw the line somewhere!

Still, even to-day, there is the old sense that the pressman is a

highly honored interloper, whose ticket or passport must be signed and countersigned by the Lord Chamberlain and the Sergeant-at-Arms, and foreigners have been as rigidly debarred entrance to the gallery as they used to be from Japan. Some *tojin* scribes are, I believe, now admitted but there is not, even to-day, anything approaching the hospitable welcome that one receives, as a pressman, when one visits Congress. There, as it seems to me, one can walk anywhere, hear anything, see everything, talk to anybody. The chambers, which are designed for space and publicity rather than for tradition and mediaeval heraldry, belong to the people of the country who enter them as they enter any other part of their property. The architecture at the Capitol is familiar throughout the United States. You find it in public libraries, in post offices, in colleges. And visiting the Capitol, you do not feel as if you were being at last admitted, after generations of struggle, into the jealously guarded but, I must add, the charming and mysterious preserves of Hatfield House or Christchurch, Oxford.

At Washington, legislators are not so much trustees as mouthpieces, instantly responsive to public opinion in the cities and towns whence they come. In neither House of Congress is there any "government" for legislators to "support" and no vote of Congress can change a government. To some extent therefore Congress appears to suffer in the press because its proceedings do not include the official statements of the Executive, which emanate from the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. In Britain, when Parliament is sitting, there is a strong demand that to Parliament first must Ministers unburden their souls of whatever good or evil they intend to do. On the other hand, there is at Washington a brisker trade than at Westminster in "specials" of speeches by Senators and Congressmen who wish thus to communicate of their activities to their friends and foes in the home State or city. In Parliament, it is against the rules to read a speech and nobody does this openly, except Ministers of the Crown, who are by nature inclined to regard themselves as superior to law-abiding mortals on back benches and have, in addition, a box (containing not "despatches" but Bibles for swearing upon) on which manuscripts may be laid. In the United States,

where each legislator has to keep a typist employed at the public expense, speeches are often written in advance, and sent to the press. This is the custom of all public men in America, and one is much impressed, when speaking at functions, by the fact that the reporter who "covers" the event seldom writes shorthand but edits the manuscript handed to him.

Although much of the business of the Commons is done under "closure," which means that many speeches are shut out, you are not allowed to have the suppressed oration printed at public expense in *Hansard*, which corresponds to the *Congressional Record*. To give members their due, they do not usually write their speeches out. The style of the speeches is conversational and grammar is often arranged in the Press Gallery. Also, we have no custom of members selecting their favorite editorial or other literary achievement and having it printed in the Official Reports. Quotations in speeches must be read at length if they are to be reproduced.

Hansard used to contain many speeches condensed into the third person. To be reported in the first person was a compliment; at any rate in the Commons. With peers, of course, the first person singular would be only proper, and peers talk so little, and that little so slowly, that their reporter, who sits in the middle of their House, where alone you can hear their secular lordships, has little difficulty with his highly responsible duties. Acoustics in the House of Lords are poor. Only Bishops, accustomed to cathedrals, are really comfortable in their intonations. Kings usually make themselves heard, partly because they have something to say and partly because their canopy acts as a sounding board. Kings' English has been for a hundred years exquisitely enunciated. Of late years, even Commoners are allowed "verbatim," and with the report available next morning there can be no corrections of syntax. Marks of applause, laughter and so on, with interruptions, are not inserted in the report, except when some subsequent remark depends on this byplay. For instance, when the House breaks up in disorder or —as happened in the fiery days before the war—an enthusiastic member throws a leather-bound book at Mr. Churchill, some record must be made, whatever the English used.

Except in *Hansard*, there is now no verbatim and hardly any "full" report of Parliament. One after another, newspapers have given up their special staffs of reporters and come to depend on agencies like the Associated Press or the Central News. These summaries have to suit people of all opinions and the tendency must be, therefore, to play for discretion. Where a mere fraction of what is said can alone be recorded, there is apt to be an uninteresting generalization. And, of course, men doing the work, by turns of half an hour or so, night after night, and constantly ignoring their own opinion on what is taking place, may become at times mechanical. In a sense, it is their duty so to be. One discovers, therefore, that a good many, but obscure, members "also spoke." But what they uttered is oblivion.

The fact is, of course, that we have not yet solved the problem of reporting either parliaments or public meetings. It is a task, if we could only realize it, involving the highest literary skill. Thucydides and Livy, and Caesar in his Commentaries, and the writers of the New Testament have all dealt with speeches and made them immortal. So much depends on the character and manner of the speaker. The most hopeful experiment in England was conducted by Sir Henry Lucy as "Toby, M. P." in *Punch*. His diaries of Parliament, published also as books, made Parliament live. Newly enfranchised voters became as familiar with Lords and Commons as they were with the boatraces or the Derby. Lucy's work gained much from association with the cartoonists of British politics—Sir Francis C. Gould, whose portraiture in pen and ink has been one of the most delicate achievements of its kind in the whole history of art, and Sir Harry Furniss, and Sir John Tenniel. From *Punch*, Sir Henry Lucy extended his idea of "a descriptive" to the *Daily News*, where he made great personalities live. His successor on that paper was H. W. Massingham, and I came third in the line. I am told that similar "descriptives" of Congress appear in the United States, but I must add that even in England, the descriptive has apparently fallen under the crushing weight of war. With woodpulp at famine prices, there was no room for criticism of Parliament as a drama or a game. And Parliament itself had ceased to be thus dramatic. It is no longer a place

where a few heroes contend—Greeks against Trojans—while the chorus applauds. Parliament is now an all-star cast and everybody talks. Also a variety of topics are included in each day's bill of fare. My own view has always been that a first class "descriptive" of Parliament is the first read and most read feature of any British daily paper. Such a "descriptive" of Congress would be, I believe, more read than some of the speculative material which now occupies much space in the American press. On the other hand, Britain is closer, geographically, to her Parliament than many American States are to Washington, D. C. There are no intervening provincial legislatures. I think that Parliament is more to us and that Congress will become, every decade, a bigger reality to Americans.

The idea that Congress should concern itself with discovering and expressing public opinion rather than directing it, extends to the editorials of newspapers here. In England, we always reckon to write "leaders" the same night, on whatever may have happened earlier in the day. If a speech is delivered in the evening, we "leader" that also, so that speech and comment appear simultaneously at breakfast. What we say may be wise or foolish but it is at least immediate and we have got in our word first. The more leisurely American editors—not that I here refer to news!—take the utterances of statesmen, like the rest of us, in the morning, meditate over them at lunch, and pronounce judgment next day. It is thus a judgment that sums up what the voice of the people, so far as it is articulate, has determined. It is an opinion, from without, upon the paper, as well as an opinion, from within, upon the public. The theory in England is still that exceptional men and women—some of whom are supposed to sit in the editorial sanctum—decide what is best for the rest of us. The theory in the United States is that the decision, even from day to day, is vested in the majority. That is why American policy seems sometimes to fluctuate. It is constantly adjusted to a prevailing sentiment. There is really a government of the people, by the people, for the people—at least, this is the instinct. One sees the most powerful Presidents sometimes overruled. The White House proposes but letters and tele-

grams from Arkansas and Ohio dispose. And these missives are addressed to Senators and Congressmen.

Neither Parliament, nor, I think, Congress has ever surrendered the right of secret debate. During the war, several such sessions were held at Westminster, the object being, of course, to prevent information reaching the enemy. Of these sessions, it has been said that nothing was uttered half so revealing to the enemy as the usual proceedings of Parliament; and as the Lords always insisted on hearing all that was told the Commons, the secrets were shared at once between thirteen hundred gentlemen and probably twice that number of wives and daughters, few if any of them blessed with the habitual discretion of us reporters. Nothing, however, was issued in writing, except a *précis*, signed by Mr. Speaker. Committees of Congress frequently sit in secret, which, perhaps, is inevitable, for the functions of these committees approximate to those of a Cabinet. Obviously, Foreign Affairs, the Navy, the Army, and Finance cannot be arranged across a table with every word and gesture told by watching scribes. Our committees are usually appointed to inquire into some innocent topic like the progress of vaccination. They are public and reporters would be very welcome, if only they would come. In the case of the Jameson Raid, there were certain telegrams between Cecil Rhodes and Hawksley, his agent in London. Those telegrams were shown to Joseph Chamberlain, who was then Colonial Secretary. They had a bearing obviously on the question whether Chamberlain did or did not know in advance of the plan for a raid. They were never produced and when the committee discussed them, it was behind closed doors.

At Westminster, Ministers of the Crown sit in Parliament and there make their announcements. By far the most interesting hour is the first in any sitting, when questions are asked and answered. Here you get, not argument, but facts or what ministerial veracity means by facts. In the old days, an inquiry on the cost of gum adhesive to postage stamps, would be answered by Gladstone, for the Treasury, impromptu, with suitable Latinity interspersed in the reply and an expression of gratitude to the Providence whereby postage stamps and especially, Sir, postage stamps that recall to us the royal lineaments of a virtuous

and noble-minded Queen, are rendered available for an ancient and loyal nation. Answers are now written by civil service clerks, read inaudibly by statesmen and sent up afterwards to the Press Gallery, where most of them are consigned to oblivion, or "history," as much the same thing. With the time for "questions" limited now to one hour, and with a growing thirst for information on all manner of subjects, important presumably to someone or other, time has to be saved and many answers are printed, without being read to the House. This, however, is the only case, so far as I know, of the official reports of the Houses going beyond the word actually spoken.

The fact that Executive Ministers do not sit in Congress and there submit themselves to daily cross-examination has led to a very interesting custom at Washington—namely, the daily interview between correspondents there and the departments and even the President himself. The candor and courtesy, the respectful yet easy atmosphere, maintained in those conferences are equally an honor to Cabinet Officers, as servants of the nation, and to the journalists as representing the unorganized public. Apparently, it is the rarest thing for a confidence to be betrayed. And—what is even more remarkable—no objection was raised, at any rate in my own case, when, as a person of foreign status, I asked if I might attend. I was made to feel quite at home. There is, of course, the rule that Cabinet Officers—and, of course, the President—must not be quoted textually. What they say is for guidance only. You thus have the press, keenly competitive within itself, entrusted with the most delicate task of preparing opinion, of suggesting policy, of removing prejudices. And the able correspondents who thus serve the national interest occupy a place in the American Constitution, the importance of which, perhaps, has yet to be fully recognized. It is evident that when the International Conference meets at Washington, their discretion and high sense of responsibility will be subjected to an even severer test.

Finally, we have the vital bearing of Parliamentary or Congressional journalism on the freedom of the press. In Britain, the law of libel is administered in a manner generally hostile to the newspapers. If a man says he is slandered, juries usually

agree that the benefit of the doubt should be given him and the newspaper, guilty or innocent, is penalized in costs or damages or both, as a warning not to slander anyone else. In the main, it makes the press careful, but, on the other hand, it is most difficult to get some abuses frankly exposed. But whatever is said in Parliament and—I take it—in Congress is privileged. It may be quoted without fear of legal consequences. And, in "the grand inquest of the nation," therefore, we have as a great advantage this citadel where any evil may be denounced and the denunciation published broadcast—no Court being allowed to interfere with a legal process.

P. W. Wilson.

THE STORY OF A WHITE GUARD

BY PAUL WRIGHT

EVERY time some scrambled cable message reaches the news sheets of America telling of White upheavals in Russia or Siberia I am reminded of the adventures of Lieut. Antonoff and of his Links of Six, and automatically there rises the question, Where are they now? What has become of the countless Antonoffs of that wide land? After the Kolchak régime had collapsed and the Red power spread from the Polish border to Lake Baikal and in a modified form to the shores of the Pacific, where did they secrete themselves? Are their bones filling the wayside pits and the shallow graves such as we saw at Osa and Belebei? Or did they find adequate disguises and hiding places? Or have they made a truce with their enemies?

Lieut. Antonoff was a contradiction to the lazy generalization that all Russians are pessimists. His cheerful soul was about all that he had left from the old days. The wars had hurt him, the Bolshevik revolutions had stripped him, but still he was joyous. Because his eyes were shell-shocked he wore glasses. There was a bullet wound in his leg, or at least a fresh scar, and he walked with a limp. He never complained. The sabre that he wore was long, cumbersome and an impediment to locomotion. Antonoff laughed about it and used the edge of the blade for the sharpening of lead pencils.

Normally in winter all Russians wrap shubas about themselves and thus shut out the cold. Antonoff had no shuba, and although his absurd leather coat reached only to his hips he asserted that he was quite comfortable. Certainly he did not look comfortable. In their ragged woolen overcoats the mere recruits were more warmly dressed than he. Altogether he combined the Sybarite and Spartan. On his wrist was a gold bracelet. His undergarments even in midwinter were cotton and very white and delicate. He possessed no woolen blanket, but wrapped him-

self in a cotton counterpane, explaining genially that the discipline of the military school where he had gained his early training in warfare had permitted the cadets just so much bed clothing and no more. It was most inadequate for those long, cold nights and certainly an American would have frozen to death in his place. Yet Antonoff was rosy cheeked and merry. His manners were exquisite.

This is his story. It may throw some light upon contemporary Russian history:

The Bolshevik attack late in the autumn of 1917 caught us totally unprepared, there in the military school at Kazan. The greater number of us died violently in the following forty-eight hours. Of course we ought to have known what was coming. Rumors of approaching trouble had reached us from every direction. Russia was broken out with Bolshevism like a muzhik with typhus, but we felt pretty safe. We numbered perhaps 1,000 cadets. The 4,000 troops in and about Kazan were the usual Russian article and proved susceptible of conversion when the evangelists of Bolshevism presented their arguments. One day those soldiers were soldiers. The next morning they were madmen, having turned Bolshevik over night. They cast off discipline, threw away their self control and went crazy for blood. In addition to their rifles they had machine guns and three-inch field pieces. The business of surrounding and capturing Kazan was managed efficiently, by some brains more highly trained than those of the fighting men who did the work.

After their main task was accomplished the Reds found vodka and drank heavily, as is the custom, becoming happy and foolish. Late at night after the second day's struggle the shooting ceased except for scattered shots now and then. About the camp fires in the streets the balalaika and the concertina became silent and the last sentimental Bolshevik singer hiccoughed, lay down and went to sleep. It was then that we crept forth from our hiding place in the cellar, we three, Andreef, Nellitzin and myself. We had seen scores of our comrades slain. We had fought for two days. We were hungry and exhausted. On hands and knees we crossed a stone-paved court yard, then slipped over a fence,

crawled down a covered passage-way and proceeded by alleys and devious paths. We flattened ourselves into shadows and eluded the eyes of drunken sentries.

So we escaped to the woods. Our world had quite tumbled to pieces. The Reds ruled everywhere. We ourselves were wanderers and outcasts. All that night we walked through the cold, with empty bellies, and my wounded leg troubled me much. The ground was frozen hard, with a white rime of frost on the fields, but no snow. We moved rapidly, sticking to the forests where we could and avoiding the open spots.

Before the next day dawned we had put many versts between us and Kazan and were out in a district where I had friends. It was in this part of the world that I had been born and reared, and here in happier days I had served as agent for my grandfather in many dealings with the peasants. As the night was beginning to pale we approached a house that I knew well, on the edge of a village. There was the usual high board fence about it and a barnyard close at hand and a disorderly cowshed on one side. The gate was not locked or even closed. We slipped inside, and while Andreef and Nellitzin crouched in the black cavern of the cowshed I tapped on the window.

Presently old Peter appeared, rubbing his eyes and peering into the gloom of twilight. I am very fond of old Peter and his people. They obstinately stick to the fashions of their fathers. Peter himself has the hair cut low across the brow and running long about his ears, where it is bobbed like a schoolgirl's. His moustache is trimmed short and neat above his lip and his beard is chopped off square beneath his chin. He is like a saint out of a picture book. Yes, the peasants in this part of Russia are handsome and they refuse to adopt the hybrid styles you see among the farmers of Siberia. There was fear in his face as he stared at me standing there at his window, for all sorts of things were happening in the world. Presently he recognized me and smiled and then his door was opened quickly and we three refugees from Kazan were warming ourselves at the stove. In a minute the charcoal was burning under the samovar. We breakfasted on black bread and tea—on great quantities of black bread and tea.

We were safe with old Peter while we stayed hidden, but we

dared not step outside while wearing our uniforms. So we remained many days in that crowded peasant home with him and his wife and his children and some dogs and the baby that lay in the cradle that hung from the hickory limb in the middle of the big room. Our next task was to get peasant costumes and to learn how to wear them. Peter and his sons helped at this. They showed us how to fasten on the lapti, which are sandals of woven birch bark, generally tied on with cords, and how to do a good job of walking in them. They got us peasant blouses and coarse breeches and sheepskin caps and blue linen aprons. We let our beards grow, too, as fast as they would, which perhaps was not very fast, but at any rate by the end of a week we were pretty fair peasants.

"Now we shall go back to Kazan," we said, "and see what can be done."

So back we went to Kazan, but not for long. As we entered the city it became evident that the place was unhealthful. The bodies of the slain in the big fight were all disposed of by this time, but there were fresh horrors. We passed a dead man lying in the gutter. Antonoff went over and looked at him. "It's Gregorief," said he. Gregorief had been a fellow student of ours before the catastrophe. Evidently he had escaped the first slaughter but had been recognized later as a reactionary and treated accordingly.

At a shed where bread and sausage and milk were sold we asked the old peasant woman how things were going. "Very well," said she, "but they are shooting a good many officers. Every day they shoot some. As soon as they find them they shoot them."

We held a little soviet to determine our next step. "Shall we stay around here and be shot?" asked Nellitzin, "or shall we go somewhere else until we can make a plan and accomplish something?"

"To stay here and be shot or have my head bashed in does not interest me," confessed Andreef. "I think that dead men do not accomplish a great deal."

So we went away from there for a time, but presently returned more circumspectly. We enlisted the help of some of the peas-

ants and of some of our own kind who had ventured to remain in Kazan and gradually, in the course of days or weeks, we were able to formulate schemes which we hoped might be of some service to Russia.

In this business we and others like us in Kazan and elsewhere were aided, you understand, by the disorganized state of society. The Bolsheviki were as new at governing as we were at being outcasts. All the power and responsibility suddenly were theirs and they were a bit dazzled and stunned. Crossing sweepers and scavengers and others of such origin had been made commissars and officials of one kind or another. Now I am willing to concede that although a man may have been a scavenger or crossing sweeper his heart may be all right but surely his previous experience was not good preparation for governing. But that is the way things were going—yes, and lots of jail birds were let out of prison and made into officials, too. I am not complaining about the injustice of this inversion of the old order. The point I wish to make is that the new officials' state of mind, their deficiency in experience, was useful to us. It lightened our task.

Moreover, at this time the Bolsheviki were pretty much disorganized and were not yet perfectly sure of one another. Anybody who wore a red band on his arm could pass as a Bolshevik and be greeted with "Tovarish!"

So we set to work. It was necessary first of all to possess a system of communication, of intelligence. We needed a meeting place. Now there was a shop in one of the suburbs of Kazan that we fixed upon as a rendezvous. It was kept by an old chap who was faithful to us. There are plenty like him even in Moscow to this day. The shopkeeper sold cheap shoes and cloth and tobacco and beer, quite a miscellaneous outfit. Presently some of us were working as his assistants and a device that we adopted permitted us to transmit news among our members in broad daylight and in the face of our enemies.

If it became essential to get a message through or to be supplied with certain information a man would enter our place and order a glass of beer or a package of cigarettes. In payment he would tender a paper rouble. On this a few figures or letters in cipher would be penciled. The paper kopecks that he got in ex-

change would bear an intimation that he was understood or else the information that he asked for would be given, also in cipher. This simple scheme lasted for a long time and was most useful, although something happened to it in the end.

Thus we in Kazan and elsewhere began the work of organizing the "White Guards," which was a name given us by the Bolsheviki, who I suppose liked to keep up the color distinction. Once the work was started there were plenty of volunteers.

The Reds continued pretty drunk and much disorganized, which was to our benefit. So long as they were drinking freely we felt comparatively safe. It was not long before we had some 200 members in Kazan and established connections with our colleagues in Moscow. And this brings me to my story of the Links of Six.

In those days the Links of Six were the nuclei of the White forces in Kazan and Moscow and elsewhere. They operated simply and effectively. It was the custom that every man who was proved loyal to the cause should secure five volunteers, each of whom was required to swear that he would serve honestly and never betray his mates. The five men knew nobody at all in the organization except the other four men in their link and their common leader. Thus any one man could betray only five men at most and the bulk of the society was perfectly safe. A somewhat greater responsibility rested upon the shoulders of the leader of each link. He knew at least the identity of one man who was a member of another group of six.

I am divulging no secret when I say that this system of Links of Six still exists among the Whites who are working against the Reds. The Reds know about it, but they recognize the impossibility of destroying such an organization. If a man discovers that he has been betrayed he must hurry away, if he can, and get into territory controlled by loyal Russian troops. And this explains why I am here now, instead of being at work in Kazan. I was betrayed and had to fly. The name of the traitor I know. He is not so engaged any more, as he has been hanged by my friends.

Our immediate object was to spy upon the Bolsheviki and get their plans and then carry the information wherever it would

do the most good. Furthermore we were to damage as much as possible the work of the Reds and agitate and spread White propaganda among them. We who were engaged in this dangerous enterprise were mostly former officers, students and other volunteers. We were not working for pay, but because we had before us an ideal, the saving of Russia. The Reds, on the other hand, were always working for money.

In Kazan we were looking forward to an uprising in which we should throw off the yoke of the enemy and therefore we had to get arms. One of the methods occasionally used at first was not pleasant. Three men would be sent out at night to entrap a Red who was walking his beat or standing guard. One of the three approached from in front and asked for a match, and while the sentry was complying something would happen to him from behind and the poor fellow's rifle and ammunition would be seized as he fell. I am glad to say that this grewsome process was abandoned presently. It was a good deal more congenial to any man of cultivated tastes to buy the weapons outright from the Bolshevik soldiers. They were generous fellows in some respects, and for quite a while it was possible to purchase machine guns from them for 25 or 30 roubles. These we would pack in tea boxes and carry to our store.

After a few weeks we had a considerable stock of revolvers, rifles and cartridges. The Reds knew that our little arsenal existed and they hunted for it eagerly and often. They searched the room that I was staying in, and even tore the paper from the wall, looking for some secret hiding place. Probably they would have shot me on suspicion, as they shot a good many of my friends in those days, except that I was something of a cripple and when there was a likelihood of being observed I was too badly hurt even to walk. I had a doctor's certificate, too. At any rate, here I am.

In addition to the ciphers already mentioned we had a way of writing code words on freight cars that traveled over the country. In any given city our members would know just where to look for the symbols of our brotherhood written elsewhere.

Our men were sent into villages—you understand that all of rural Russia has its population in villages instead of scattered

houses on the farms—to agitate for the good of Russia. In so doing we were but adopting the Bolshevik tactics and applying them against the Reds.

The best and most skillful of our bands were sent into the Soviet itself, as servants or commissars of one kind or another. There they would buy drinks and make friends and overhear secrets. Oh, we knew everything! Enough money was coming in for our needs and our enterprise was succeeding admirably. Nevertheless we were careful. Even in that period of success not one of us would recognize another in a restaurant or on the street. The only time when one man openly knew another was when we held our meetings in some carefully concealed gathering place at night.

Meanwhile the Anarchists had succeeded in getting a strong organization, perhaps as many as 10,000 men. They had houses all over Moscow. The Bolsheviki were friendly to them and supplied them with rifles. At about this time I went to Moscow and attended one of the Anarchist meetings. The hall was full of sailors and ragged fellows waiting for the appearance of their chief. Presently he entered, the head man of that division of Anarchists. He was educated. He talked well. In his remarks and those that followed the no-government plan of the Anarchists was freely discussed. This, however, is aside from my main story.

Events in Russia were rapidly approaching another crisis. In December of 1917 or January of 1918—I cannot state with confidence which it was—the Reds showed signs that they knew it was time to protect themselves. They acted promptly. Fighting began immediately. The Bolsheviki bombarded the Kremlin with three-inch guns, but even with all their artillery they might have lost out except for a clever trick. In fact, things were going pretty well for the Whites when the Reds sprang their ruse—they telephoned to every house in which we White guards had quarters, and gave what you Americans call a "tip," or maybe a "bad steer." Anyway, it was false information to the effect that the time had come for us to flee.

So we did. We got out of Moscow in a great hurry and it was not until the little group of myself and comrades had reached Kazan again that we learned how the messages had been sent

out by the Bolsheviki in order to get rid of us. It was that episode that gave us the nickname of "Rabbits," because we had run away. But we were not the only ones frightened in those days; Lenin himself, you remember, was driven out of Moscow.

The time was now coming when Kazan was to see me no more and when I was to take no further part in the plottings and plannings of the Links of Six. For a time, however, I served the cause in a village some 200 versts from Kazan. I was ostensibly a buyer of that coarse fiber matting that is used for protecting freight in transit. The British government wanted the material and certain papers bearing the stamp of the British consulate were some help and protection, for the British were not yet out of Russia. This village was the headquarters of the Bolshevik staff on the eastern front. I bought vodka for the officers and was popular. Also I made friends with the peasants, and spread White propaganda among them.

By this time the winter of 1917–1918 had passed. The snow lasted until about Easter and then went off with a great hurry and the spring was there, with swollen streams and warm winds and fields bursting with the little flowers. That is the way spring comes in Russia—violently, like a peasant making love. And with the spring there came the 26th of May. We had quantities of arms buried in the cemeteries and elsewhere for use at the proper moment. It was to be the great day of the rebirth of a White Russia. But the Reds learned of our plans and suddenly became very zealous. They were shooting as many as twenty White officers a day. It was at this entirely inauspicious moment that I returned to Kazan, where my face and figure were already too well known.

We were in a garden behind a house in Kazan. The fruit trees were blossoming, the birds were singing and we were smoking cigarettes and planning what we should do when Russia was once more restored. There were six of us, my little Link of Six. It was the last time we should meet. Nellitzin and Andreef were with me and three others. We were very happy.

And then the soldiers with red bands on their arms began popping up behind the fence, behind and on each side of us. They boiled over upon us, very much as a pot of mush can boil over

on a hot fire. They shot and jabbed with bayonets. Two of the men were pinioned to the ground with bayonets, making a very unpleasant sight.

But at that the job was botched. Four of us escaped. The man who betrayed us—his name was Garacheff—was hanged a little later, so that account is closed.

We dashed into the house and into the cellar. There we slid into a passage-way beneath the wooden sidewalk in front of the house. The householder shoveled beets against the little door while the Bolsheviki were following us in, and by the time they discovered the method of our escape, if they ever did, we were far away from there.

We scattered. Neither Nellitzin nor Andreef nor yet the third colleague have I seen from that time to this.

And that ended my connection with the Links of Six, although my intimate acquaintance with the Bolsheviki was by no means finished. Within an hour I had found a friend and temporary shelter.

You know how we Russians are devoted to our "documents." Without documents you can do nothing in Russia and with them you can do anything except raise the dead, and even that might be possible. So I made myself some documents telling what a fine fellow I was and I stamped them beautifully with a three-kopeck piece and the soot from a burned match. They were simple but effective. They were too effective. They won me a journey in a first class car with some Red commissars to a town called Inza, where I proceeded to put my head into a noose. The Reds in Kazan had telegraphed my description in all directions, showing admirable foresight. It was something I had not thought of. And when I stepped from the train at Inza I was arrested.

There was only one question then. Should they shoot me at once or hold me a while and take me back to Kazan, where perhaps I might be persuaded to give some information? They were willing to shoot me without delay, but perhaps they hated to deprive Kazan of the pleasure. At any rate they wired to Kazan for instructions and proceeded to thrust me into the compartment of a car until the reply should come.

In a socket over the doorway, where once there had been an incandescent globe, a candle burned dimly, lighting both my compartment and the corridor outside, where the two guards loafed and chatted. For an hour or two I lay in the lower berth and debated my course and hoped that the reply from Kazan would be delayed at least until I could attend to certain things for myself.

By midnight my guards were heavy with sleep, but I put my head out through the doorway and said sharply: "Be quiet, you! Why are you keeping me awake?" Thereupon I closed the door and heard the sentries stretching themselves out close in front of it. They considered me perfectly safe, as there was but the one door to the compartment. You know that the windows in Russian cars are never opened. They are used for nothing but letting the light through. It never occurred to my guards that a window could be used for anything else.

For half an hour longer I lay quiet. The sentries snored. I rose and crouched in front of the window, standing on the little table that is universal in these cars, where it serves as a step-ladder to the upper berths.

Then I went through, smashing out the glass with my elbow and following, all in a bunch, and whirling down through the darkness.

The gravel proved to be soft and I doubled back under the car while my jailers shot foolishly at the spots where they supposed I might be.

There were freight cars on the next track and beyond were the forest and freedom.

PAUL WRIGHT.

ON READING ALOUD

BY MURIEL HARRIS

Is reading aloud merely a dead-and-gone Victorian manifestation with green rep for its shroud, mahogany for its coffin, a chandelier to toll its parting? Does it belong in an age in which stuffed birds and woolwork have only now achieved the romance of history? Was it even then just a fashion, or was it also the expression of a period which, beside the gross materialism of mechanical invention, the sanctity of possession, yet had a sense of direction, of uplift, a sense, perchance, of rightness, upon which a humbler—even a humiliated—world to-day looks back upon with awe and wonder? For, despite the Darwins and the Huxleys, the Victorian era was an era of belief. Even the Victorian atheist *believed* that there was no God. Belief in science was itself a religion. The arid doctrine of Mill filled his disciples with faith in rationalism, while the Ruskins, the William Morrises, the Passmore Edwardses, believed, actually believed—and thousands believed with them—in a humanity which could be reached by the good, the true, the beautiful, were it only set before them. The Oxford movement, the sanctity of work, the worthwhileness of things (even the smallest things), the struggles of the pre-Raphaelites, the Comtists, the Tolstoys, the Thackerays, to get back to first principles, long overlaid by smothering convention, all these things constituted a new faith in man, in the regeneration of man. And with the regeneration of man came the regeneration of woman. And with the regeneration of woman came the education movement, the bringing of the library into the drawing-room. The Lydia Languishes of this world dropped out. Reading aloud came into its own again from the days of Milton. And if it sometimes was but a competitor with water-color drawing and woolwork, and even a loser beside the art of getting married and having an establishment, yet there it was—a means of communication and expansion in the Victorian home, a garden gateway to

the flowers of the mind. In so far as it reached its apotheosis in the Victorian era, thus far was reading aloud a Victorian institution; in so far as it was one of the signs of a great revival, just so far did it express the expansion of the strait Victorian soul.

There were of course many causes for the universality of reading aloud in the cultured Victorian home. The rise of the English novel alone produced a picture of life, easily understood by the many, with the popularity of which perhaps the cinematograph to-day alone is comparable. The Victorian era had at its disposal all the harvest of the great preceding century, from the strong meat of *Tom Jones* to the delicate flavor of *The Vicar of Wakefield.* For the hyper-refined, there was that paragon, Sir Charles Grandison. For the young-lady public of the circulating library, who more entrancing than "Evelina"? The hope, the romance, the belief of the nineteenth century itself, were reflected by the Reades, the Eliots, the Stevensons, the Daudets, the Brontës, and a score of others. Nor was the edge taken off the appetite for literature by the hors d'oeuvre of the short story or the magazine. Fanny Burney was read at length in every home. Victor Hugo might have written ten great volumes of *Les Miserables* instead of five. The Dickens numbers made every bosom palpitate in the little towns which watched for them at the weekly readings. And they might go on and on, so eagerly were they read, like the stories of the paladins in the Sicilian puppet-shows, on every winter evening—ending with a snap at the critical point, whetting the appetite for more—not unlike the serial detective stories on the cinematograph, which always leave the young woman in mid-air or mid-water until the following performance. Not the eagerly expected war-books or sensational revelations from the Versailles Conference ever created a public such as that of the Victorian drawing-room, eagerly awaiting the evening reading.

Reading aloud of course opened a door to women far more than to men. While the novel held the floor, educated women, who are now old, will tell you that most of their education was derived from reading aloud after dinner or after tea. And where you are expert in economics or social history, they will know their Gibbon and disapprove of Ferrari; and where

you are an enthusiast for "vers libre," they will know their Scott, their Tennyson, and, above all, their Browning; possibly, too, their Homer and their Vergil. And where you will flaunt your personal freedom and plain-speaking, they will suggest the dignity, the poise, of their own generation, the flavor of its reticences, the sense of human dignity which belongs to their generation. Perhaps the past is always golden. What was—what is—really the magic of reading aloud?

One thing it is not. It is not theatrical. Actors rarely read well, because they are too personal. The reader who endeavors by his expression to interpret character is intolerable, a bore. For one thing, he is usurping the function of the author, plagiarizing his descriptions and explanations. On the other hand, personal traits in reading—really personal to the person and not to the character—sometimes can lend ineffable charm. It may be the way the hand holds the book; the way the reader settles himself to read. Perhaps it is a lace ruffle, a cameo bracelet, a trick of nervousness in starting. Sometimes it is a humorous intonation. "*And* the Lord said unto Moses," read the Squire and invariably cleared his throat after getting an impetus by accentuating the *and*. Everybody would have missed that "*and*." There was something solid and comforting about it. You knew where you were. And it was above all entirely personal—unlike the convention of the Dickens reader, whose regular sentimentalities were on a level with the "little che-ild" of the melodrama and soft music and the like. The professional reader is rarely a success just because he has not the opportunity to convey this personal impression. Voice again counts enormously, but rather in a negative sense. It is the forgetting of the voice that counts, not its emphasis. And this is perhaps natural in that the complete merging of the book and the reader produces a single effect, which would be confused by the existence of a double element. Most readers gravitate naturally towards the books in which they are most able thus to merge themselves. While a man will read Shaw, a woman will read Trollope. Two of the best readers in England were Dr. John Bridges and Mrs. Frederic Harrison. The one read Jacobs and history; the other, *Framley Parsonage* and *Sir Charles Grandison*. I have to-day an

unforgettable vision of the dashing Lady G. and her "marmoset," of the "sprightly and accomplished Miss Byron," who could never, never, be persuaded to name the day, who only at Grandmamma Selby's "Harriet—my love" stepped forward, blushing to tread a measure with Sir Charles. And it is unforgettable because it is interwoven with a personality, gracious, dignified, steeped in French and English Memoirs, with a background of Turner and the France of the Seventies and Herbert Spencer and Thiers and Garibaldi and the rest; because it recalls a beautiful voice and an atmosphere of books and old china, the flashing of an emerald ring, endurance, self-restraint—an odd mixture of gentleness and iron, those Victorian women—of ignorance too, and of accomplishment as we understand it to-day. An odd mixture, once more, of prudishness and broad-mindedness, which could comfortably read *Tom Jones* aloud, but as imperturbably say "um—um" as it skipped the undesirable pages. Not one of them could have understood a Stock Exchange transaction and their minds had been trained to close automatically at the sound of the word "business." But most of them spoke French beautifully, and many of them could listen with pleasure to Goldoni in the original. Most of them could converse easily with the foreigner, and there was far less of the barrier of nationality which to-day obscures our meanings. And it came out in their reading, for they read with a background not merely of national but of international culture; it came out in the modulation of their voices, and it came out in their presence, tranquil, reticent, self-possessed.

In an age of haste, leisureliness is become a charm—a charm that is kept in a museum, to be sure, but a charm none the less. It had its dull side, counted in the stitches of the woolwork and patchwork, of which the merit was that they took years to finish. But while the dulness is forgotten, the fragrance remains; also a certain stateliness. Leisureliness has a measure, a rhythm, while haste stumbles and wastes. Leisureliness has values; there is no value in haste—only a lack of poise. And reading aloud had of all things to be leisurely—as leisurely as a patchwork quilt or curtains of the finest netting. It had to have time for the savoring. Possibly, like other appreciations, it helped in the creation

of good writing. Dear Fanny Burney must have responded to the Piozzis of her day; certainly George Eliot expanded in the sun of universal appreciation. When Dickens was a household word, there was something worth while for which to write—very different from our hurried fluttering of pages, when beloved books no longer open of themselves at a love-scene of a Rochester and Jane, or the three-cornered duel of a Marryat. It was cause and effect and effect and cause, the two acting and reacting upon each other to the greater stimulus both of reading and of writing.

The mere charm of words is underrated to-day. Half our words are never pronounced at all except in conversation. The amazing verbal subtleties and rightnesses of a Stevenson, a Conrad, are lost—most of them—in the haste and the silence in which they are read. We never hear them with their rhythm and their shading—the same rhythm which attracts old gentlemen to mouth the *Æneid* with gusto to a non-appreciative second and third generation. Perhaps this subsidence of the poet from the palmy days of Victorianism to the straggling efforts at revival of our day is in some measure due to the decline in reading aloud and the growing meaninglessness of such phrases as "the music of words." Only the few know how to read poetry at all, because they think it must be declaimed, shouted, chanted, danced, anything but read. And thus we never get the full translation of the author's mind. The Victorian periods, measures, seem to us ridiculous, and we have transferred them, say, to dancing, which gets all the color and the rhythm, and in its turn, perhaps, will become as meaningless. For words need to be used, to be articulated. Beautiful speech, beautiful voice modulation, is hardly ever an affair of nature alone, certainly not of deliberate neglect. Words form an instrument to which constant practice alone gives results. And there is the measure of the thing as well. Just as the Paladin puppet-shows and cinematographs alike recognize the need for stimulating by restraint, so with reading aloud, there are restraining limits, a beginning and an end, a time and a place, most of all a personality, without which the pleasure vanishes. There is no sitting up all night to finish it: dramatic, but feverish; delicious but self-indulgent; accounting for the unsatisfactoriness of many an end. Books cannot be spoilt, even with the increas-

ingly long sessions, by a peeping at the end, a rude prying into the author's intention, before he wishes to disclose it. Courtesy towards the author has at least something to do with the charm of his book, and here the reader is omnipotent, and can manipulate his climaxes, keeping you breathless as D'Artagnan rides to the coast; or he can so suppress himself that his own dryness underlines George Birmingham's whimsical humor and his inimitable portrayal of the Irish character. Reading aloud holds the listener up, restrains him, cultivates his zest, and then rewards his restraint and anticipation in full measure. Who does not know the cold dead feeling of finishing to yourself a book that was begun aloud, the deadness, the loss of color and relief? It involves all the difference between seeing the sights with a lover, and seeing them with Baedeker. And then there are the other listeners, too. Crowd psychology comes in here. There is a difference between listening to a book alone, and listening to it mirrored equally in the appreciations of other people. Here again this raises all the values, doubles the reflections, makes the book as intensely living as it is possible for it to be.

Apart from its intrinsic qualities, there is no doubt that reading aloud is associated with traditions which color and captivate our imaginations. Nineteenth-century scholarship read aloud with zest, and nineteenth-century scholarship has no mean roll of names. And then—Tennyson used to read his own works down at Blackdown, with its purple-crowned heights and its wide view of the Sussex Weald. Christina Rossetti read her poems, and charming Grant Allen his stories. At Rye, city of the fairy-tales, or at his flat on the Chelsea Embankment, Henry James would utter himself to a select few. Old Archbishop Whateley educated his "accomplished" daughters by reading to them aloud; while in the families of the Lushingtons, the Hobhouses, the Trevelyans, reading aloud was part of the day's routine. And always it was associated with those mellow firelit hours after tea, with the Victorian drawing-rooms, whether of Winterhalter or of William Morris, of willow-patterns, or of fret-work and white marble. And you traced idly the roses on the Aubusson carpet, or the hawthorne of the china vase, or—yes, it must be admitted—the plush snake round the bottom of the glass-cased clock, and you

watched the lamplight shine softly on a silver head, or light up the "Salve Roma" of a Victorian bracelet; and—yes—there was a perfume, too, of warmth and flowers and leaves of old books and scented leather; and all unconsciously, you wove them into stories of the worldly Archdeacon Grantley and his daughter Griselda, of Mrs. Proudie, for whose downfall you longed, but lamented when it came; of windmill fighters and Micawbers equally, of the romance of the Victorian age and the realism of the Edwardian; of Shaw and his Other Island—and a hundred others. And forevermore the stories became inseparable from that golden border-land where perhaps, alone, different generations can meet as one; inseparable from a special winter's evening when the red curtains were drawn early; inseparable from the moment when at last you hurried up to dress, still walking on clouds which remained substantial till the next ones displaced them. Reading aloud still exists, and *Caesar and Cleopatra* has a place with *Julius Caesar*. But so much exists besides. There is the making of many stories easily obtainable; there is the transformation of the school into something more like home, yet not like home, in which reading aloud has a place, though a different place. There is the greater knowledge of actual facts with less left to the imagination, and with it, the unutterably perplexing task of selection. So that reading aloud is far more of a function than an art; more definitely educational than just enjoyable; a competitor—generally at a disadvantage—with the quicker methods of the cinematograph, of nature-study, of reading alone; a little old-fashioned in a world of the entirely new. And so it has fallen away, and some of its magic has gone, and it actually does belong to a period which can never be real again. Its personalities are less personal and its coloring is less mellow, and those who enjoyed it realize that while it remains, its atmosphere has gone. At its best, it belongs now to those "good old times" which none of us ever appreciated until they were gone.

MURIEL HARRIS.

OUTRE MER

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

I've never visited that land
Of slow sweet things
Beyond the sea;
Her shores with stores of memories rich and grand
Still wait for me;
Yet I need only close my eyes
And I can see
Her honey-colored planets rise in skies
Where day's delight to night still clings,
And shadows falling like a dream
Along some Andalusian stream
That sleeps and sings;
And I can feel the airs that steal
Like heavy bees above some garden wall
Where orange trees stand tall and all
Their gold reveal,
And watch the hours like flowers that bloom and fall
In old Castile.

O loveliness that must be Spain,
Why do you rise for me so plain
And call my fancy so?
Familiar always and all fair,—
Is it because once long ago
I had a castle there?

THE OUTCAST

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

I have no place to keep you any more;
Your shrine is broken; on the sagging door
And on the window, too,
The dampness gathers and the ivy clings,
And there the little bird that sways and sings
Sings of his nest, not you.
The music that was yours has trailed away,
Gone with the incense and the dripping light
That stained your forehead where you stood all white.
I cannot put you in the noisy day;
What would you make of all its jangling strings—
You whom the silence cherished and the night
Touched with slow moving wings?

If I could build anew
The broken beauty where you dwelt before,
And watch the moonlight stealing in to pray,
Just as it used to do,
I know my dreams would come again and say
The orisons they knew;
But life that gives so much will scarce restore
At all or gather back the dust she flings,
Or make new homes again for homeless things;—
I have no place to keep you any more.

THE DOLL

BY AMY LOWELL

You know, my Dear, I have a way, each Summer
When leaves have changed from ecstasies in green
To something like a crowd with raised umbrellas
Pushing for places at a theatre door,
Whenever there's a reasonable wind—
And when there isn't, why I think it's worse,
They droop so underneath the copper sun
Sitting upon them like a metal cover;
I think the trees look positively tired
Holding the mass of them up all the time.
Well, as I say, when every breeze is smothered
By heavy, lagging leaves on dusty trees,
And all I smell is asphalt and hot tar,
And motor horns destroy the moonlight nights,
I pack myself, and some stray sheets of music,
Into a train and hie me to South Norton.
I came from there, and little drowsy town
Although it is, I still go back (or used to)
And find it with a narrow odd contentment
As grey and glistening as it always was,
Some of it painted, some a silver shimmer
Of weathered clapboards melting to decay.
There always is a blaze of Summer flowers
Cramming the dooryards, stocks and portulaca,
And golden glow above the first floor windows,
And China asters mixed with marigolds.
White paint looks very well indeed behind them
And green blinds, always down, you understand,
South Norton people will not risk the daylight
Upon their best room furniture, and really
When you possess an inlaid teak-wood table,
With mother-of-pearl and ebony in squares,
And on it, set precisely in their order,
Stand ivory chess-men, red and white, the queens
A pair of ancient Maharanies copied

To every quaintness of their grand attire
And not a button or embroidery
Skimped by the Hindu carver; when your chairs
Are waxed as never chair is waxed to-day,
And there are corners lit by golden silks,
And mandarin fruit-dishes in high glass cupboards,
Perhaps you may at least be half forgiven
For only opening the room for weddings
Or when some guest from Boston comes to call.
I have called often in such drawing-rooms,
Confused at first by coming from the dazzle
Of a white August sea, and almost groping
To find my hostess in the green-blind dusk,
While all the time my nose was being grateful
For the great puffs of pot-pourri and cloves,
The gusts of myrrh, and sandal-wood, and ginger
Invisibly progressing up and down.
These scented rooms are just a paraphrase
Of something penetrant, but never clear,
Never completely taken nor rejected,
Unrealized flotsam of the tides of trade;
And these frail, ancient ladies are like tea-dust
Left in the bottom of a painted chest,
Poor fluttering souls, surrounded by their "things,"
Oblivious of the sea which brought them here.
My Dear, I prose, you really must not let me,
For after all I have something to say.
I never make these duty calls until
My music lessons are a week away
And each day's mail is stuffed with pupils' letters
Asking for dates and prices, then I go
The rounds and drink a dish of tea with each
Old fragile chrysalis and so come home.
For many years I've always ended up
With the two Misses Perkins. They were a whiff
Of eighteen-forty, and I rather liked
To talk to them and then come back and play
Debussy, and thank God I had read Freud;
The contrast was as genial as curry.
I only wish that I could make you see them,
Their garden path with spice-bushes and lilacs,
The scraper by the door, the polished knocker,
And then the hall with the model of a clipper
Upon a table in a square glass case.

She is a replica of the *Flying Dolphin*
And Captain Perkins made her on a voyage
Of eighteen months to China and Ceylon.
Miss Julia just remembers when he brought
The model home and put it where it stands.
I always laid my gloves upon the table
Just by the clipper's stern, and stood my sunshade
Against the corner, and tiptoed up the stairs.
Miss Perkins was an invalid, for years
She had not left her bed, so I was summoned
Up slippery stairs and over cool, long matting
Into her room, and there in a great four-poster
The little lady would greet me with effusion.
"Clara, Dear, how good of you to come!
Julia and I were wondering if you would.
You'll have a cake and a small glass of sherry.
Hannah will bring them in directly. Now,
How is the music getting on? To think
You play at concerts! Julia and I read
About your triumphs in the newspapers."
And all the time, behind the house, the sea
Was moving—moving—with a long slow sound.
I could not hear it, but I clung to it,
For naturally this room looked on the street.
It was a pretty room with bright glazed chintz,
And Naples bay in staring blue gouache,
Flanked by Vesuvius at night, both pictures framed
In peeling gold. Upon the mantelpiece
Were silhouettes: the Captain and his wife,
Miss Perkins and Miss Julia in pantalettes,
A china bear for matches, and a clock
Suspended between alabaster pillars.
But what I never could keep long from seeing
Was a large wax doll, dressed in the Paris fashion
Of sixty years ago, with a lace tippet
And much flounced skirt over a crinoline,
Upright in a winged arm-chair by the bed.
She sat and gazed with an uncanny ardor
Straight at the andiron, her hands palms upward,
Her feet in heelless slippers wide apart.
She fascinated me. Those blue glass eyes
Had an unearthly meaning, staring straight
Before her in her faded finery.
I had to draw a chair up from the wall,

For never did Miss Perkins or Miss Julia
Suggest that I should sit in the winged chair.
I found my mind all drawn upon a focus,
I thought wax doll and very nearly said so,
And I am very much afraid I missed the point
Of one or two quite artless little sallies.
They never said a word, and I with rigor
Suppressed my curiosity and merely listened
With sometimes half a mind and sometimes none.
I drank the sherry and I eat the cake,
I kissed Miss Perkins when I came to go,
Bending over the bed, my skirt just touching
The doll, I think, and then the call was over.
Of course at first the thing made no impression.
I thought they had been clearing out the attic
And come upon the doll; but when each year
She was still sitting there, I grew to dread
Encountering her, she seemed so full of tales,
Tell-tales of maiden ladies left alone
With still things on the walls and mantelpieces
And nothing moving round them but the sea
Kept out of reach beyond the matted entry.
One year, in early April, coming in
All flushed with having played Moussorgski's "Pictures"
To an enthusiastic audience,
I found a black-edged letter on my table,
Miss Julia writing that "Dear Sister Jane
Had passed away, she wanted me to know."
The words were quaintly quiet and resigned,
The slim and pointed writing very calm,
But still there seemed a wistful hint of dread.
I knew, in fact, Miss Julia was alone.
I wrote—oh, what one always writes, the things
One does not think, and does not want to think.
I sent the letter, and the answer came
As slim, and pointed, and reticent as ever.
And that was all until I reached South Norton.
Of course I went at once to see Miss Julia.
She greeted me beside the clipper-ship,
And there was something grim about that vessel
Placidly sailing on its painted waves
With coffins passing through the door beside it,
From time to time, while nothing ever came.

I wondered what would be its fate; some junk-shop
Probably, when Miss Julia too had gone.
Poor soul, she seemed to flicker with excitement
And sorrow all in one. The great importance
Of doing something which was not commanded
Appeared in vague authoritative gestures,
Which seemed but half controlled and faded off
Into a quiver of movement so pathetic
It made me want to cry. She begged me
To go upstairs. "I cannot bear to be
In any other room but Jane's," she told me.
"I've sat there so much with her, quite ten years
It was she did not leave it." So we mounted
The broad old stairs, and softly trod the matting
Walking gently as in a house of mourning.
I was resentful, it was four full months
Since I had got that lonely little letter.
Was this a mausoleum? Was Miss Julia
To find her only company with ghosts?
The gaudy paper of the narrow hallway,
Flashing its minarets to a sapphire Heaven
Seemed to be mocking us with Eastern splendor,
With Eastern customs and an Eastern languor.
The conch shells roared a siren song of oceans,
Flanking the newel posts, as we passed by them.
Miss Jane's room was a lovely blaze of sunlight,
The empty bed was orderly and sane,
The Bay of Naples gladdened without hurting.
I shook myself free of the swarming stillness
And saw with satisfaction that the chair,
The doll chair, had been moved, it stood beside
The window with its back toward the room.
Why did I walk up to it? I don't know.
Some feeling that the usualness of streets
Comes kindly over a long spent emotion
Perhaps. At any rate, I did so, saying
How bright and gay the portulacas were,
Or something of the sort. And then I started
To sit down in the chair and saw the doll
With palms stretched out and little slippered feet
Pointing before her. There she sat, her eyes
Fixed glassily upon the window-pane.
I may have jumped, at any rate Miss Julia
Flushing a painful pink said steadily:

"It was so dull for her after Jane died,
I moved her here where she could see the street.
It's very comforting to watch the passing,
I think. I always find it so." That's all.
I don't know how the visit went, nor what
I said, nor where I sat. I only know
I took the train that evening back to town
And stayed up half the night playing Stravinski.
I dreamt wax doll for three weeks afterwards,
And I shall go to London this vacation.

CARL SPITTELER, POET-CITIZEN

BY F. V. KEYS

A TALL figure, of dignified bearing; a noble head; a physiognomy in which humor and irony have traced their lines, but which is first and last that of the thinker and which only now, after seventy years of living, has achieved its distinctive beauty: such was Carl Spitteler, as he rose to acknowledge the tributes paid him at the banquet given in his honor at Geneva in the autumn of 1915. Striking as he was to the eye, the individual confronting so quietly the tumultuous plaudits impressed one mainly by his personality, one that coupled strength with sensibility, in which fortitude and gentleness had grown into the benignant humanity of a slow-maturing nature, whose roots had struck deep.

The applause endured; it would not end. It was a unique gathering, at once intimate and brilliant, where the genius of a nation was met to do homage to the greatest among them. Hodler and Jaques-Dalcroze were there, and other returned sons from over the French border. The note of a spiritual homecoming was in the air, the deep throb with which grown men recur to old currents of feeling, to those first things which are also last things. From the frescoed walls of the hall of the Arquebuse old heroes of the people, and their eternal allies, the Great Mountains, seemed to share in the stirring of all that was most excellent and strong in the *pietas* of Switzerland, "venerable Mother and incorruptible Guardian of the freedom of nations," as the phrase ran in the tribute from the French League of the Rights of Man. For throughout the evening, letters and telegrams were coming in, from the simple message of a group of Swiss privates on guard at their mountain post on the frontier, to the eloquent homage of great universities, of poets and philosophers, from the French Academy, from the Sorbonne and the College de France, from Boutroux and Bergson, from Rostand, Maeterlinck, Verhaeren: all united in their tribute to the "high

and illustrious poet," and to the "passionate lover of truth and justice, the apostle of human dignity and independence." Small wonder that the applause endured, that it would not end! For none was there who did not feel, in the presence of Spitteler, a throb deeper, purer than even that which means love of poetry or of country, which is the response to one who has shown that greatness of soul which is one of the rarest prerogatives of humanity.

He began to speak, in French, with a Russian accent. Few words, and simple; the right words. Humorous irony played over strong emotion like a sunlit breeze that hides the depths of the pool whose surface it stirs. He exaggerated his aloofness, his ignorance of local interests, so that he might stress more strongly his sense of the generosity of his hosts who have offered to him, the stranger, the priceless gift of their sympathy; a gift for which he thanks them, as for happiness itself. Certain morose friends of his had expressed misgivings of a possible "political" coloring to this occasion. They probably meant "patriotic." "My whole so-called political career (which I do not regret) computes, out of a term of seventy years, precisely one hour and ten minutes. That hour, unique and exceptional, has no continuation, for I have nothing either to add or to retract." Possibly a certain act of his—merely the saying of something that needed to be said—may have commended him to them. If so, there is no harm in it. On the contrary,—"I congratulate myself on it. And I congratulate you." But he prefers to see in this occasion neither politics, nor even patriotism, but rather something else: "the religious love, the profound regard, because inborn and traditional, of the Latin race for the beautiful and sublime: in its kind, for poetry." They have come together in all disinterestedness, as to a love-feast. . . . Their precious amity he had neither thought of, nor solicited, nor expected. "It has been for me an immense and delicious surprise. . . . I beg you, *aimables Welches,* to keep your friendship for me to my end."

Words not without their searching pathos, uttered by a man of seventy to compatriots who had only just found him, thanks to an act which, in the dark hour of perplexity, had liberated the moral impulses and precipitated the spiritual solidarity of his

nation. Words fraught moreover with a vast human significance, inasmuch as they were spoken by one whose mother-tongue was German to fellow-nationals whose mother-tongue was French; proving that even at that dark moment patriotism could maintain itself above the ignoble fetishism of so-called race, on the serene plane of the community of political ideals, preserved by centuries of common sacrifice, dearer to steadfast men than the ties of kin and language.

The award to Spitteler of the Nobel prize for poetry has now consummated the poetic justice so late vouchsafed him by his contemporaries. The future historian, if he also be a humanist, will recognize in this poet one of the most significant figures on the scene of this strange eventful century.

In an exquisite little book, published early in 1914, Spitteler has told the story of his first five years. In its rare blending of the impressions of maturity with those of the dawn of consciousness, it suggests comparison with the reminiscences lately published by Anatole France, in spite of the divergence of the Parisian scene from the Arcadian simplicity that surrounded the cradle of Spitteler with "abundance of grass, and of love." For him the little town of Liestal, capital of the half-canton Basel-land, where he was born April 24, 1845, and where his father held office as *statthalter*, meant the dark old brewery of his maternal grandfather, with its wonderful hillside at the back, its meadows, yards, and out-houses; the dwelling-house with its little-frequented inn-parlor, where his grandmother on the dark, stormy winter days spun for him the magic web of legend and fairy-tale, and where at noon the gigantic brewer, who could not speak softly even if he would, came trooping in to dinner with his trampling workmen from the vats. The extraordinary tenacity of memory which holds in pristine freshness the minute details of the picture is equaled only by the extent of its backward range: he recalls the vivid fluid dreams of his first year before they melted, as it seemed to him, into the fixed dream of the vast open-air theater to which the spectator brings something unalterable,—

> Call it soul, or the Me, or what you like—*X* for aught I care—that is independent of the changes in the body, that is unconcerned with the condition of the brain or the grasp of the intellect, that does not grow, nor develop,

because from the beginning it was finished and complete; something that dwells already in the child at the breast and remains identical throughout life. It can even speak, this *X*, though only softly. It says, if I rightly interpret its foreign dialect: "we come from far off."

It is this something that never changes that has preserved all the bright clear picture of external things, as well as the mysterious inner world all saturated with the mood of the child: a world where passes the fragrance of human affections, revealing the loveliness of a wrinkled face, touching the evening hour and the joyous ritual of bedtime with indescribable happiness, lending its soft melody to the curfew bell. It is a world of intense subjective emotions, where one tastes sheer bliss, or looks into the face of night and sees glimmering through it the features of Medusa, of something that has naught to do with man, his cheerful hopes, his security and loves. Nothing in this world is trifling, save as wisdom and maturity see that trifles are the supreme things in life. But above all, this inner world is one where Nature reigns supreme, a presence enfolding and enhancing all others, calling its subtle message to one from a hillside, from the walls of a narrow street, sliding down the changing light, caught in the crystal tone of water falling in the shade. These visitings of natural magic he keeps to himself, as a secret of which he half fancies he should be ashamed; until, on a momentous drive to Berne, passing over a shady bridge under a peculiar spell of atmosphere, an exclamation from his mother discovers to him that she shares with him the ineffable sense of the genius of the place. The day becomes a series of enchanted beauties of forest, mountain glen, and dazzling sunlit towns; of infinite spaces overhung with shifting lights and gauzy vapors, revealing the twin spells of height and distance. From that day on, the poet says, "I looked at the visible world through my mother's eyes." He had just completed his third year. *My Earliest Experiences* closes with the removal of the family to Berne, two years later, the elder Spitteler having accepted a post in the Federal government. Liestal, and the stretch of country about it with its delicate hint of the Savoyard South, became the object of an incurable homesickness, and aching regret. Thought and feeling were rooted in the native countryside, *das Gefilde*. Almost from the

beginning, Spitteler observes, his feeling for Nature was identical with his feeling for home. Nothing is more fortunate, he adds, than this conjunction. It is true. Human presences withdraw, and the hearth is desolate; but the earth and sky remain, and their voices are never silenced.

For the years that followed we have only annals, of classical schooling at Berne and Basle, of studies in law and theology at Basle and Zurich and Heidelberg. The seeds of genius slept deep beneath the activities of healthy boyhood, and forward adolescence and youth. His first artistic impulse led him toward drawing, and in the same year, his seventeenth, toward music. No adequate teachers were available to develop fully either bent. Music, in particular that of Bach, remained a permanent inspiration. His first intimate friendship, with Josef Viktor Widmann, brought him the stimulus of a congenial mind. About this time he was oppressed by periods of melancholy, when he labored under an intolerable sense of the suffering imposed on sentient beings, above all, on dumb creatures. The features of Medusa no longer only glimmered through the dusk; they offered their stony horror to the day. Meantime, he began to grope toward poetry. Highly characteristic is the fact that his record is absolutely clear of subjective lyric effusions. For nearly three years his mind was busy with a drama on the subject of Saul, of which not a line was written down. Cosmic visions, borrowing the shapes of Greek myth and Hebrew story, were carried with him to Heidelberg, after a translation of Ariosto, which had fallen into his hands at Zurich, had sealed his determination and revealed his calling, to become an epic poet.

The year following his term at Heidelberg, 1869, Spitteler has referred to as the zenith of his creative and emotional experience. Purely subjective, as yet: a torrent of glancing visions, sweeping clear of local habitation and a name.

A sudden end came to this happy moment, and stopped the flow of what he has called the "sunlit spring." The examining board of Liestal rejected Spitteler, as a candidate in theology, on the grounds of questionable orthodoxy and alleged lack of preparation. He met this rebuff by putting all else aside for assiduous study, and in 1871 passed with the highest honors the theo-

logical examination at Basle. He was nominated to the pastorate of Arosa, but refused it and left for Russia, where he became tutor in the family of a Russian general.

His exile—if such it was—lasted eight years. Nothing is known of this period. When he returned to join his mother on the death of his father in 1879, he brought with him the first part of the work which he published at the close of 1880, under the title *Prometheus and Epimetheus, a Parable.* The second part followed a year later. They bore the significant signature, Felix Tandem.

This first-fruit of his genius, conceived thirteen years earlier, upon the reception of which hung his hope of literature as a career, was still-born, so far as critics or public were concerned. It flouted equally the sentimental and conventional prepossessions of the older school of "idealists," and the dogmas of the young realists. In Switzerland, it was noticed in print only by Spitteler's friend Widmann. The German press contented itself with re-printing, in a weekly sheet, Widmann's article. Over against this neglect of the purveyors of literary opinion, one remarks that Nietzsche, upon reading the work, observed that Spitteler was "perhaps the most distinguished aesthetic writer among the Germans"; that the veteran Gottfried Keller, while doubting whether it was a time for such "sibylline books," found the composition "full of the choicest beauties from beginning to end," and one to which he should return again and again. Burckhardt, the painter Boecklin—with whose genius that of Spitteler has certain notable affinities—and the musician Brahms, also extended recognition.

What, indeed, could "the critics" make of the work, or say of it? There was no contemporary peg upon which it could possibly be hung, no pattern for comparison, no clue to its "points." Nietzsche speaks somewhere of the dangerous fascination of looking down into the dark shaft of one's being. The *Prometheus* is full of the perilous stuff that is gleaned from a scrutiny of that perspective. It is the outgrowth of an intense personal experience, of a human soul absorbed in the challenge of the infamies, and in delight in the beauty, of the universe. Prometheus's is the soul that is true to itself, that scorns convention not for the

easier but for the thornier way, whose renunciations cut at the very roots of human affections and hopes, yet whose nobler humanity in the end rescues his people, restores their moral sense, and reconciles him to his fallen brother Epimetheus. It is indeed a book to return to, to keep by one. It contains an immense wealth of episode; it abounds in amazing contrasts, both of mood and scene; it is a veritable mine of invention, yet the interest of the fable is always subordinate to the imaginative dealing with character and scenery. Were it not, indeed, for the pervasive and as it were irresistible delight in nature, the weight of woe that this work carries, and which is curiously burdened by the rhythmical iambic prose, would be almost intolerable. There is humor, but it is for the most part too grim to afford relief. The sense for natural beauties, however, everywhere breaks through and sows the foul and waste places with spots of pure and fresh delight: it is subtly allied to the loyalty that sustains Prometheus, a loyalty to something as inexplicable but as enduring as Nature herself. Soul no less than sense finds there her home.

The failure of this work to obtain recognition turned Spitteler into the inevitable path of teaching, first in a girls' school in Berne, of which his friend Widmann was director, and then in the high school of Neuveville, where he taught Greek and Latin in the French tongue, and where, one of his pupils tells us, he impressed the boys with something spacious and easy in his spirit, in the nonchalant rocking of his high shoulders as he passed down the street, something which they fancied he had caught from the vast Russian background. It was probably in Russia that he laid the foundation of his extensive and intimate acquaintance with French literature, an influence that undoubtedly has made for the delightfully perspicuous and graceful style of his later prose. Slowly, with dogged determination, he resumed composition. But the professional drudgery of this period and of the succeeding years of journalistic labors at Basle and Zurich permitted only the lighter side of his poetic gift to find expression, in three small volumes of verse, while the continued challenge of the apes of Apollo dictated the humorous satire of the *Literary Allegories*.

In 1891 release came. A legacy made him financially inde-

pendent, and he retired to Lucerne with his wife, a native of Holland who had been his pupil at Berne, and his two daughters. There, in the seclusion of his garden on the banks of the lovely lake of Lucerne, he at length was free to dedicate himself to the high epic Muse. Had freedom come too late? For a time, it looked so. For the decade that followed, there appeared some prose tales, and a novel, *Imago*, a singular work which bears more the stamp of nature than of art, in which one may catch the reflection of what confronted the Spitteler of thirty-four on his return from Russia to the straiter Swiss circle. Not until the new century had dawned did his stubborn faith in his epic star find justification. Then the full current of his genius, which had so long been gathering in its underground flow, broke through and declared itself in the splendid poetic achievement of the *Olympisher Frühling*. The first version appeared in 1900–1904. The enlarged and revised edition was printed in 1909.

At once the work placed Spitteler in the forefront of living poets, and challenged comparison, by reason of its essentially modern spirit, with the great epic creations of the Renaissance and of Antiquity. While ostensibly chronicling the advent of Zeus upon the fall of Chronos, the *Olympian Spring* presents the young gods moving and acting in a setting of Alpine beauty, reflected in all the radiant hues of poesy, in ways that embody the timeless attributes of the race. Classic and modern features are mingled with equal daring and felicity, while inner and outer events are presented with a plasticity unparalleled in modern poetry. A splendor rests on everything; there is an imaginative zest in the movement of the poem that inevitably recalls the spirit of the mountain climber exulting in sure-footed strength amid the eternal snows strewn against the sky. The experience that dogged the footsteps of Prometheus with tragedy, is now mastered, and has become the substance of pure contemplation, even while, between the coming and going of god and hero, one hears the many voices of the restless modern spirit, its intellectual and ethical question, its social challenge, its obstinate scepticism, its vague deep faith in life. Everywhere, the matured genius of the poet is present, composing, placing all the elements of a rich imagination with sureness, delicacy, and an admirable simplicity.

A circle of distinguished admirers speedily formed itself in Germany. A chance quotation fell under the notice of the distinguished conductor and composer, Felix Weingartner; he procured the work, and wrote a monograph to bring it to the attention of the cultured public. He pointed out that the ideals embodied in Spitteler's work, "opposing much that at the moment is accepted as culture and progress," set a limit to the possible extent of its popularity. But of "this man and artist . . . who has wrestled, in honesty and solitude, with his genius, until at last he has shaped in its completeness the hovering vision," Weingartner predicted: "the world will find Carl Spitteler."

The world has found Carl Spitteler. Not on the path that winds remote about the summit of the Parnassian Mount. But suddenly, it met him, the retired and solitary singer of his own song, in the press of the highroad of life, at the hour of terrible physical menace and moral confusion. Then he stepped forth from his retirement and spoke the word which, as he put it simply, needed to be spoken. It was a word for which his whole life, his absolute self-reliance, his unbroken integrity as a poet, had been the preparation and the authority.

It is dificult to-day, happily, to evoke the mental state that prevailed in the small neutral nations when confronted suddenly with the German dream of world dominion, and with the fate of Belgium. In Switzerland, moreover, the attractive force of the two great nations to the north subjected the unity of the French and the German Swiss to a terrific strain. For a moment, the fate of the Confederation seemed to lie in the hand of Germany. The German-Swiss cantons, numbering nearly two-thirds of the total population of less than four million, was riddled with "peaceful penetration," which sought to exploit illegitimately the innumerable legitimate bonds between groups politically distinct but one in speech and in many cultural traditions. The same condition existed, though less acute, in Holland and in Scandinavia. It was among the intellectuals of these countries, the presumable leaders of public opinion, that Germany's credit in science and education stood highest. As Germany's engine of violence rolled over Belgium with the momentum as of a natural law, the adumbration of a new Europe in the solid grip of a

masterful, superbly organized race, dazzled some eyes with its effulgence, and dimmed the vision of others with fear. Nowhere was there a voice of authoritative protest from a neutral nation, while here and there individuals once associated with liberalism staggered credulity by appearing as apologists of successful violence. Among the neutral peoples the sense of moral confusion, of moral impotence, became stifling, intolerable.

Then Switzerland spoke.

In quiet tones of convincing assurance, in such words as one who feels his judgment is of years might address to his neighbors, Spitteler, speaking before the New Helvetic Society in the December of that fateful year, took up the matter which all his compatriots knew but dreaded to admit: the widening gap between the Latin and the German elements of the nation. The motive of the whole discourse was one of clarification, carried out with a sureness and delicacy that lift the argument out of the class of occasional into the category of permanent political literature. To his countrymen, laboring under the strain of conflicting sympathies and the irritation of profound moral *malaise*, he unraveled, one by one, the threads of the complex problem; clarifying the national and the personal issues, orienting the one in the Swiss direction, the other by the compass of an invincible incorruptibility. And in the presence of the mighty neighbor whose ear was strained to catch the faintest murmur of disapproval, he repudiated, now with the happiest humor, again with words that stung like whips, what was criminal and ignoble in Germany's attempts upon the integrity, territorial and moral, of her opponents and of the neutral nations.

The short address is a classic. It reflects the essentials of the poet's character, it is impregnated with his human sympathy, with his unique Swiss humor, with his philosophy which sets in moving contrast the majestic human virtues and the piteous lot of men in the grip of destiny. The intellectual acumen in the handling of the complex problem, the moderation of tone, the firmness of the moral judgments, these are qualities so admirable and in the circumstances so amazing, that one recognizes in *Our Swiss Standpoint* a contribution to a sphere of literature invaded only by the greatest spirits, on the rarest occasions. English

readers will think of another epic poet who, when the time came, exposed the baseness of his own political friends in the interest of truth and freedom; and they will recall the noble sonnet of Wordsworth on the two immemorial voices of Liberty, the Mountains and the Sea.

The address was printed, and, translated into French, rapidly passed beyond the border. Its effect in Switzerland was immense, to the infinite surprise of the author. His name as a patriot became familiar to thousands who would never know him as poet. He himself has said: "The heart has its own intelligence, which is worth all that of the head." All honest minds could grasp the significance of this man who quietly put aside the honors and friendship of a lifetime, because he loved honor and was the friend of truth.

Spitteler's seventieth birthday, occurring in the April following, was made the occasion of a great manifestation of public esteem. Federal and cantonal officials, literary and artistic societies, student bodies and professors, rivalled in honoring him. When, in her turn, Geneva welcomed Spitteler, the general sense had grown, among the discerning, that Spitteler's action was essentially poetic in its nature, the inevitable outcome of his artistic conscience. It was the message of Verhaeren that best expressed the feeling of the gathering for one whose unfaltering Promethean faith had issued triumphant from a long ordeal, who had performed a difficult duty so simply because all his life he had preferred the high and difficult thing. "More than any of us," wrote the Belgian poet,

> he has shown himself clear-sighted and courageous, disinterested and impartial. He appeared like a serene hero in the midst of the battle of hatreds. He attained to truth through himself, and proclaimed it as soon as he perceived it. I infinitely admire his attitude, and I love to persuade myself that it is the lucid Muses whom he has loved from long since who have composed for him his beautiful and rare conscience.

F. V. Keys.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS

ARNOLD BENNETT

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

I

One night, some years before the outbreak of the European War, I arrived in the town of Hanley in the County of Stafford in the midlands of England to deliver a lecture on some subject, the name of which I do not now remember, although I suspect it was connected with the general improvement of mankind. I had accepted the invitation to lecture in Hanley, not because I had anything of importance to say to its inhabitants, but because I had lately read *The Old Wives' Tale* by Mr. Arnold Bennett, and was eager to see the place and the people from which that great book had sprung. My recollections of the visit are very vague now, but I remember that my host, a man of serious mind, a little over-weighted, perhaps, by the troubles of the universe, took me for a walk on Sunday morning through some of "the Five Towns", in the course of which he displayed much knowledge of the topography of Mr. Bennett's books without displaying much knowledge of the books themselves. He informed me that the real name of "Trafalgar Road" in *The Old Wives' Tale* is "Waterloo Road" and that the fictitious name of Hanley is "Hanbridge". He speculated incuriously on the oddness which had caused Mr. Bennett to alter real names in this palpable manner, and ended his discourse with the statement that he seldom read novels (which he persisted in calling "Works of Fiction") being more inclined to the study of serious books. I learned that he read chiefly in the writings of sociologists and political economists and similar serious persons. I suggested to him that he might more profitably read novels than sociological books if he wished to discover something about human character.

He was a polite and kindly man, and he did not abruptly tell me of my folly, but I could see that he considered me to be a fool or, at best, a flippant person, and I am sure that had he not been my host he would not have troubled to attend my lecture that evening. He smiled in that benign way men have when they abstain from expressing their frank opinion, as he listened to me saying that he would find in novels a greater fund of information about human nature than he could hope to find in all the works that all the sociologists in the world have written. Men of affairs spend their lives in writing ponderous volumes on society which are out-of-date as soon as they are published, whereas the novel or the play of a man of genius remains true forever. Henry Fielding and Adam Smith were contemporaries, but I imagine that few will deny there is more durable stuff, stuff more continuously applicable to human concerns, in *Tom Jones* than there is in *The Wealth of Nations*. But my friend would have none of this, and seemed to think that any man who spent time in reading Fielding's novel which might be spent in reading Adam Smith was shamefully misusing his mind. He led me, I remember, through much of the territory which is generically known as "the Five Towns". I saw the Square in which the Baineses lived, and was told that although Mr. Bennett called it "St. Luke's Square" in *The Old Wives' Tale*, the local authorities preferred to call it after St. John. So great was the influence of the novel upon me that when I peered through the window of the shop in which, so I was told, Constance and Sophia Baines were born, I almost expected to see the half-heroic figure of Samuel Povey behind the counter or to meet the cold, un-human glance of that frozen spinster, Miss Maria Insull, who once, and once only, displayed signs of human emotion—on the occasion when Mr. Critchlow brought her into the presence of the widowed Constance to announce his betrothal to her:

> The dog had leisurely strolled forward to inspect the edges of the fiancé's trousers. Miss Insull summoned the animal with a noise of the fingers, and then bent down and caressed it. A strange gesture proving the validity of Charles Critchlow's discovery that in Maria Insul a human being was buried.

My host led me up stony streets, in which every sort of domestic architecture was visible—for "the Five Towns" are so inde-

pendent that even in the workmen's houses there is no uniformity of style or harmony of design, a fact which makes, not for a pleasing diversity, but for shapelessness and incoherence—and pointed to places in the ground where, so he said, the earth had opened, owing to underground operations, and swallowed whosoever should happen to be passing over it. There was a story of a man who had set forth in the morning to go to his work, but, before he had travelled many yards from his home, was suddenly consumed by the opening earth and was never seen again. I will admit that I trod those streets thereafter with trepidation and considerable care! I had begun to tire of the ugly houses with their insufferable architecture, and of the grime caused by innumerable chimneys emitting thick, black smoke, when I was led up a steep street at the top of which I was told to halt and gaze about me. I saw the whole of "the Five Towns" and much of the surrounding country spread out like the kingdoms of the world and realized how strangely moving such a scene can be because of its suggestion of human presences. It was not without beauty, in spite of the gloom of an industrial area, but it impressed me most by its air of effort and power and achievement. I became conscious of the activities of men and women, of great labors, of confused strivings out of which some human need is satisfied, and I came away, as I always come away from such sights, immensely impressed by human organization and very satisfied with great machines. When we had descended from that high street and had walked elsewhere, I found myself suddenly confronting a railway station on which I saw the romantic name of ETRURIA.

II

Etruria, the country of the Etruscans in Italy, was, I suppose, a very different place from Etruria, the small town between Hanley and Burslem ("Hanbridge" and "Bursley") where Josiah Wedgwood founded his pottery in the eighteenth century, but the spirit which produced the Etruscan ceramics was not dissimilar from the spirit which produces the famous Wedgwood ware; and I thought to myself as I looked at the romantic name

of that grimy-looking town in Staffordshire that I had stumbled on the secret of Mr. Bennett. Underneath the plain appearance of the pottery town, there is a spirit which has persisted in the production of beautiful things for the best part of two centuries, a spirit so much in love with delicate ware that it calls an unsightly town by the name of an ancient and reputedly beautiful place; and underneath the hard and fact-ridden style of Mr. Bennett there is an ineradicable desire for romance. I said of him once that he fights the battles of the romantic with the weapons of the realist, and that description seems to me to be strictly accurate. Mr. Bennett mingles, even in his Christian names, the gritty and the graceful in a way that is singularly characteristic of the people of his district. "Enoch Arnold Bennett" is a combination of names not easily imagined, but it is not more unusual than the combination of Etruria and Staffordshire, of lovely ceramics and "the Five Towns". Mr. Bennett has many times been charged with addiction to dusty realism, a dull love of facts. His critics say of him, after reading such a book as *Your United States*, that he must have spent his time on the Atlantic liner in which he went to America in counting the rivets in her plates for the sheer love of counting them, and they conclude that he is a materialist because of his interest in numbers and in things. They even complain of him that he is infatuated with largeness, just as Queen Victoria was, and that he imagines a thing to be good when it is merely big. This is undiscerning criticism. It is as if a child were charged with being a disciple of Haeckel because it thinks that ten things are more wonderful than one thing. We may think that Mr. Bennett is a fact-ridden modern, incapable of romance, because he inordinately admires electricity, but to do so is to announce ourselves as dunderheads for not discovering that his love of electricity is the Romantic's love of the Magic Lamp! How easily most of us are dissuaded from our faith in romantic things! We are in ecstasies when we hear of St. Francis of Assisi preaching to the fishes and the birds and addressing them as his little brothers, but we are horribly shocked and humiliated when Mr. Bernard Shaw makes the mad priest in *John Bull's Other Island* speak of a pig as our little brother! There is prettiness in the community of men and birds, even of

men and the smaller fish, but pigs—PORK! ! We find romance in the spectacle of a man rubbing a dirty lantern with his fingers in order to summon up a serving genie, but cannot perceive the greater romance found by Mr. Bennett in the spectacle of a man pressing a switch and illuminating a room with power drawn by wires from a station many miles away! We are entranced with the thought of transport on Magic Carpets, but unmoved by the thought that presently great ships will be guided into New York Harbor, not by pilots, but by means of wireless telegraphy! Some dullards have exclaimed despairingly of Mr. Bennett because of what they called his trivial and commonplace interests as revealed in that enthralling book, *Things That Have Interested Me*, failing utterly to discern that it is his interest in these things which is so infallable a sign of his zest for life. Anyone can be interested in the Rocky Mountains, but it is only a superbly romantic man who can be absorbed in Tarrytown. There is not anything in the round world, made by God or by man, which does not interest Mr. Bennett. Familiarity breeds contempt in most of us, but it does not breed contempt in him. *He never gets used to things.* Most of us are too dull of mind, too destitute of imagination to feel interest or astonishment unless we are abruptly confronted with the unusual or the violent, and our capacity for romantic enjoyment is limited and soon exhausted. We should exclaim with astonishment on beholding an eruption of Mount Vesuvius for the first time, but we should exclaim rather less on perceiving the ninety-ninth eruption. Mr. Bennett would experience as much excitement on the ninety-ninth occasion as he would on the first. Nothing less than an earthquake is necessary to stir some of us, but Mr. Bennett can be stirred by the sight of a taxicab. The genesis of *The Old Wives' Tale*, as described in the preface to one of the later editions, is a clear illustration of his romantic possession:

> In the autumn of 1903 [he writes], I used to dine frequently in a restaurant in the Rue de Clichy, Paris. Here were, among others, two waitresses that attracted my attention. One was a beautiful, pale young girl, to whom I never spoke, for she was employed far away from the table I affected. The other, a stout, middle-aged, managing Breton woman, had sole command over my table and me, and gradually she began to assume such a maternal tone

towards me that I saw I should be compelled to leave that restaurant. If I was absent for a couple of nights running she would reproach me sharply: "What! you are unfaithful to me?" Once when I complained about some French beans, she informed me roundly that "French beans were a subject which I did not understand. . . ."

I break the quotation here to exclaim at the obtuseness of that Breton woman who, in the course of her management of Mr. Bennett, failed to discover that he loves to regard himself as an authority on such matters as French beans. There is a kind of romantic pride which makes some men believe that they know the one place in a city where the best brand of a particular article is to be purchased. Mr. Bennett has that pride. The heaviness of the Breton's blow to it can be imagined after reading the next sentence in the passage from which I am making the quotation:

I then decided to be eternally unfaithful to her, and I abandoned the restaurant. A few nights before the final parting an old woman came into the restaurant to dine. She was fat, shapeless, ugly and grotesque. She had a ridiculous voice and ridiculous gestures. It was easy to see that she lived alone, and that in the long lapse of years she had developed the kind of peculiarity which induces guffaws among the thoughtless. She was burdened with a lot of small parcels which she kept dropping. She chose one seat; and then, not liking it, chose another; and then another. In a few moments she had the whole restaurant laughing at her. That my middle-aged Breton should laugh was indifferent to me, but I was pained to see a coarse grimace of giggling on the pale face of the beautiful young waitress to whom I had never spoken. I reflected, concerning the grotesque diner: This woman was once young, slim, perhaps beautiful; certainly free from these ridiculous mannerisms. Very probably she is unconscious of her singularities. Her case is a tragedy. One ought to be able to make a heartrending novel out of the history of a woman such as she. Every stout, ageing woman is not grotesque—far from it!—but there is an extreme pathos in the mere fact that every stout, ageing woman was once a young girl with the unique charm of youth in her form and movements and in her mind. And the fact that the change from the young girl to the stout, ageing woman is made up of an infinite number of infinitesimal changes, each unperceived by her, only intensifies the pathos. It was at that instant that I was visited by the idea of writing the book which ultimately became *The Old Wives' Tale*. . . .

III

In that passage there is revealed much, I think, of Mr. Bennett's character and spirit. He dislikes the sensation of being managed because he likes the sensation of managing. That Breton woman

could have won him to faithful service forever if she had deferred to him in the matter of French beans, and who knows what tricks of duplicity she could have played upon him had she stooped to guile? But she wounded him in his pride when she bluntly told him that her judgment on beans was sounder than his, and so lost the custom of the most interesting of her diners. The first fact, therefore, that one discovers in this passage is that Mr. Bennett has a profound respect for his own opinion: he feels pretty sure of himself. This may be considered to be a sign of conceit, but that consideration is not necessarily true. It could only be a sign of conceit if Mr. Bennett's respect for his own opinion were misplaced, and there is nothing in his record to show that it is misplaced. There is, on the contrary, much to show that it is placed with the utmost propriety. He has done many of the things which he said he would do, and has done them exceedingly well. If all of us could have faith in ourselves with as much justification as Mr. Bennett has faith in himself, we should do well to practice our faith with fervor. The second fact about Mr. Bennett which is revealed by this passage is the romantic nature of him, but before I discuss that fact, I wish to point out a third and minor fact revealed by it which is something of a flaw in him, not an important flaw, but one which must be remembered by his admirers. It is his occasional tendency to let his romanticism degenerate into sentimentality. Observe how he seems to have romanced about the pale and beautiful waitress to whom he never spoke, how he assumes that because she is beautiful she must also be generous and sympathetic and kindly, with what dismay he discovers that, just as a man can smile and smile and be a villain, so a woman can be pale and beautiful, and yet be as cruel or lacking in perception as the ruddiest and least lovely of her sex. He declares, indeed, that he quitted the restaurant in the Rue de Clichy because of the insolence of the Breton woman who disputed his authority on beans, but may he not be deceiving himself, may he not in fact have quitted that place because his illusion about the beautiful, pale young waitress was shattered by her coarse grimaces, her unkindly giggles? After all, it is easy enough to live with those who will not accept our estimate of ourselves, but how hard it is to live with lost beliefs. One of

the most painful things about shell-shock cases resulting in mental derangement is that the patient seems to loathe most those whom he formerly loved most, and here in England many of us know of pitiful women who dare not go to see their unbalanced husbands because the mere sight of them throws the unhappy men into paroxysms of rage and anguish! . . .

But it is when we come to consider Mr. Bennett's attitude towards the foolish old woman who changed her seat and dropped her parcels so often in the restaurant in the Rue de Clichy that we discover his chief characteristic. If he were the fact-ridden realist that some of his critics pronounce him to be, he could not possibly have perceived in that old woman, "fat, shapeless, ugly and grotesque," the lineaments of a girl, "young, slim, perhaps beautiful; certainly free from these ridiculous mannerisms". A fact-ridden realist might not have joined in the laughter of the Breton woman and the giggling pale waitress, but he would have judged the old woman with harsh contempt, more intolerable even than mocking laughter, and he would have turned away from her in irritation and disgust because of her inefficiency, her clumsiness, her indecision, her displeasing exterior. At best, he would have seen her solely as an incompetent, fat, ugly and grotesque person who had always been incompetent, fat, ugly and grotesque. But Mr. Bennett, incorrigibly romantic, regarding her closely and with kindliness, insisted that beneath the hulk of her body there was a soul, that the too, too solid flesh had once worn "the feature of blown youth", even as Ophelia found it in Hamlet! She may not be beautiful now, he tells himself, but how beautiful may she not once have been. That is the spirit of romance. It is a certain sign of the romantic in a man that he will not permit himself to be bluffed by appearances when appearances are bad, although he may often be bluffed by them when they are good. Mr. Bennett was not deceived by the old woman's looks, but he was terribly deceived by the looks of the pale, young waitress, and it is true of him, I think, that he is very easily deceived by youth, to which he is uncommonly generous. I have already stated in this series that Mr. Bernard Shaw is greatly generous to young men, but I think that Mr. Bennett is even more generous to them than Mr. Shaw.

Observe how he shows his willingness to be deceived by youth in the passage which I have quoted. He tells himself that the old woman was once "young, slim, perhaps beautiful", which is likely enough, but he goes on, not romantically, but sentimentally, to add, that she was "certainly free from these ridiculous mannerisms". Now, there is no warrant in human experience for such an assumption. I am prepared to believe that an old woman, "fat, shapeless, ugly and grotesque" was once "slim, perhaps beautiful", but I am not prepared to believe that an indecisive, footling old woman was, in her girlhood, any other than indecisive and footling. We do not change our natures to that extent as we grow older unless we lose our wits or suffer gravely in health, and the tragedy of old age is that habits and mannerisms which are charming and attractive in youth are merely silly and annoying in age. We are amused by the violent opinions of a clever young man of twenty, inclined even to applaud him for holding them because they are significant of an active and developing mind, but they are less amusing to us and win less applause if they are still being expressed by him when he is thirty. We cease altogether to applaud or be amused when we hear him still at them when he is forty. We no longer describe him as a clever young man, but as a damned fool. No one has any right to be a clever young man all his life. I am inclined to think that the law should forbid anyone to be a clever young man after the age of twenty-seven. The world is entitled to demand that its clever young men shall grow up and achieve some sort of sanity and right judgment by the age of thirty, and if they refuse to grow up, then they are not free to complain if the world revises its judgment on them and inexorably thrusts them from its regard. Mr. Bennett's old woman dropped her parcels and changed her seat just as frequently in her youth as she did on that evening when he saw her in the Rue de Clichy, but she was young and perhaps pretty then, and people forgave her for her footling ways because of her youthfulness and in the hope that some day she would acquire steadiness of character and control over her packages. I think I can give a fairly accurate description of that old woman when she was a girl. She was always late for everything, but her demure ways and a sort of foal-like clumsiness about her made

men willing to wait and be gracious about it. She always remembered at the last moment nineteen different things which she had forgotten to do, which must immediately be done, which inevitably caused greater delay. She could never find her railway ticket when the inspector came round to examine it and frequently held up trains while everyone in her carriage hunted high and low for it. She persistently dropped her gloves, her handkerchief and her vanity-bag or left them behind her wherever she went. She never went out of doors without losing something. She never had any small change, and invariably tendered a ten-dollar bill, when buying a ten-cent newspaper, in the fond belief that the clerk at the news stand or even the boy in the street was certain to have plenty of change and be all too eager to oblige her. She always got on to the wrong train or trolley-car and did not discover her mistake until too late to dismount from it! . . . But she succeeded in putting over that sort of fatuous behavior entirely on the strength of her youth and prettiness, and men, who would go raving mad if they had to live with a middled-aged or elderly woman of such habits, readily excused her imbecilities because they were those of youth.

I wondered often, when I was in America, why I saw so many old or middle-aged husbands with girl-wives. People told me that the cost of living is so high in America that young men cannot afford to marry young girls, but must either marry older and richer women or refrain from marriage until they are middle-aged. Young women, so I was told, must marry the elderly and the bald, the slack and the flabby because, otherwise, they cannot hope for a good time until they are no longer of an age to enjoy it. I do not much esteem young women who refuse the great adventure of marriage with young, poor men in order that they may have a good time with unenthusiastic, tamed and middle-aged men, especially when I remember that a good time in such circumstances means only a fatly comfortable one, in being well-fed, well-housed and well-clothed without ever having had the fun of fighting for such comforts. But I am not entirely convinced by the arguments which were put to me in explanation of this singular and unnatural conjunction of the young and the middle-aged. There may be truth in the statement that American

girls marry elderly men for the comfort they receive, but I doubt whether the elderly men marry for that reason. I am very certain that such marriages are made because the men are romantic and will not believe that the young girl's "charming ways" will be retained by her when she is no longer young. The plain and undeniable fact is that elderly men marry girls because they cannot believe that a girl who has foolish habits will not cease to have them when she is older. The romantic is a man who is everlastingly hoping for the best, everlastingly striving to obtain the best. A romantic realist is a man who, while striving for the best, knows that he may only obtain the worst. The sentimentalist is a man who removed himself from the region of reality and refuses to admit that there is a worst, who insists that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Mr. Arnold Bennett is a romantic realist, with a slight tendency towards sentimentalism.

IV

His romantic realism seems to plunge desperately into sentimentalism when he contemplates very old age and death. Dr. Johnson had a strange horror of death, "so much so, Sir," as he said to Boswell, "that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it." But he achieved quietness of mind when his end came and his last recorded words were of a benignant character. "God bless you, my dear!" he said to Miss Morris, forbidden by his faithful negro servant, Francis, to come nearer to his bed than the outer room. Mr. Bennett seldom, if ever, permits his very old people to die placidly. Their disappointments press hardly upon them, if they are not prevented from remembering them by senility or gross disease. Paralysis claims many of them. Age does not beautify them nor bring peace to them, nor do they face their end with undiminished heads. He is remarkably consistent in this view of old age and death, and perhaps it is natural that he should regard it so gloomily when one remembers how completely he is enthralled by youth. But his view is an unbalanced one.

Old age is not always graceless and crabbed and unlovely. Such an old man as Mr. Thomas Hardy, who celebrates his

eighty-first birthday on the morning on which I write this passage, has a grace and quietness and courage discoverable only in those who have endured many things but have not been conquered by them. When I saw Mr. Hardy a little while ago, I saw one who remains alert and interested in new things and the thoughts of young men and women. Mr. Bennett, however, looks upon age as a calamity which must, indeed, happen to all of us, if we live long enough, but cannot possibly be mitigated.

He is able to detect the "young, slim, perhaps beautiful" girl in the "fat, shapeless, ugly and grotesque" old woman, but he cannot so easily detect the gracious old man or woman in the boy and girl. I am oppressed sometimes by the thought that if Mr. Bennett had seen the "young, slim, perhaps beautiful" girl, his romantic nature would have let him down, yielding place to his cynicism, and he would have detected the coming wrinkles on her brow, would have seen that her eyes would grow dull, might even have pointed out her tendency to obesity. "Of course, I should!" Mr. Bennett may retort, "for I am a realist as well as a romantic, and in this case, I should have been right!" And so he would, but the trouble is that, while Mr. Bennett romantically and rightly sees the slim, perhaps beautiful girl in the fat old woman, he always realistically and wrongly sees the fat old woman in the slim young girl! I think that the spirit of "the Five Towns" is entirely responsible for the fact that Mr. Bennett never sees beauty in age. It is a harsh, acquisitive spirit, busy principally in the accumulation of material things (despite the fact that it produces lovely pottery) and inclined to measure a man's worth by the amount of his fortune. The leisurely and gracious things of life are not the immediate or even the ultimate concerns of life in "the Potteries", and old age is likely, in such places, to be harsh and acquisitive. When men and women, who have spent their activities entirely in money-making, reach the age at which they possess much money but are no longer able to employ themselves in its acquisition, they become crabbed, unlovely, mean, for they have no resources. You cannot derive pleasure from literature or music or painting or any other art when you bring to its consideration only the fag-

end of your life. One has seen men who were notorious among their neighbors for their hard work—always engaged in their employment from early morning until late night—seldom, if ever, resting or taking holiday. One has seen these men, after they have retired from business, so helpless without their work to occupy their minds, that they steadily declined into a condition of misery which brought about premature death! They lived for one thing, and when that thing was no longer available for them, they perished because they had no other resources and it was too late to acquire any! Mr. Bennett must have seen such men many times during his early years in "the Five Towns" and the pitiful spectacle so impressed his mind that old age has become to him a terrifying thing, a complete debâcle of the brain and energies. This life, this youth, is so wonderful, so full of romantic possibilities, that age and death seem to him merely obscene interruptions of an enthralling spectacle.

V

Once only, so far as I can discover, did he make a poem. It was published in *The English Review* in the brave days when that magazine was edited by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, and since it is singularly characteristic, as a poem ought to be, of its author's outlook on life, I quote it here in full. But first I must affirm my belief that *The English Review*, under the editorship of Mr. Hueffer, was the greatest magazine that this world has ever known. That is a tremendous title to claim for any magazine, but I doubt whether anyone, familiar with great magazines, will seriously dispute the claim I make for Mr. Hueffer's *English Review*. The title of Mr. Bennett's poem is *Town and Country*. Here it is:

God made the country, and man made the town.
And so—man made the doctor, God the clown;
God made the mountain, and the ants their hill,
Where grinding servitudes each day fulfil.
God doubtless made the flowers, while in the hive
Unnatural bees against their passions strive.
God made the jackass and the bounding flea;
I render thanks to God that man made me.

Let those who recognize God's shaping power
Here but not there, in tree but not in tower,
In lane and field, but not in street and square,
And in man's work see nothing that is fair—
Bestir their feeble fancy to the old
Conception of a "country" made by God;
Where birds perceive the wickedness of strife
Against the winds, and lead the simple life
Nestless on God's own twigs; and squirrels, free
From carking care, exist through February
On nuts that God has stored. Let them agree
To leave the fields to God for just a year,
And then of God's own harvest make good cheer.

If one were a sentimentalist, one could describe that poem as a sign of a blankly materialistic mind, with a turn for blasphemy, but if one is what one ought to be, a romantic with a sense of reality, it will appear to be a confession of faith in God *and* man.

VI

Mr. Bennett, of all the men of letters with whom I am acquainted, not even excluding Mr. Shaw, is the most generous and kindly to young people. Mr. Wells likes young people, but his interest in them is curiously impersonal. He likes youth in a lump, so to speak, rather than youth in the individual, just as he seems to love mankind more than he likes any man. But Mr. Bennett likes *you*, the youth, personally. He is happier on the whole with young people than he is with their elders, and he assiduously seeks their society. He is amused by their extravagances, but not to the extent of sneering at them. He likes youth to be dandiacal, to have an air, to be arrogant, but not to be ill-bred or pretentious or third-rate. In spite of his notable kindness, he can be merciless to humbugs, and stories are told of devastating things said by him to presumptuous persons and fools. The blunt speech of "the Five Towns" is native to his tongue, and he passes judgment without mincing his words. He has a dry sort of wit which is remarkably helped by a slight hesitation in his speech, and his general conversation, without being markedly distinguished, is entertaining and agreeable in a way that is very

elusive when put upon paper. It is natural, perhaps, that a man who loves youth so much as he does should have a more potent sense of the present and of the future than of the past, and this accounts for the fact that his books and pictures are chiefly modern. I imagine that he has a greater number of books and pictures by young authors and painters than any other man of his calibre in England. He loves music, but is not "highbrow" about it, and he has a passion for dancing which threatens now to keep him jigging through ballrooms for the rest of his life. He paints quite charming water-color pictures, and is so fond of the sea that the surest way in which anyone can lose his friendship is to accompany him for a trip on his yacht and be sea-sick during it! He is a keen man of business, and he is full of contempt for the rather sloppy-minded man of letters who allows himself to be worsted in a bargain. Most men of quality are lonely men, oddly isolated in spirit, and Mr. Bennett is not an exception to the rule, but more than his compeers, I think, he is a companionable person in a small group, chiefly because of that romantic interest he has in all things, animate and inanimate. He has a wider knowledge of books than most men of letters. Most men of letters, indeed, are remarkably ignorant of books. And he has the courage, the supreme courage, to do what no other literary man I have ever met has the courage to do: he keeps a gramophone. He likes the savor of life, and life for him includes the pictures of Corot and the gramophone and French poetry and the novels of George Moore and newspapers and motor-cars and Balzac and Bernard Shaw and the right brand of French beans. How can such a man help being romantic!

St. John Ervine.

UP SANDWICH DOME

BY J. BROOKS ATKINSON

OPINIONS differ as to the virtues of comradeship on a walking tour. "Let me have a companion of my way," said Sterne, "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." "I like to go by myself," said Hazlitt. "I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time." "Now to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone," Stevenson agreed. Robert Holliday somewhat clumsily pleads for a bosom-friend: "No one . . . should ever go on a journey with any other than him with whom one walks arm in arm, in the evening, the twilight, and, talking (let us suppose) of men's given names, agrees that if either should have a son he shall be named after the other." These fellows, be it noticed, talk of "walking tours" which cling to the high roads. What of those fellows with stout boots and heavy packs who follow trails in the woods and mountains? Do they go in company or by themselves? Obviously tastes again differ. But I am reminded that Frank Bolles tramped the woods of Chocorua alone, that John Muir clambered about the Yosemite Valley and at least once on Mount Shasta alone, that John Burroughs went alone about the Catskills, and that Enos A. Mills apparently goes everywhere alone. Doubtless this does not hold true for every pilgrimage, but those which yielded the best essays were invariably solitary walks. Indeed, if you plan to keep watch of the birds, as many do, you will do well to go by yourself, especially if your knowledge of birds, like mine, is not expert. For then you will want to drop your pack at an unfamiliar note and seek the soloist. If you are sensitive about boring your companions you cannot do this in a crowd.

Debating with myself whether to spend the night alone on Sandwich Dome or whether to seek comradeship, that is the conclusion to which such logic as I could summon brought me.

I knew that bird notes, colors, vistas, stars, sounds would all be infinitely more vivid if I went by myself. I knew, too (without dwelling on that subject over-long) that animals lived on Sandwich Dome, that a wildcat with huge paws was once caught in a trap near by, and that bears have been known to prowl through the woods. Pooh, pooh! Who cares? I determined to go alone.

At the breakfast table, where like directors we discuss plans and projects before the gossips catch them up outside, I assumed an indifferent pose while I recounted my plans. No hint of wildcats and bears colored my simple statement. To hear me talk of this epochal trip one would have supposed that I were merely going to the next farmhouse for the daily supply of milk. Indeed, when less adventuresome spirits of the household discreetly urged the dangers of such an enterprise, among them being wildcats and bears, I skilfully threw out the impression that such weak forebodings had not entered my head. Puffing out, preening like a male turkey, I laughed delicately in fine derision. Opposition persisted. My manly valor asserted itself. And like Manuel of Poictesme I determined to "follow after my own thinking and my own desire."

For six days rain and drizzle clung to the mountains. But at last the clouds rolled away and there came a wilting morning. The sun glared white on the barn roof, sending up myriads of wavy heat lines from the withering shingles. Mountains near and far were dimmed in haze; hardly a breath of air stirred the aspen trees. Familiar birds of farm and field matched the setting: from the baking hayfields the dry note of the chipping sparrow floated up; a scarlet tanager blazed in an apple tree. In spite of the oppressive heat I sharpened the camp axe, packed my knapsack, and set out soon after noon for the summit of Sandwich Dome.

I have known people who boasted openly of carrying a fifty-pound pack all day up steep trails, across brooks, and all without the slightest inconvenience. I admire them. My load of blankets, axe, fry-pan, provisions, sweater, map and birdbook did not weigh more than twenty-five pounds, but it was soon tugging away at my back. Perspiration drenched my shoulders where the straps crossed them, and my breath no longer came in smooth

rhythms. But the trail up the mountain led through woods which were still fresh and cool after the rainy weather. Once amid the yellow birches and again in a spruce thicket on this first pull up the mountain I dropped my pack with a clang of fry-pan and drinking cup, and sat down to take note of the birds. For had I not come especially to see them? Red-eyed vireos sang querulously and continually; veeries poured out occasional cool songs of reedy beauty. In the spruce thicket while I reclined against an up-rooted tree, golden-crowned kinglets came clambering through the branches overhead. Once a sudden crash of dead twigs brought me instantly from my pillow, and I saw a deer with white tail pointing skyward bound frantically down the mountainside. I was relieved to find the disturbance so harmless.

En avant! I challenged my protesting muscles with French idiom, hoping to stimulate them with strange language. I pulled on my pack and plodded up through birch, beech and maple groves to the zone where spruces became more and more frequent and no deciduous trees but the yellow birch were to be seen. Black-throated green warblers sang "Trees, trees, murmuring trees," and other birds chattered intermittently. In a tiny pool beneath an overturned spruce a Canadian warbler was splashing his yellow breast with its necklace of black spots. I rested my pack on a log, pulled out my pipe and waited to see whether he would return. He did not. But a Canadian nuthatch, calling "ank, ank" afar off, came nearer and was soon scratching up and down the trees near by. At length I found myself musing mournfully over an extra cut of hot apple pie which I might have eaten at luncheon, and to drive such gross thoughts from my head I started up the trail vigorously.

Two hours of steady climbing brought me near the top of the first ridge of Sandwich Dome. For a half hour I caught glimpses of the surrounding country before the trees opened for a complete view to the east. A hot shadeless spot; huge blowdowns had completely obliterated the trail. I was drenched with perspiration, and swarms of blackflies spun dizzily around me. Once more I dropped my pack, and lighted my pipe in self-defense. In the east rose the strong form of Whiteface with Flat Mountain Pond, an eye in the forest, placid near its base. A brisk east

wind chased from time to time across the surface of the water and set the spruce branches whispering in the forest about me. A considerable stretch of good woods, soon to be cut into boards; I thought of the many days I had spent tramping through all parts of it on various, idle quests, and wondered what charms might remain after the lumbermen have completed their work.

Just over the shoulder of Sandwich Dome and well up towards the summit I proceed cautiously. For the single uncommon bird of my limited acquaintance lives there. Not that his coloring is striking nor that his song is intrinsically stirring. Indeed, this fellow of white underparts, spotted throat and breast and plain olive-brown back lays no claim to physical or vocal beauty. Two or three summers passed after I had first seen him before I was certain of his identity. For the Bicknell's thrush, as he is called, resembles in many respects the olive-backed thrush which lives in similar surroundings. I know insouciant bird-hunters who prattle glibly of Cape May warblers, mourning warblers and Bohemian waxwings. I am no fit associate for them; my store of bird lore is pitifully small for such company. But the Bicknell's thrush in a spruce thicket gives me as much pleasure as a dingy, yellow-paged volume gives the book collector. And as I approached the summit this day at last I heard one of them singing; after stalking for fifteen minutes I caught a glimpse of him in the thicket.

By five o'clock I threw down my pack for the last time near the summit. By six o'clock I had finished supper and cut enough wood to last the night through. Then I pulled on my sweater, replenished my pipe again and went to the summit. The view was interesting without being inspiring. To the east stretched the Sandwich range—Chocorua, Passaconaway, Whiteface and Tripyramid. Paugus was nearly lost behind the northern ridge of Whiteface. Osceola and Tecumseh rolled up near enough to be clearly seen, their forests torn by lumbering. The burly form of Carrigan was in line with the faint suggestion of Mount Washington. A sharp, rocky point, barely visible through the summer haze, was Lafayette; and other summits, some white with granite, some black with spruce, rolled as far to the north as I could see.

A singularly homely range of mountains, modest in height, graceful in outline, accessible—mountains where a man may tramp and live. I wonder at the stupendous beauty of the Alps —the sharp, icy Matterhorn, its glistening white neighbors, Breithorn, Lysskamm and round to Monte Rosa, the vast distances of white-capped, jagged peaks, snaky glaciers in every crevice, deep gorges, turbulent streams, inns where bread, cheese and a bottle of wine may be taken at ease on comfortable porches —all waiting for a properly attired tourist at the price of a leisurely walk along broad paths. In Switzerland there's never a peak nor a glacier too mean to be some happy landlord's palace. But for solid enjoyment give me the simple White Mountains with their network of dim trails, their rough shacks and uncleared forests. Parts of them are still wild and unsubdued. Parts of them are still more refreshing than the Alps to dwellers in the hurly-burly of sophisticated society.

The sun went down quickly in a mass of rosy clouds and the sunset glow faded from the peaks. I went down to sit beside my campfire while the spruce trees moaned and groaned in voices disarmingly human. I was alive to every noise. The thin-voiced blackpoll warblers that zee-ed all the evening and the white-throated sparrows that kept singing "Old Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody" were as familiar books in a strange library. Think of the million songs which fill the air every summer evening in such places—all unheard by human ears. At twilight a white-throat flew into a dead spruce branch on one side of the clearing. I could see his tiny form against the sky and watch him tip back his little head each time he sang. Time passed with incredible slowness. Just as I was becoming accustomed to the sounds of the woods and my heart no longer skipped a beat at the sawing of the trees, something burst into the clearing with amazing speed. Wildcat or bear? Every nerve in my body was a-tingle. The intruder turned out to be nothing more dangerous than a brown rabbit. I composed myself quickly and remained quite still. He edged nearer in the firelight, sniffing inquiringly and wiggling his long ears, until he stopped scarcely two feet from my outstretched hand. For fifteen or twenty minutes he sat gazing spell-bound into the fire, and then bounded off into the thickets.

After piling more wood on the fire I proceeded to roll up in my blankets in the log shelter. I pulled the blankets over my head for added warmth (as I told myself), closed my eyes and waited. The sound of the wind in the trees was uncanny. I thought of the many miles of darkness which lay between my home and the summit of Sandwich Dome. Still I waited. Eight hours before daylight—what an interminable period! Sleep failed to come. I thought enviously of the many people who were securely asleep on feather beds in the valley.

A rustling in the bushes. Something moved cautiously. I felt the blood pounding in my veins. Clang! My fry-pan had been upset on the rock where I had left it. This insult required challenging. An eye for an eye! I flung the blankets from my face and saw two porcupines nosing in the informal kitchen in front of the shelter, and gnawing the axe handle where my hands had sweated on it. I shouted at them and threatened destruction with a stick. They waddled off unconcerned. Perhaps ten minutes elapsed before they were back again. This time I prodded them with a stick but they returned within a few minutes. Grunting and nosing about as they did the local term of "hedgehog" seemed particularly appropriate. Occasionally they shook themselves and the rustle of their quills sounded like the rustle of dry leaves. It was amusing to poke them with the stick, see their quills rise and hear their peevish squeal.

I was wide awake again. The moon filled the clearing with dim light. I flung off my blankets, shivering in the chill of the night, and stepped out to replenish the fire. The damp east wind was quickly condensed on the cold mountain summit and trailed clouds over the peak. Warmly wrapped in my blankets again I finally dozed off to sleep.

Shortly after three o'clock I awoke from a refreshing nap to a dismal, damp clearing in the faint gray of early morning. At half past three the ubiquitous chipping sparrows trilled lamely, but in spite of their languid efforts the moist world seemed peculiarly uninviting. A long hour passed before the white-throated sparrow first cleared his throat. No wonder that the other birds were inspired to sing, and that blackpoll warblers and thrushes joined the morning chorus!

Night was now definitely over; the business of day had begun when the first white-throat's voice charmed the forest. I packed my knapsack, and as I started down the mountain, rain began to fall thick and fast. The new trail which I now followed led through virgin spruces that hid their tops in the fog. Rain drops fell softly from their branches to the mossy ground; but down among the hardwoods the roar of the storm was strong. A hermit thrush sang "pompadeedela" as I hurried past, and a black-throated green, too, had rubbed the sleep and the rain from his eyes. The wet beech and birch vistas ahead were as delicately green as new spring foliage. An hour of scrambling down the trail, brushing against the leaves, drenched my clothing with rain water, and I splashed through the deepest brooklets without feeling appreciably more wet. Near the base of the mountain I left the trail to walk home directly through the woods, and as I crossed the last wet pasture to come up the drive a robin was singing in the maple near the barn. Just as the white-throated sparrow was the symbol of the woods so was the robin the symbol of home. Indoors the warmth and cheer of a birch fire, while the noisy rain pattered on the roof and windows and filled the gurgling rain barrels to overflowing, was a cheerful culmination to my early morning walk down the mountain. The rest of my family, who were still in bed, shouted a torrent of questions down the stairs. Was I afraid? they asked with one accord. Perish the thought! Afraid in a New Hampshire forest!

J. Brooks Atkinson.

TURGENIEFF AS A PLAYWRIGHT

BY OLIVER M. SAYLER

When the art and the literature of two countries are as widely separated by the barrier of languages expressed in dissimilar alphabets as those of Russia and America, it is small wonder that contemporary men and movements are often delayed in transit from one nation to the other, and that Moscow and Petrograd are as unaware to-day of the existence of Edgar Lee Masters and Vachel Lindsay as we are of Igor Severianin and Vassily Kamyensky. It is not so easy, though, to understand how after years of acquaintance with and admiration for a master of letters like Ivan Turgenieff, we can still be unconversant with the plays he wrote, and ignorant even of the fact that he ever turned his hand to the drama.

Turgenieff as playwright is an aspect of the great rival of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky of which we are almost completely unaware, and yet an aspect which no Russian is willing for a moment to forget. His contributions to the theatre were limited in number, in comparison with his voluminous output of novels and stories, but that is not a sufficient reason for his biographers and critics and translators in western lands to pass them by unnoticed, for some of them are not only the equal in literary power of his best work in other fields, but they have also won an enviable place purely as drama on their native stage. As acted drama on our own stage, they might not measure up to our demand for decisive action, although one or two of the shorter pieces should fulfil our specifications in this respect. We may not be ready, either, in our hasty and slipshod method of mounting plays, to do them the patient and sympathetic justice which they would require. But they are so thoroughly in the vein of Turgenieff's narrative manner of depicting the life of his native country, and so worthy merely in a literary sense to stand beside his novels and tales, that they should be made available for the

reading public which is attracted to-day as never before to the art and letters of Russia.

My first impression when I saw on the Moscow Art Theatre bulletin, shortly after the playhouses reopened following the Bolshevik Revolution, the announcement that the repertory of the following week would include *A Month in the Country*, a "comedy in five acts by I. S. Turgenieff", was that someone had made a play out of one of the novelist's stories. Which one, I could not tell from the title. It might be *A Sportsman's Notebook*; or *Virgin Soil*. The Art Theatre, I knew, had thus brought effectively to its stage several of the novels of Dostoievsky, such as *The Brothers Karamazoff*, *Nikolai Stavrogin* (dramatized from *The Possessed*), and *The Village Stepantchikovo*, although Dostoievsky had never written for the stage nor remotely intended his stories to be used thereon. My next impression, after I was informed that *A Month in the Country* had been composed originally as a play, was that it would prove to be an inferior *étude* of the author, a typical novelist's play unsuited for the stage and honored by his compatriots merely out of respect for his other work; else why had we never heard of it outside Russia? This second surmise, however, proved to be as groundless as the first, for in performance at the hands of Stanislavsky's players it was disclosed as a suave and mannerly transcript of Russian life,—not so much a drama of action according to conventional formulas as a rich and illuminating panorama of personalities and incidents on the estate of a landed proprietor in the days of 1840, brought to vivid representation as drama on the stage. And for double proof of Turgenieff's talents as a playwright, the Art Theatre revived from its storehouse later in the same season a group of shorter works, including a masterpiece in droll humor, *The Lady from the Provinces;* another glimpse in miniature of the same life which *A Month in the Country* depicts, *Where the Thread's Weakest, There It Breaks;* and the first act of a longer play in more sombre mood, *The Boarder*.

A Month in the Country was written in 1850, at about the time of the death of the author's mother. Turgenieff was thirty-two years of age, and had written only occasional poems and sketches, which were later collected under the title, *A Sportsman's Note-*

book. Tradition in Russia has it that in the leading character of the play, Rakitin, he drew an autobiographical portrait, and that Rakitin's hopeless love for Madame Islaieva had its counterpart in the author's own life. It is this tradition which has induced Stanislavsky whenever he plays the rôle to make up in the likeness of the Turgenieff of that period.

The curtain rises on a salon done in the grand style of native Russia crossed with imported France, reflection of the same fashion which led the playwright's mother to teach him nothing but French and compelled him to learn his own tongue from the peasant servants. Natalia Petrovna Islaieva and Mihail Alexandrovitch Rakitin form one of two groups in the salon. They are reading to each other, but only fitfully, for their minds wander to Byelaieff, a student who has come to tutor Natalia's son, Kolya. Natalia displays more than a passing interest in the young man with his bold, free and unabashed manner, and proposes completing his education against the advice of Rakitin. Dr. Shpigelsky arrives, ostensibly to tend the coachman but really to press the suit of Bolshintsoff, a neighbor, for the hand of Vyerotchka, Natalia's adopted daughter. The girl comes racing in from a morning at play and Mme. Islaieva's answer to the doctor is, "She is a mere child!" At Islaieff's entrance, his wife departs, unable to endure his blunt, practical ways, but when he takes Rakitin away to view some new improvement on the estate she returns to a confidential scene with the tutor. Envy and suspicion enter her mind, though, when she sees the young man and Vyerotchka talking and laughing together, and on their departure she informs the doctor that she might consider his friend's proposal, after all.

The garden on Islaieff's estate is fitting locale for the growing love of Vyerotchka for Byelaieff, and it serves as well for an amusing scene wherein the doctor coaches the awkward Bolshintsoff for the ordeal of courtship. The third act returns indoors to recount the deepening rivalry between mother and foster-daughter, Byelaieff's shocked denial to Natalia that he loves the girl, and Rakitin's unrequited concern for Natalia. A summer-house on the estate is rendezvous in the fourth act for Vyerotchka and Byelaieff; the girl's dream is shattered, and in her anger and

excitement on the appearance of Natalia she accuses her mother of being her rival, and runs away weeping. Natalia and the tutor, thus thrown together, confess their love for each other, only to be surprised in turn by Rakitin. The last act, once more in the great salon, discloses Islaieff and his mother deeply worried over Natalia and the love they think she bears for Rakitin. Islaieff consults with his guest, and Rakitin decides it would be best for him to leave. As he bids them all farewell, Byelaieff suddenly understands that he himself has been the cause of all this tangled web of misdirected affections, and in a rush of remorse such as only a Russian can comprehend, he, too, departs, and life on the estate resumes its monotonous course above the wreckage of unfulfilled passions.

A play of so slender a narrative thread, of course, places a heavy burden on everyone concerned with its production. I know of no other producer except Stanislavsky, no other company except that of the Moscow Art Theatre, which could overcome the obstacle of this element of passivity. Constant training together through years of experiment, however, and a keen, almost intuitive, sense of atmospheric ensemble resulting from this intimate collaboration, have enabled these players not only successfully to master the difficulty inherent in Turgenieff's comedy, but even to capitalize it and make it serve positive ends. On its first inclusion in the repertory of the Art Theatre in the season of 1909–10, critical Moscow was unanimous that Stanislavsky had made the play expressive of all that Turgenieff means to the Russian heart. Here was set forth with unbroken illusion that romantic fineness of feeling and sensitive understanding of character which runs through all of Turgenieff's work; here, too, was a compelling and moving glimpse of that sadness and hopelessness which is so deeply ingrained in the Russian soul. I have maintained elsewhere that the secret of the Moscow Art Theatre's use of realism as a mode of artistic expression is a calculated minimization, a toning down of life to make its portrayal seem more convincing; and it is this minimization, this frank and courageous utilization of subdued tones throughout the performance, which helps Stanislavsky to achieve the emotional effect that Turgenieff intended.

One of Russia's foremost living artists, Mstislaff Dobuzhinsky, collaborated with Stanislavsky as designer of the four settings of the play, contributing through his lighting and his sense of design and locale a sympathetic understanding not only of the playwright's mood but of the grand manner of life under the first Tsar Nicholas. Stanislavsky and Katchaloff alternate in the rôle of Rakitin, but each makes him the model of unruffled gentility. Massalitinoff's Islaieff is in fitting contrast, but as urbane as a courtier when measured by the manners of to-day. Moskvin's Doctor and Luzhsky's Bolshintsoff are admirable examples of the droll humors which high comedy can achieve within the bounds of the strictest realism. Mme. Knipper, Tchehoff's widow, is proof in the rôle of Natalia of the power of repression in the depiction of jealous affection. And Mlle. Korenieva as Vyerotchka supplies an enchanting lyric note to one of Turgenieff's most engaging feminine portraits.

A wholly different aspect of Turgenieff as playwright emerged in the Moscow Art Theatre's programme of short plays from his pen which was first included in the repertory in the season of 1911–12. There is not so great a variation in mood and manner in *The Boarder*, the first act of which was presented as a self-sufficient play, for it is dependent on intimate characterization rather than on incident. Its story deals with that curious phase of the old Russian social and family life which persisted occasionally at least until the time of the Revolution—the presence in the household of landed proprietors, or of well-to-do dwellers in the towns and cities, of an outsider who is blessed with birth or breeding or a fortunate past, but who has been reduced in circumstances to the point where he will accept a living in a strange *menage*. Dostoievsky deals with such a figure in Foma Fomitch Opiskin, the leading character in *The Village Stepantchikovo*, which has just been published in an English translation under the title, *The Friend of the Family;* but Opiskin had so capitalized his fortuitous position that he had become absolute master over the feelings and the finances of his benefactors. Kuzovkin in Turgenieff's play is a less vigorous personality, the butt of everyone's jokes, and almost a tragic figure in his compulsory sufferance of humiliation. *The Boarder* is laid in a country house over a

hundred years ago, and the author has made it eloquent of the crudeness, the bluffness, and the lack of refinement which characterized all but the heads of the household in the days before the introduction of western customs brought about the metamorphosis which is evident in the picture presented by *A Month in the Country*. The scenes with the servants are like nothing so much as the corresponding incidents with the awkward attendants in an English country house in Goldsmith's *She Stoops To Conquer*.

There is even less divergence from the style of *A Month in the Country* in another of the short plays, *Where the Thread's Weakest, There It Breaks*, a comedy of manners and of finely analyzed affections out of the same life and time as the longer play. In fact, it is almost *A Month in the Country* in miniature, and for it Dobuzhinsky designed and devised a salon setting reminiscent of the grandiose airs of that of the longer play, only more delicately shimmering in its representation of the suave artificiality of the age and the sentimental atmosphere of the Russian countryside under intense summer suns.

Originality, however, comes to the fore in still another of the short plays, *The Lady from the Provinces*. Here Turgenieff dispensed with his sometimes cloying sentiment and substituted light and engaging and even satiric humors. His attention is no less devoted to the painstaking drawing of character, but he does not rest satisfied with that service alone, for he has built up in this masterly example of the one act play a fabric of plot and incident, slender but amusing, which should make it a pleasant acquaintance on the stage of any country. Alexei Ivanovitch Stupendieff, Daria Ivanovna, his wife, and the Count Valerian Nikolaievitch Lyubin, are the leading characters. Stupendieff is an official in a small district-capital, and the play unfolds in his home in a parlor of mid-Victorian fuss and feathers. He is a blunt but well-meaning fellow; his wife is an amiable and light-hearted, not to say flirtatious, young person who is bored by the hum-drum of life so far from the gayety of the city.

To this quiet but potentially restless scene comes the lackey of the Count Lyubin announcing the approach of his excellency, and wearing his hat in the house in the fulness of his pride. Stupendieff makes him take it off, not once, but numerous times,

until the count is heard in the hallway. Everyone disappears unceremoniously, permitting the visitor to enter a vacant room. When the ends of self-importance have been served, Stupendieff returns formally, followed by his wife. The latter and the count exchange a glance of recognition as Stupendieff pleads an engagement elsewhere and leaves them alone together. The two talk of the old and romantic days before she had left the city, and the count, becoming amorous despite his more than middle age, moves closer in recalling the past. Daria Ivanovna finally permits him to kiss her hand, but just for a moment. On his departure to get his music, she reflects lightly on the chances of life which have brought her to this secluded nook of the empire, but her revery is broken by the return of her husband, who requests his dinner at three, and then, on overhearing the count humming a tune outside, pretends to be called away once more. At the piano, the titled visitor, in atrocious voice, and Mme. Stupendieva proceed with their flirtation, but the suspicious husband breaks in upon them, only to find them harmlessly occupied. He extricates himself awkwardly but a moment later returns again, only to find his apprehensions still unfulfilled. He risks a third trial, though, and this time he catches the count on his knees before his wife, unable on account of his age and stiffness to rise gracefully or promptly and the butt of the heartless laughter of the Lady from the Provinces, who has used him to point a needed lesson to her grumbling husband.

In the Moscow Art Theatre's production of this delightful bit of banter, Stanislavsky takes a holiday from his more serious rôles and proves himself master as well of more fleeting and light-fingered fancies in the part of the count. His wife, Mme. Lilina, an expert actress of charming personality, makes a perfect foil for him in the rôle of Daria Ivanovna.

Aside from these four works, Turgenieff is represented in dramatic form by other less known and less regarded compositions which are seldom if ever presented in the theatre. One of them, *The Bachelor*, is a long play in three acts, but it is notably inferior to *A Month in the Country*. *Imprudence* is a comedy in one act, and *Breakfast at a Nobleman's Home* is another of the same type; while there are three sketches that are little more than

conversations: *Pennilessness, A Colloquy on the High Road,* and *An Evening at Sorrento.* The fate of these lesser *études* probably deserves to be that which thus far has unfortunately been the lot of the major works.

To those who know Turgenieff as novelist, these brief notes will indicate a marked similarity of method and treatment in his plays and his stories. In both *genres* he was concerned primarily with character portrayal and with the half-tones of mood and feeling as a background for these portraits. In both, his method was, on the whole, that of the realist, but the realist as romancer rather than the realist as morbid analyst or propagandist. The nobility of his spirit and the fineness of his imagination, inherent in all his work, justify the consideration of his plays in any study which the western world may make of his genius.

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

THE HUMANIST AND PROGRESS

BY PERCY HAZEN HOUSTON

THE word progress as it is ordinarily employed to-day may be defined as the gradual but steady betterment of the human race, and its march toward a more or less definite goal which is to be the final consummation of all our efforts. Of progress such as this, two ideals have won the general favor of the present generation, and they lie back of most of our current thought and much of our active effort toward improvement.

One of them we may conveniently call the sentimental or romantic ideal. Its historic origin goes back to the middle years of the eighteenth century, to the time when the fashionable Deism had pretty well demolished the imposing orthodox edifice that was crowned by the fierce and rigid dogma of human depravity. With Divinity quite reasoned out of existence, the pleasanter and more comfortable principle of natural sympathy assumed in the popular mind the place formerly occupied by the austere conception of an awful responsibility of the soul to its Maker for the conduct of life; and the problem of evil, so disturbing to all former systems, found an easy solution through shifting its burdens upon other shoulders. Enormously aided by the philosophers of the Enlightenment, particularly Diderot and Rousseau, this principle made its final outlet into the thought of the world through the transforming power of the French Revolution. Thence it has permeated the whole of modern life, in the beginning by means of the doctrine of the Rights of Man as it was carried by the conquering French arms over the Continent of Europe, and then as expressed by many post-Revolutionary writers, perhaps best represented in England by the poet Shelley. In his championship of mankind against all forms of tyranny he was the precursor of that literary exaltation of revolution which has become an essential part of the modern spirit.

This romantic theory of progress rests upon a fundamentally new conception of man closely related to that principle of sympathy which, as has just been suggested, had transformed the whole view of life. It is an abiding faith in natural goodness, a belief in the infinite and progressive perfectibility of human nature, and, by a curious shift from the individual to the mass of men, an increased sympathy for mankind in the lump and an effort to promote its progress toward some far-off divine event of which we can know so little. It lies behind most of our schemes of social reform in so far as their aim is the purely material one of improving social conditions. Neglecting for the most part the disciplines of old-fashioned religion that would cherish the power controlling our impulsive selves, it emphasizes the opposite virtues of altruism and sympathy. As the traditional faith has decayed, our hearts have gone out to our fellowmen in a desperate endeavor to find the peace that comes only through victory over worldly desires. Romantic progress may then be defined as the substitution of expansion for discipline as the means by which a new world may be built, more beautiful and more secure than any before.

As the sentimental dream of progress has assumed definite form, it has become one social Utopia or another, whereby this recalcitrant world may suffer itself to be brought into harmony with the desires of the dreamer. His most persistent dream has been universal peace, a vision of the future when the nations will meet in the parliament of man as they find it no longer necessary to keep a watchful and suspicious eye upon their neighbors. The horrid disillusionment of these last years has scarcely sufficed to quench the Utopian's ardor for the consummation of his dream.

Closely related to romantic progress and indeed almost inextricably bound up with many of its expressions, is another ideal which must also carry us back to the complex eighteenth century if we would comprehend its growth. The Industrial Revolution, with the consequent rise of the factory system and the division of society into the main classes of capitalist and wage-earner, paralleled the French Revolution as one of the chief transforming events of modern times. With the enormous advances in mechanical efficiency, and the marvellous conquests over Nature

which the modern world has witnessed, there has grown up a hope of a systematic and general advance of the race. Through the development of the science of biology, another science modelled on parallel lines, that of sociology, has been created and a sort of religion of humanity on the material plane has tended to take the place of the ancient fear of God in the human soul. Evolution and natural selection have become the watchwords of this modern scientific spirit, new sciences like experimental psychology and eugenics have won increasing suffrage, crime and criminals have received the attention of their so-called experts, solemn reports of investigations are being filed away for future reference, and the belief spreads that human relations may somehow be regulated by scientific formulae. Quantitative and dynamic standards have thus gradually usurped the place of the human ones in our schemes of improvement.

During the last half century or more these two ideals of progress have very nearly coalesced, and are now almost indistinguishable. The wearied romanticist, seizing upon the new scientific impulse, took hold upon life with renewed vigor and wove again his dream of a new heaven and a new earth. From an extreme of individualism it was for him an easy vault to an extreme of collectivism, of machinery and organization, creating new and favorable conditions under which the soul of man may expand. And so he turned to various forms of socialism, accepting even the communism of revolutionary Russia as a dream realized, from which he has scarcely been awakened by the rude shock of facts that will not be denied. Even so, he still retains his light-hearted desire to tinker with our political and economic structure, just to see what will happen by a sudden change; for, he declares, no change can be for the worse, and may result in overturning the institutions that have laid their heavy hand upon man's free, soaring spirit.

Now there exists a third group, or type, whom we may for convenience's sake call the Humanists. The origin of this humanism needs also to be briefly traced if we would know its bearing upon our present problems. The growth of new institutions during the Renaissance created a need of training political and intellectual leaders whose attitude should be forward-looking and

modern. With the dying of chivalry, the gentleman and the courtier occupied the place the knight had held as the central unit in medieval life, and it was necessary to discover a new education suitable for their proper development. The solution of this problem fell to the universities, and out of the performance of their task arose the Humanism that was to retain its hold over Europe for more than two centuries, until it was broken by the great cataclysm of the French Revolution. Sir Thomas More, John Colet, and Sir Thomas Elyot, under the guidance and inspiration of Erasmus, made the English universities centres of the New Learning.

And to what did these men turn for their perpetual models of noble conduct by which they might fashion the "Governour" to make him a worthy leader of the great nation that had but recently come to herself? Naturally to the Classics, as they depicted the heroism and the wisdom of the noble men of Greece and Rome. From Milton and Johnson and Burke, to Arnold and Newman, the men of strongly conservative temper have steeped themselves in this culture, believing that there they found a centre from which they might proceed to interpret the scattered elements of their own lives. As they have watched the waste and the chaos and the feebleness of human effort to move forward, they have searched for a central idea which might bring order into the lives of those who accepted its yoke. And this idea, so precious to their minds, rests in the classic, or the humanistic, virtues of control and proportion and restraint upon the expanding impulses which rise from the sub-conscious life and push forward into outer activity. The Golden Mean of the temperate life, the inner sense of fitness that prevents the individual from moving to either extreme of inhibited emotions or uncontrolled expansion, and the belief that justice cannot be established by mere revolt against institutions, are the convictions that lie close to the heart of the humanist. In the humanities, moreover, he finds the clearest and most beautiful expression of them, and he would therefore fight to reintroduce a humane culture into the teaching and the curriculum of our educational systems, for it is here he sees the fairest opportunity to make his ideas prevail.

When, therefore, the humanist approaches the heterogeneous

elements of modern life, he pauses doubtfully before he makes any decision as to the direction in which his efforts shall lie. Particularly is this true in the political and economic field, and he is, accordingly, temperamentally opposed to the progressive or liberal point of view, which bases its philosophy upon an opportunism dictated only by the exigencies of the moment. He may, it is true, be a tory, treading the good old paths because they are old, but he will not be, if he is possessed of fair critical insight. Nor need he suffer loss of sympathy for pain or distress or fail to seek means for their relief.

Such being the nature of the humanist, what relation can he bear toward the essentially modern idea of progress? In the first place, it must be understood that he is under no illusions as to a better time coming when men shall cast off their hates and ambitions, and live together in friendly sympathy. This disillusionment, if such it be, is not, however, that of the romanticist turned cynic, nor of the man of science whose formulas have chained him to a purely materialistic level, but a clear-sighted recognition of the nature of man and the unchanging influences that come together to form character. Man to-day, and always, is born with a complex of impulses and desires, and the manner in which he directs his life depends on the extent to which he brings these impulses and desires under the control of his conscious will. Few men, however, whether as individuals or in the mass, are able to remain masters of themselves or their fates, and we can therefore scarcely hope for any steady self-improvement in the mass of men that we call society.

But the true humanist, who would mediate between the extremes of excess and restraint, believing each of them a form of intemperance, goes further and admits that there are, in a general way, two types of individual, each of them to a greater or less degree shading into each other. We all know the man of temperament, tending to shake himself free from all authority and seeking an outlet for his powers through a purely expansive life. More congenial to the humanist is the other type that subjects itself to inner control, and, within certain limits, accepts the dictates of outer authority. This type yields to discipline, submits to routine, and makes its study the pursuit of perfection. The

one type, if not submissive to any check upon temperament, runs into an excess of subjective egoism; the other, if not balanced by some degree of impulsive life, loses vitality and becomes sterile of any true self-expression.

These two types of men find their parallel in the ages of man. As the pendulum swings in one direction, we see the forces of expansion dominant, and naturalistic philosophies in control of thought and action; as the pendulum swings in the other, an age of contraction or concentration follows, be it imperialistic or aristocratic or oligarchic. Now, the humanist views with grave concern, if not alarm, these extreme swings of the pendulum of life; but especially does he fear the excesses of expansion, and he believes that he finds his fears justified by a dreadful catastrophe like the Great War that we have just lived through, which he considers the inevitable outcome of an unchecked naturalism. Rarely indeed have there occurred brief periods when it seemed as if a fairly complete balance between the spiritual and vital forces had been obtained, and he sees these as the great ages of the world. The age of Pericles was one of these, and the Christian thirteenth century was another. But these seemingly perfect moments of history have been but moments, possessing in themselves the seeds of decay, the one yielding to the two clashing imperialisms of the cities of Greece, the other to the forces of naturalism hastening to destroy the beautiful static ideal of medieval life.

And what of to-day? To-day we seem to be slipping back into the old confused living of the days before the war, but with many things smoldering beneath the surface of our life. Whether we are ignorantly preparing the way for a tragic conflict of classes, a warfare to the death against alien races, or the creation of new imperialisms to be cleansed again by blood, only time can reveal. Or whether we shall avoid them all through the sheer inertia that so often prevents catastrophe, we cannot tell.

If such be the case, what of this great period of reform and the new era of good feeling? But the humanist becomes more doubtful than ever, for he has seen the Fourteen Points of reform essayed again and again, only to meet a humanity invariably too weak or too intent on its business to listen long to the lofty voice

of the idealist. He believes, moreover, that any reform accomplished by the will of a mere majority is doomed to failure, as we may some day discover when the fine fervor of the prohibition officials begins to abate. No idealism, unless it is based solidly on discipline of the individual will, can hope for any measure of practical success. The humanitarian dream of human brotherhood seems to him but a projection of the ego into the outer world, there to meet other egoes similarly projected, and to clash with them because nowhere behind them is there a restraining power upon self-assertion. So, also, the faith in organized charity, as it attempts to remake human nature through a mere change of environment, seems ultimately futile, unless with it is preached the hard and often repellent lesson of individual responsibility. Indeed, one of the saddest reflections that occur to the humanist's mind is the slow corruption and breaking down of noble efforts, the sheer waste of splendid sacrifice, and the drift toward control by evil forces, because the will grows tired and the eternal vigilance that is the price of moral health becomes at last relaxed.

If, then, the humanist has so little share in the prevailing optimism, seeing the ultimate failure of most schemes of improvement, he may well question how he shall bear himself toward his fellows and what work he may find in the world to do. He would again candidly admit that he holds no illusions as to the positive effect of his own or anyone else's effort toward a definite goal or final improvement of the human race, but he would not repudiate entirely the great humanitarian ideal of service. He believes that every man of wealth or of unusual education owes a return to his fellows for his superior advantages; but he must frankly declare that his primary interest is not in institutions or in any sort of institutionalism, but in the individual, whom he would carry forward just as far as each one is capable of advancing.

With this said, the humanist, by self-definition,—that is, by the fact that his main interest in life is the relations of men to each other,—will ever retain an exceedingly lively interest in all that occurs within the sphere of his observation. He has nevertheless certain rather definite ideals of discipline which he is

bound to preach in season and out to a world not prone to listen to his voice. Moreover, he knows that except for the unremitting toil of himself and others like him, those standards by which he endeavors to guide his own life and to which he believes the world must eventually turn if we are to pull ourselves out of impending chaos, will be lost, and anarchy will hold us in its grip. The humanist, then, is like a policeman who cannot force men to do good, but can keep down the evil in society and prevent wrong. He is the steady, conservative, critical force, the necessary check upon a drift toward the unknown future, often making a losing fight, but not seldom leaving a clear and definite impress upon the formation of ideas, which, after all, spells the only progress worth considering. He is the home of lost causes, glorying in the good fight against ignorance and unreason. For he feels that his efforts are the kind that tend toward health and sanity, to the creation of ethical standards and the building of will and character, to meet the onrush of all that makes for dissolution.

All this sounds dismal enough, and the ordinary man may naturally ask if this whistling to keep one's courage up, this setting one's back to the wall in a forlorn hope of beating off the enemy, leaves the humanist a very cheerful person. And as he reviews in his mind the long course of history, the errors and injustice of men, the cruelty and rapacity and vanity which have made the world a shambles and the lives of men a long agony as they have gone to their fate, to be succeeded by other generations with a similar possibility to torture them, he puts the same question to himself. If this dark picture be a true one, how shall he treat his own life and the lives of others?

Now, if he have within himself something of mystic insight, he will find in his own soul the content he is unable to discover in the unresting flux of material change, and he will seek his happiness there where the passing illusion of this world cannot reach him. But whether or not religion has brought peace to his desires, he will bear a courageous and cheerful front before the world of men and things. With a sense of participation in the pain and the waywardness of the world as keen as that of the most ardent young radical, he will yet drive his shafts of criti-

cism straight toward the source of ignorance and error. By the white light of reason, tempered by the knowledge that comes through a long race experience, he would judge, and through correct judgments—so far as judgments can be made correct in an imperfect world—he would try to show by what means wrong may be made right.

As a moralist and critic, then, the humanist would take his stand in the hope of helping to create a large body of clear-thinking men, who in turn may exert an even larger influence upon the current of events. That is, after all, his real hope, and toward that he bends his best efforts. And that end he perceives can best be brought nearer through the medium of a rightly directed system of education, wherein the humanities may find again a central place. As an educator, then, either actively engaged in the business of teaching, or in sympathetic contact with the profession, the humanist will most often be found, and there we may leave him pursuing the work he was meant to perform and happy in the thought that all effort, based on sound principles and persistently carried through, is to its author its own reward.

PERCY HAZEN HOUSTON.

VENETIAN SKETCHES—II

THE SECRET CHARM

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

A black storm-cloud hung over Venice. As we crossed from the Giudecca, the city wore a deathly pallor, as if in fear of the wind that would soon descend. Giovanni bent to the heavy pole with all his supple strength, and the gondola sped on as never before. Yet the way was long. Every boat was seeking shelter, and the broad canal was almost cleared while we were still far from the foundations which were our only refuge. The cloud was in front of us, and our effort to escape seemed only to be taking us nearer to the danger, as if we were advancing recklessly to meet the attack of some stealthy and inhuman monster. Breathlessly we glided on; breathlessly the surrounding air and water waited. There was not a ripple, not a murmer; in the hush of the white light, the sky hung lower and blacker. Then the blow fell. Just as we rounded the corner under the bridge and slipped into a narrow canal, hugging the wall, a torrent of wind and rain swept down upon the water, lashing it into a fury of foam. A dense curtain of rain, blown into long folds and torn into shreds, met the contending waves. The opposite shore was swept out of sight; the large sea-going vessels that must have been tugging fiercely at their moorings were lost to view. The gondola-ferry-boat that had started abreast of us, with two old men for gondoliers, was driven far out across the bay. No boat of the lagoons could resist that onrush of wind and water.

Yet Venice was unshaken. Under the shelter of her foundations she no longer seemed a trembling, terror-stricken creature, but a mighty, protecting force, immovable as a mountain. Inside her canals the storm might have been a gentle summer rain, so helpless was it against the resistance of her ancient walls. The city was drenched; her streets and squares and bridges were

washed clean. But the wind had only ruffled the waters gently, so that they lapped the stones a little more restlessly and splashed a few inches higher than usual. There was just enough movement to suggest a disturbance without and accentuate the calm within.

Such are the transmutations of Venice. Even when the sky is even-tempered, surprises at every turn contradict the tradition of her placidity, and create, despite the verdicts of time and custom, her infinite variety. One crosses over blue and silver water, as pure as if bubbling from a spring, and enters a pool of stagnant slime. One makes one's way through dark and narrow alleys, between walls that shut out the sky, and comes out upon a view of snow-capped mountains beyond a shimmering sea and a pale blue island floating between earth and heaven.

One looks across the Grand Canal at the white Church of the Salute rising against the morning sky with superb dignity. And then one looks down into the water under the church, and there she has become a twisting, writhing dragon. Her dome is the dragon's striped and spotted body; her spire is his tail, rough and thorny and lashing fretfully to and fro; her columns are his ribs; the coils and statues of her architrave are claws and tentacles that dangle in the water. The sun reflected from two round windows under her dome makes a shiny spot on the creature's back; the bronze Virgin on the cupola is a flash of green on his tail. The long ribs of his body are gray and opaque; his skin glistens like silk.

At the traghetto near by an old man sits waiting in his gondola. He is lengthened out in the reflections among the dull blue piles twisted into spirals. An officer approaches and the gondolier bestirs himself. He rises—incredibly tall and slender—and the officer, smoking a cigarette and reading the morning paper, glides, for two sous, across the silk and thorns of the dragon's back. A great barge looms up, as long as the steps of the Salute, rowed by two men at the bow and steered by another at the bulky rudder. A launch comes upon the scene, thumping insistently, noisy and crude for all the white cushions inside its glass-cased cabin. And now other boats are in motion. Air and water alike feel the change; breezes are stirring; and the dragon, with

the other mysterious creatures under the floating city, disappears for the day.

. . .

On a moonlight night in the late summer we crossed from the Giudecca in our gondola, in spite of military rules, and wound our way, at Giovanni's will, through the narrow canals. There was not a sound to break the silence, and here and there low lights, closely shaded, only added to the enchantment. It was high water, and the smells were fresh and clean and salty, and now and again, as we passed under a wall, a heavy perfume of garden flowers floated out through an iron gate. We had forgotten there was a war; when suddenly, from the still sky, the siren blew and the cannon boomed and we knew there was an air-raid.

"As far as I am concerned," said Giovanni, "we go right on. I know not fear. However, I am your servant, and for precaution's sake, we will seek shelter from the shrapnel that will soon be bursting around us." We continued our silent way.

"Don Carlos once said to me," he spoke in his usual quiet voice, "'Giovanni, it looks like a bad storm. Shall we brave it?' 'As you will, Eccellenza,' I replied. 'Very well, Giovanni. We are both soldiers, you and I. Let us start.'"

We drew under the Rialto Bridge and waited; and while the cannon and machine guns roared and rattled and thundered, reverberating under the broad arch, I thought of Shylock, and of Antonio and his argosies and his "ancient Roman honor"; and I wondered that one single pound of flesh should have been worth Portia's wit and Shakespeare's genius. And it seemed to me that the Rialto and its bridge would never again recall the exultant "A Daniel come to judgment" and the faltering "I am content"; but that forever and ever it would resound with those deafening guns, drowning every human voice.

When the defense-guns ceased firing, we came out from the black shadows into a luminous silence so deep and breathless that the heart stopped beating. Giovanni's long stroke sent us swiftly forward. Only once was the stillness broken by voices coming from some shelter or *rifugio*. Before the safety siren had sounded we had crossed to the Giudecca and alighted at our doorstep.

In war and peace, in the present as in the past, the changes of Venice are the law of its life. From storm to calm, from noise to silence, from time-enduring stones to vanishing and elusive shadows, from solitude with the sea gulls to the crowd in the café—nowhere else are there such contrasts of light and darkness, of mirth and sadness, of ease and hardship, as in this city of sea-changes. It has often been remarked that these contrasts are reflected in the temper of the people, and they have been taken for a sign of a shifting and irresponsible character. Idlers who live by the toil of others exist in every city; and in Venice, in days of peace, they are so much in evidence that it is not strange that travellers have mistaken them for the real *popolo Veneziano*. But the conditions of Venice, whose very persistence through the ages has demanded a superior intensity of purpose, intelligence of foresight, and patience of industry, have developed a people of extraordinary adaptability, a people capable of concentrated labor and complete relaxation, a people of alertness, of independence, and of ready wit, whose emotions are as intense as they are deep. There is no unreality in the life of Venice.

Change is the law of nature. And the deeper secret of the charm of Venice is not the pathos of beauty in decay nor the strangeness of unaccustomed things that seem unsubstantial like a dream; it is the close intercourse between man and nature, here in this spot which has been reclaimed from the sea-waves and held against them by sheer force of human will. It has been a contest of sharp resistance on both sides. But the struggle with nature is the only warfare that produces harmony. This is the paradox of man's life on earth—his contest with the elements is the guaranty of his peace. Here in Venice the nearness to nature is not that of the rustic who lives by what the earth produces from the seed he plants and waters by his toil. It is something quite different and teaches a subtler lesson. For here where the beauty of art has reached its greatest perfection, where the adornments of life have lent the highest grace to existence, where the finest instincts of civilized man may still be gratified, here at every step men are brought face to face with nature's moods. Her demands are always at his door. Her smiles and frowns become

his own. He is close to the sound of moving waters. A thousand colors of earth and sky are mirrored beneath his window as in a mountain lake. And only by eternal vigilance shall he save the foundations under him from being worn away by the persistent and unrelenting tides.

After many months on the Grand Canal in a house without a garden, when the airs of spring came down the rivers from the flowering land of Italy, the desire to let the eye wander over countless hills and valleys clothed in their spring colors became irresistible. And, choosing for the satisfaction of that desire one of the loveliest spots of the wide earth, we exchanged our house in Venice for a rambling villa that clings to an olive-green hillside above the Anio and looks across the valley at the silvery cascades and the gray town of Tivoli and up into the mountains and out across the Campagna waving its green and purple toward the towers of Rome.

It was the season when the olives are covered with a fine, almost invisible blossom that casts a sheen of silver over their gray leaves, and when the soft green covering of the hills flaunts its youth and splendor against their gnarled, time-worn trunks. Purple iris, mingled with cacti, hang over the yellow walls. Clumps of genista spring out of the slopes by the water-falls, and long, delicious vines hang down in sprays, wet and glistening—the green hair of Mother Earth. In the evening the sun turns the tree-trunks to gold, the larks and nightingales sing from far and near, and the moon rises behind the white cherry-tree on the garden terrace. Gillies and wall flowers and garlic-bloom nestle along the paths, acanthus leaves sprout from the columns of the old house, artichokes and lettuce and *finocchi* and tomatoes and strawberries carpet the slopes under the olives and fig-trees and acacias. Great clumps of aloes festoon the garden wall. On the higher hills, groves of oak trees mingle their young pink leaves with the tender green of elms and birches. Masses of cloud cling to the heights of Monte Gennaro, while all the land below is bathed in gold and a mist of bronze and turquoise and amethyst rolls up at the base of the Alban Hills.

It was Taine who said, "Give me a grand forest on a river bank, or give me Venice"; the sublimity of nature or consummate

art. After a month in the Sabine Hills I returned to Venice to realize that here, if anywhere, one has both. As Taine himself said, "Here for the first time one admires not with the brain only but with the heart, with the senses, with the entire being." And not only art and nature are there, but one's fellow-beings. The peasants in the hills are splendid to look upon and as picturesque as the donkeys that patter along beside them, half-hidden under their loads of trailing branches. ("Don't you want her? Take her, if you like," says a fond father, holding his little girl tightly in his arms.) But for permanent association, day in and day out, the peasants of the hills are not wholly congenial, it must be confessed, to civilized man or woman. If one hungers for peasants in Venice, behold, there is a boat of cabbages just in from the fields; one may meet it in the morning at the Fondamenta and converse with father and son, and it may be with mother and daughter as well. There, too, is the fisherman's family, who live on their boat, who sing the baby to sleep on deck under the half-furled yellow sail, and after their evening meal are thirsting for companionship. One may choose these, or others. For in Venice, "close interthreading Nature with our kind," one passes from the solitude of the lagoon, where only the sea-birds bear one company, to a dinner-table where the latest literature is discussed and world politics are in the air, or to the rarest of libraries—a paradise for the lover of good talk in an atmosphere of books and pictures and old brocades. From the resplendent garden on the Giudecca where avenues of tall white lilies lead through a profusion of flowers and fruits in which the bees and blackbirds have their haunts; or that more formal garden of the Contarini Palace where roses and wistaria climb over sculptured arches of the fifteenth century and curved seats of age-old yellow marble rest in the heavy shade of drooping branches among beds of pansies and foxglove, where the tinkle of a fountain mingles with the rustle of the waters at the foot of the garden wall: from retreats like these, one passes at once into the crowd, into the market-place where the people gather, to the free soup-kitchen where women and old men and children are silent and patient, or Goldonian and vociferous, as suits their mood, or to the work-shop where girls in white gowns and aprons are refashioning twelfth century designs in lace and

linen; from the populous Piazza, illuminated now since the Armistice and glowing like a great festal chamber, through the broad canal where a million lights dance on the water, and into the silent places where the façades of palaces—Byzantine, Saracenic, Lombard, Gothic, and Renaissance—rise above silky shadows into a velvet sky; or into a concert hall to hear the latest music, and the oldest; to the theatre, or the movies, or into a lighted bookshop, or a café; and, after it all, one wanders back to one's house on a silent corner where all night long, under the window, the waves lap the foundation walls, and the night winds freshen the air for another day. Here is the country in the city—*rus in urbe*. Here, on the edge of commodious chambers, are "the arches of the dayspring and the fountains of the deep." Here is no death, but concentrated life.

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE Powers respond to the call of America. That they would do so was a foregone conclusion; yet none the less gratifying and inspiring, therefore, are the promptness and the cordiality of their acceptance of the President's invitation. Thus auspiciously proceeds toward its culmination the most simple and direct and yet immeasureably the most potential effort ever made in human history for ridding mankind of the burden of militarism and the menace of war. Not the least impressive feature of it is the contrast which the President's plan presents to the inept and futile proposals of the League of Nations; a contrast universally recognized and widely remarked upon as the final justification of the resistance which this country presented to the Covenant. The strongest plea which was made or which could be made for the Covenant was, that it was the only means of securing peace. How untrue that plea was is demonstrated by the putting forward of this plan, which is diametrically different from the Covenant in every essential respect, and which is generally acknowledged to be far more practicable, and far more hopeful. Instead of America's breaking the faith and being regarded as a slacker and a welcher among the nations, she has nobly fulfilled her highest moral and spiritual obligations, and has assumed such an ethical and irenic leadership as no other Power ever enjoyed.

It was not to be expected that the problem of centuries could be solved in a day. What was supremely gratifying and auspicious was that the highest official representatives of the United Kingdom and of the two divisions of Ireland entered into amicable conference and manifested sincere desires for a just and permanent solution. That their work was not completed in a day, or a week, was in fact encouraging rather than disappointing. An instantaneous agreement would have provoked suspicions

and doubts, and would probably have been marked with indiscretions and imperfections. A more deliberate agreement will command more respect and will be more complete. One thing that was accomplished was cessation of the hideous crimes and reprisals which had long made up the burden of the daily news. That deviltry having once been stopped, and friendly negotiations begun, reason and humanity revolt at the thought of affairs ever again reverting to the condition of a few weeks ago. Now that a settlement is actually and practically being sought, and is indisputably desired, it must be attained.

The appointment of Mr. Taft to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States was in accord with general expectation and desire. Had the matter been submitted to a plebiscite, he would have been elected by an overwhelming majority. It was also in accord with his own desire. He would, in 1908, probably have preferred such appointment to election to the Presidency. It was, moreover, in several respects one of the most interesting and most momentous appointments ever made to that office. Mr. Taft is the first Chief Justice who had been President of the United States; with one exception, the first who had been a serious candidate for the Presidency. We cannot say that he is the first whose work before ascending that bench was chiefly done in other departments of the Government and outside of courts of law, for that was true of three of his predecessors, Jay, Marshall and Chase. Yet that circumstance is notably true of him, to a degree which will probably exert more influence, conscious or unconscious, upon him than it did upon any of the others. It will be generally conceded that he takes office at a time and in circumstances more momentous than any of his predecessors save only Marshall, to whom he presents a most striking contrast. There never was a Chief Justice more strictly legal in his judgments and less swayed by popular opinion and sentiment, than Marshall. We shall not say that Mr. Taft is the opposite in both respects; yet we can recall no other Chief Justice who was so likely to apply the rules of reason and common sense to questions of legal interpretation, or to take into account the intent and the desire of the people.

We are at last, apparently, beginning to learn to practice the conservation of humanity, as well as of other and less precious natural resources. The advance of the generation in sanitation and therapeutics and in the adoption of injury-preventing devices has caused such a diminution of the death rate, and particularly of the infantile and juvenile death rate, as half a century ago would have seemed fantastically impossible. Of course the material, the industrial, saving or gain to the nation by this means is enormous. But that is only a part, and perhaps the smaller part, of the achievement. It is beginning to be realized that a large proportion of adults who are either morally perverse or mentally incompetent, and thus are a burden upon the community as criminals or wastrels, could have been made normal beings by appropriate treatment, largely psychical, in childhood. Dr. William Healy, of Boston, who founded the first psychopathic clinic, advisedly estimates that this nation is spending hundreds of millions of dollars a year in caring for adults who might have been made law-abiding and self-supporting by proper care and treatment in their early years. In addition to that cost there is, of course, the enormous loss of the industrial productivity of those multitudes of delinquents. From the most practical economic point of view, leaving humanity quite out of the question, it would obviously be profitable to discard the notion that all children must, like Topsy, "just grow," and to pay most diligent attention to the cultivation of their growth, mentally and morally as well as physically. It is not vegetables nor fruit nor poultry nor cattle that we are raising, but human beings, the men and women who in the next generation will compose this nation. To let a garden run to weeds is slovenly and wasteful. To let children "run to weeds" in mind or character is a crime against them and against the race.

Of no little historic interest was the Spanish national festival which marked the transfer of the dust of Rodrigo Diaz and his wife Ximena from the municipal building of Burgos to a tomb in the ancient cathedral. The name and fame of the Cid Campeador have long been so involved in fantastic and impossible traditions that probably few persons have any definite conception of

that heroic figure, while many regard him as a sheer invention of the imagination. Much of the *Poem of the Cid* is certainly pure invention, as much as anything in Ariosto or the Heldenbuch. Yet Spain's national hero was a real person, of achievements worthy of his fame, and entitled to a conspicuous place in the history of the world. He was a great conqueror in war, for years he was practically the sovereign of the best part of Spain, and he was one of the ancestors of the great families of Bourbon, Guelph and Hapsburg. Perhaps the fittest tribute to him was that paid by a contemporary and bitter foe: "This man, the scourge of his time, was, in his love of glory, character and heroic courage, one of the marvels of the Lord. Victory always followed his banner—God's curse be on him!" The malediction is the most significant and not the least eulogistic part of the tribute.

Never, perhaps, has there been a more interesting, significant and potentially profitable educational gathering than the Institute of Politics at Williams College, though certainly never was one assembled with less press agent work and flourishing of trumpets. It is to be hoped that, in spite of the quietness and modesty of the whole great undertaking, the American people generally appreciate the fact that in that quiet New England town there have been gathered some of the greatest scholars, statesmen and publicists of the world, to discuss and to promote knowledge of those matters which we are now, after the martyrdom of the great war, beginning to recognize as of paramount importance to the welfare of the race. It has never been difficult—it has been one of the commonest of things—to get men together to consider ways and means of making money or of promoting other material interests; but there has been a strange neglect of such consideration for what is at once the most difficult and the most important of all the arts, the science of human government. Well will it be, and not improbable, for this little conference at Williamstown to prove the bit of leaven which will leaven the whole lump of two worlds.

The final passage and signing of the Peace Resolution, making a legal and technical as there had long been a practical ending of our state of war with Germany, profitably emphasized one point

which had too often been ignored. That point is expressed in the phrase "Allied and Associated Powers," so often used with so little consideration of its real significance. Its significance, of course, was and is that while the other Powers were actually allied, America was not but was merely associated with them. Between alliance and association there is a distinction with a radical difference. Since the latter relationship proved abundantly efficient and sufficient for all the requirements of war, it should certainly prove equally sufficient for the needs of peace. It would have been a strange anomaly to go through all the agony and stress of the war as a mere associate of those with whom we had blood brotherhood, and then when peace came to consider it necessary to enter into a closer relationship. It is well to be reminded of this circumstance. It would be egregious stultification to pretend that we were deserting or holding aloof from the other nations just because we preferred to remain in precisely the same relationship to them which existed when we were fighting side by side with them in the trenches and on the fields of France.

Secretary Hoover's semi-official reply to the Russian appeal for succor was marked with extraordinary generosity. The American Relief Administration, he informed Mr. Gorky, was ready to give aid to the starving millions of the victims of Sovietism, on condition that the Bolshevist government first released the Americans illegally held as prisoners in Russia, and that it gave satisfactory assurances of non-interference with the freedom of action of the American relief agents. Less than this it would have been stultifying to insist upon or to accept. The circumstances of the case are these: Millions of Russians are in imminent peril of death through starvation, chiefly because of the incompetence and iniquity of the government which tyrannizes that land. As long as that government bears sway, Russia will suffer. The best thing that could happen would be the abolition of Sovietism and the substitution of an intelligent, efficient and honest government. Our government, or any other, would be logically and morally justified in refusing even the slightest relief until there was such a change in government. But with

unexampled benevolence Mr. Hoover overlooks all that, and offers to send ample aid, provided only that the American prisoners be released, and that American agents be permitted freely to administer the relief. The latter stipulation is, of course, intended to make sure that the food is distributed impartially and is not stolen by the Bolshevists for their own use while the non-Bolshevists are left to perish, as hitherto has been done. Reason and justice are not to blind us to the needs of charity, but even the most abundant charity must not destroy reason or overthrow justice. It is encouraging to see that the Russian authorities seem inclined to accede to Mr. Hoover's demands.

The six hundredth anniversary of the death of Dante finds his Italy and the whole world—which we may no less fittingly also call his—in a state of tumult and of flux comparable with that in which he knew them. But it also finds them, fortunately, far more ready to regard the admonitions and inspirations of his colossal works than they were in his own day and generation. Exiled as he was in life, and long neglected if not actually contemned after his death, he has in our day come into his own, as not merely what Boccaccio called him, the "singular splendor of the Italian race," but as one of the supreme splendors of the universal human race. Only one other poet, at least since the Augustan Age, is comparable with him, and even Shakespeare has not all the advantage on his side. It has been authoritatively reckoned that no other single work in all the world, excepting only the Bible, has given rise to so extensive a literature as his *Divina Commedia*. We are quite ready to believe that with the same single exception no other has on the whole so widely, so profoundly and so beneficently impressed both the mind and the soul of humanity. The rebirth of Italy, politically, intellectually, socially, has been one of the unique wonders of the world, approximated by no other similar achievement; and when its history comes to be fully written, one of its most conspicuous, compelling and triumphant notes must be the influence of this poet, statesman, philosopher, well named both Dante, the Giver, and Durante, the Much-Enduring.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE FOUNDING OF NEW ENGLAND. By James Truslow Adams. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

The new scholarship which has gone so abundantly into the making of Mr. Adams's volume is not merely a matter of detail; it is largely a matter of broad views derived from a better knowledge of facts; and the result of it is not merely that from this book one gains a more accurate knowledge of New England history, but rather that one learns from it, in the largest sense, incomparably more than one can learn from the shorter accounts contained in larger works. The effect of the book upon one's conception of the history of New England are mainly two: first, that one is enabled to see this history all as part of one process, and, secondly, that one is constrained, however reluctantly, to give up one's faith in what may be called (with due reverence) the New England myth. These general results, like most historic generalizations, have in themselves no particular value. Bare ideas such as these cannot be used, like scientific conclusions or mathematical formulas, as the basis for practical deductions. But in connection with a wealth of facts brought forward by Mr. Adams's thorough research and described in his clear and arresting phraseology, these general conclusions become illuminating.

"Apart from any political or religious motives, America was as certain to be colonized in the early part of the seventeenth century as it was to be discovered by Columbus, or someone else, in the latter part of the fifteenth." Moreover, the English colonies were primarily business ventures, and as such were but "episodes in the expansion of English commerce." Not merely the impulse of the "adventurers" to found colonies overseas, but the willingness of British subjects to emigrate to America rooted in the same cause; for it was neither over-population nor religious persecution so much as displacement and disturbance of population due to changing economic conditions that furnished the material for colonization. Religious motives and high ideals of various sorts had their part in the founding of New England—a part which the author shows no disposition to ignore;—yet one must not lose sight of the fact that "the planting of the first permanent colony in New England was due to a desire for gain on the part of ordinary business men, who risked a large sum, and made heavy losses, as well as to the higher motives of some of the actual emigrants." It is interesting, also, to note in this connection that the capital which made the enterprise of the Pilgrims possible was practically all subscribed in London, and that "of the first emigrants but a third belonged to Robinson's congregation, while in the entire Pilgrim movement to America,

only a dozen or so persons, at most, can be even remotely traced to the neighborhood of Scrooby." So that without underrating the Puritan influence for good (and evil!) in the colonies, one may say that the conception of the Pilgrim venture as the accomplishment of a compact little body of religious fanatics, is a bit romantic.

Just as inevitable as the colonization and subsequent settlement of America was the growth of the idea of empire, not only in England but in all the principal nations of Europe during the seventeenth century. Mercantilism—the universal theory of empire-building, however it may have been discredited, in these later days, as an economic fallacy—served a necessary purpose as a means of consolidating the larger units and of promoting trade and spreading civilization. It is useless to cavil at it, for it was one of the influences essential to the preservation of the colonies themselves. "It has too frequently been assumed," writes Mr. Adams, "that the Navigation Acts of the seventeenth century were a colossal blunder, because, in part, the commercial policy of England lost her the continental colonies in the eighteenth. Those who would commit themselves to such a view might well determine whether, had England not made use of the weapons of the earlier century, and thus developed that naval power which alone enabled her to protect her American possessions, she would have had any colonies left, continental or other, to be kept or lost by any policies which she might adopt in the later period."

It is likewise true that the colonies were certain, as they grew in strength, to regard their own interests as more and more independent of those of the empire. "The germs of the conflict were present from the very beginning. The forces which brought it about were operative in varying degrees, not only in North America, but throughout the entire empire, and extended back to its unconscious inception." But we are scarcely warranted in regarding this conflict of sentiments and of economic interests as a struggle between liberty and despotism!

Thus, while not denying the potency of the ideal of liberty, among other high motives, as a factor in progress, the author leads us to look upon the founding of New England as a mixed phenomenon determined in large part by impersonal causes—a view which certainly strikes one as more just and enlightened than the assumption that those who strive for independence must always be right. Economic conditions brought about the discovery of America and the colonization of the New World; they made the English colonies dependent upon England, and England in some ways dependent upon them. The English—partly, it is fair to assume, from disinterested motives and partly for selfish reasons—desired to control the colonies; the colonists—partly from noble motives, but also in large part for selfish reasons—desired to be as independent of the home government as possible, and in fact a little more so than was really possible. Under these circumstances, would it not be a foolish reading of history to regard every act of colonial insubordination or self-assertion as a step in the realization of the great ideal of Liberty?

"If the nations of the world are to grow in mutual understanding and brotherly feeling," writes Mr. Adams—in words deserving especial emphasis because they so well define the real aim of history and the ultimate effect of truth—"their histories must be written from the standpoint of justice to all, and not from that of a mistaken national piety." Such a view may well reconcile us to the loss of a little of that excessive reverence for the Puritans generally, and for the Puritan leaders in America in particular, which has been assiduously inculcated in the past. Moreover, truth to say, the Puritan myth, when confronted by the facts is seen to have been somewhat tiresome; and to get rid of what bores us is also undoubtedly a gain. One may suspect that the Athenians banished Aristides, who, with all his faults, was said to be the perfectly just man, not so much from jealousy as from a secret conviction that "there ain't no such animile." Similarly, though we may well be grateful for the effect of Puritanism as a social leaven and may well rejoice in certain individual examples of Puritan virtue, it is a relief to be assured that no such State as the Puritan colony of Massachusetts is sometimes represented to have been ever really existed. For one thing, if Puritanism and sturdy virtue are in any degree synonymous, we must admit that we ourselves are neither sturdy nor virtuous; and if Puritanism, though intolerable in itself, was the mother of our virtues, we have some difficulty in conceiving how an ugly bigotry can have given birth to lovely things.

Mr. Adams's chapter on "Some Aspects of Puritanism" is enlightening. In England, he shows, the Puritans were always a small minority—a minority useful in counteracting the lax moral tendencies of the time, but unfit to rule. Their estimated numbers are greatly swelled by the fact that ten landlords, induced by religious or other motives to number themselves with the Saints, could bring at least fifteen thousand persons nominally into the Puritan fold. This minority was well-organized, vocal, and zealous, and in consequence it has won for itself more sympathy than it perhaps deserved. As a matter of fact, it was often a profitable thing to turn Puritan, and sympathy might often be more justly bestowed upon the sincerely conforming clergyman who had to content himself with a mere pittance than upon his Puritan rival, who was for the most part quite handsomely provided for.

The dark side of Puritanism was not merely its bigotry and the astonishing hardening of the heart that went with it—there were also hypocrisy and the indirect encouragement of drunkenness and of sexual immorality resulting from the suppression of natural instincts. But it was his intolerance that made the Puritan conspicuously unfit to rule—and this intolerance was deep-seated and incurable. Every one of the Saints professed to guide himself solely by the will of God, and of God's will he was the only interpreter both for himself and others. In reading Mr. Adams's masterly account of the Massachusetts theocracy one is fairly astounded to see how tenaciously this view was held and to what extremes it was carried.

The plain fact, then, is that in Massachusetts especially, and to some

extent in other parts of New England, the people were ruled for over half a century by a peculiarly narrow and intolerant oligarchy. Nor was Puritanism the principal factor in the growth of the colonies that held it as a State religion. During the period of "the great migration" (1630–1640), it is estimated that the emigrants bound for Puritan colonies were outnumbered three to one by those who went to other settlements, and, further, that "not more than one in five of the adult males who went even to Massachusetts was sufficiently in sympathy with the religious ideas there prevalent to become a church member, though disfranchised for not doing so." When it is added that, despite all that has been written about town meetings, there is little evidence, according to Mr. Adams, to show that the New Englanders were more interested in government than were the people of other colonies, it will be seen that the value of the Puritan influence as such may be easily exaggerated. So far as liberty is concerned this influence was hostile; for the real struggle for liberty that went on during the period covered by Mr. Adams's volume was not the inevitable controversy between the colonies and the mother country, but rather the resistance of the colonists to the Puritan domination. Thus it was not a misfortune but a blessing that Massachusetts became a royal colony. "What the English government granted was a charter by which the colony took her natural place, indeed, in an empire without whose protection she was defenseless, but which, at the same time, gave to her citizens a degree of self-government and political freedom which the theocratic group would never have been willing to concede." And the striking conclusion of it all is that the elements most typically American in colonial institutions were, in the case of Massachusetts, "forced upon her leaders, fighting to the last ditch against them, by an English king who could hardly speak the language of his subjects."

Thus, Mr. Adams's book, besides being entertaining on every page, does actually give one some insight into the way in which historic events come about and of the complex of causes that underlies the reasons men offer in explanation of their acts. The treatise is admirable for its clearness and comprehensiveness. The mind of an unbiassed, scientific historian is like a lens which receives rays of light coming from many different directions: the difficulty is to focus all the different lines of thought. Commonly we are aware of an increased illumination, a gathering in of the light toward a point; but all too often the picture appears to be a little blurred. The generalities are so very general that they are also vague. Mr. Adams, however, brings his ideas to an unusually sharp focus.

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE: Some Memories of Him and His Art, collected by Max Beerbohm. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Just what a skilled biographer would make of such materials as are collected in the volume that Max Beerbohm has made in memory of his brother,

it is not easy to say. Probably something much more definite and satisfactory than what we now have. The book is in fact a miscellany, part panegyric, part formal testimonial, part criticism. Lady Tree, sparing not herself, has written recollections more poignant and familiar than the cold pages of biography often accept, and at the same time she has portrayed her husband, unconsciously no doubt, as such a genius as could scarcely exist. Bernard Shaw writes, as is his wont, sincere criticism, with only moderate recognition of the principle of *nil nisi bonum*. W. L. Courtney in an open letter to an American friend rather apologetically defends Sir Herbert Tree's art. Throughout the whole work there is little coherence in the matter of dates, the progress of Tree's career, the development of his art and character. In various parts of the book hero-worship alternates with respectful reserve, enthusiasm with critical candor. The reader must strike his own balance.

Yet, despite its defects in respect of a good biography, the book is quite worth while, because, through it, one is able to see that the man's life itself was immensely worth while.

Logically, of course, one must, as usual, agree with Mr. Bernard Shaw. Logically it is the business of the actor to interpret the lines supplied by the playwright, just as it is the business of the musical performer to play the notes set down for him by the composer. And so Mr. Shaw seems quite justified in complaining bitterly of Tree's arrant sophistications (creative though some of them were) of the parts that he undertook. It is true that in some cases Sir Herbert himself put into the part all the life there was in it. It can scarcely be denied, however, that he was in such matters, like Habakkuk, *capable de tout*. No one whole-heartedly defends, for example, the four subsidiary Malvolios in Tree's *Twelfth Night*. But, as usual, one is constrained to dissent from Mr. Shaw's conclusion, which is that Tree should have been a playwright rather than an actor. One has an idea that Tree would have been a very bad playwright and that Shaw knows it.

It is a commonplace that great men can never be confined to formulas. Sir Herbert Tree was great—great in his enthusiasm, great in his instinct, great in his power to initiate and to give. Theatrical art should not be a plaything for second-rate virtuosos; neither is it one of the Platonic *ideas*, belonging to the pattern world of perfection. Genius must make of it what it can, and the public must take from it, not just what, ideally, it should give and nothing else, but whatever men of genius can make it effectively express.

The imperfections and inequalities in Tree's art seem not hard to define. "He could make himself look like Falstaff," writes Desmond MacCarthy; "he understood and revelled in the character of Falstaff, but his performance lacked fundamental force. Hence the contradiction in his acting: his performance as a whole often fell short of high excellence, yet these same impersonations were lit by insight and masterly strokes of interpretation, which made the spectator feel that he was watching the performance of the most imaginative of living actors." He was immensely versatile, but was at his

best only in parts of a certain limited type. "He loved to impersonate, and excelled in impersonating characters who, in varying degrees, were the play-actors of their own emotions." "He was," says W. L. Courtney, "a glorified amateur who dared things which a professional never would have dared, and won a shining victory."

All of which seems a mild and critical way of acknowledging that the man was a genius.

Insight, instinct, courage, naiveté—these were characteristic of his private as well as of his public personality. "Herbert had no learning," writes Max Beerbohm, "yet his instinct was so sure that he *knew things*. He was like an inspired Water-finder. . . . He was also an acute judge of human character." He had to do without teaching—would he have been the better for it? "Like Irving," writes Bernard Shaw, "he had to make a style and technique out of his own personality."

To have such instincts and such a heart as Tree had, and to possess the courage and simplicity to obey both, is greatness—though it is greatness into which some weakness inevitably enters. One lays down this book feeling that the world will be fortunate if a man like Tree is born once in a hundred years.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VISION IN EDUCATION

SIR:

In connection with the article by Hanford Henderson on "The New Education" in the May number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW I am reminded that some years ago I asked two rather large groups of people engaged in educational work, mostly in connection with the public schools, and all of them men and women of maturity of thought and experience and holding important positions, whether they considered it a disadvantage to have been subjected to the prescribed courses for undergraduates common in the earlier days, and whether in the light of their experiences they would consider their chances of being properly educated improved by the freedom of the modern elective system. Almost without exception they held to the prescribed and well-balanced course.

Those subjects alone educate which afford abiding and life-long interests, and, it may be added, interests which increase in appealing power as people age. It is clear that by such a test bodily prowess beyond serving as means to ends has, by being made too much of, caused damage to many of our youth. It is pitiful to see the exploitation of the physical vigor of young men by the crowds which are seeking simply an hour's entertainment. False standards are set up amongst the youth and sums of money out of all proportion to the ends gained are expended. Physical exercise is a means to an end. Physical directors are under temptation to reverse this. Domestic science and indeed all college exercises that promote bodily skill or efficiency are concerned with means. The ends of life are spiritual. The Kingdom of Heaven is not won by eating or drinking or being clothed in fine linen. It is entered by getting into contact with one's fellows in terms of interests that will not vanish.

For students preparing for life to become proficient only in the means to life and not be made intelligent as to what constitutes life's fullest interests, is tragical. To leave college unacquainted with the humanities, history, biography, literature, science, mathematics, the fine arts, the art of government, the languages of the governing nations of the world, philosophy, is to go out uneducated and bearing credentials that will carry but a little way. David Swing, said that we go to the primary school to learn words, to the grammar and high school and college to learn yet more words, but until we come to words put together by Dante, Goethe, Milton, Shakespeare, we are uneducated beings.

Men learn to dig coal, to build roads, to fabricate all sorts of material, to write and print books, to found schools, colleges and universities, to construct

furniture and cloth,—for what? Simply and only that human beings may be able to get together to learn what is good, beautiful and true and to bring the same to pass. For, if they have solidly learned to recognize and love these things, because human nature and its powers are of the texture and have affinity with these, they will seek to embody them in practice. Parents will then come to distinguish between a house and a home, farmers between their children and their farms; manufacturers and merchants will learn that their occupations derive all their significances from association with men and women, and that no class can without peril be exploited either to build up the fortunes of another class or provide conveniences or comforts for still a third, even if that third be the great buying public. In short, all workers of whatever order and intelligence, and concerned in whatever work and toiling under whatever conditions, are, if they be anything, servants to those in need about them and willing servants too because of what they have received in their turn.

The evil of education is the same which attends upon business, government, the professions. It is the lack of vision, of perspective, of understanding that men are always to be regarded as ends and not as means, that no real return can ever be made for work done save by appreciation, gratitude, love or the consciousness of seeing men made free by the service rendered, and that financial and material returns are only to enable men and women to go forward to further service. And this view cannot be adequately established outside of the teaching of the humanities.

Mr. Henderson is right in his general programme. The years from 16 to 22 are peculiarly sacred and ought to be dedicated to holy things. There is time enough to acquire technical skill but not time for acquiring spiritual vision. Technical skill in language, especially English, control of the hand, body and oral expression, should be developed before this period, but for these six years every child should be nourished on the world classics whether embodied in history, biography, art, science, human life or what not,—so that the eternal values found only in exquisite form and wealth of substance may be their guide, their stimulus, their fulfillment.

Assuming these things to be so, wherein lies the sense of allowing young people at the immature age at which most of them enter college, to cast about at random for food on which to nourish their souls? It may be justly affirmed that nineteen out of twenty young people would be vastly better served in the long run by being held rigidly to wisely directed courses of study which permit little variation until they reach the age of twenty or twenty-two. To some it may seem that such views are the marks of age; yet to Aristotle is attributed the remark that only after passing the meridian of life is the golden wool gathered. Certain it is that if one would seek the roots of poor teaching and the lack of real personal power in the schools, he will find them in the poverty of training which magnifies the doing of things and minimizes reflection upon life.

F. Trendley.

Athens, Ohio.

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN MIND

SIR:

I was somewhat surprised to observe, in reading Margaret Sherwood's essay, "Our Fear of Excellence," in your August issue, the strain of pessimism running through it. The chronicler of the delightful *Worn Doorstep*—that charming and sympathetic and understanding author of what was England during the war—needs, it seems to me, to remember that her only reason for finding fault with her America is her very love of her own people. In her heart of hearts she was not complaining of our standardized minds, but was, in reality, beseeching her countrymen and countrywomen to do even more with themselves than they have done.

Miss Sherwood is no Mencken. She was not writing for the type of magazine which considers it to be fashionable to belittle everything that is American. She did not, could not, label us as provincial. She was merely hoping (out loud) that we would not stop now but go on producing more Margaret Sherwoods and more of the beautiful minds about which America could but does not boast.

The New York *Sun* editorially commenting on Miss Sherwood's soliloquy (a soliloquy which just happened to jump into type) wondered if we imitated ourselves because we had no near neighbors to imitate: no French, German or Russian customs to take on. Perhaps so. But since, to my way of thinking, there is little virtue in imitation,—but which, nevertheless, is an admitted human trait,—we might just as well keep on imitating ourselves and thereby (because imitating the same thing too long becomes monotonous) cultivate originality and creativeness.

There can be very little wrong with the American mind so long as editorial writers on the *Sun* can and do read the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and at the same time enjoy Goldberg's cartoons. The *Sun* writer, in commenting on the "Fear of Excellence," wondered if, after all, it was not a good thing for "Mike and Ike" (Goldberg's characters) to look alike.

No mind that can appreciate the REVIEW and Rube Goldberg at the same time is altogether hopeless. It is the typical American mind.

ANNE CLARKE HINTON.

New York City.

WHO SHOULD POSSESS THE WEALTH OF THE WORLD?

SIR:

"Is There Enough Banking," by Samuel Spring in a recent number of this REVIEW, is thought provoking. But, although he touches upon some very thought provoking facts, he does not follow up the leads. He seems rather to skim over the surface of his subject and arrive finally at a way station that gets us nowhere.

He tells us that: "Misfortune, unemployment, sickness, the needs of a large

family—these setbacks every year reduce great numbers of thrifty and steady workmen to conditions of piercing need." What an astounding statement! Surely, it calls for investigation. When we know that all wealth is produced by human work, isn't it passing strange that "great numbers" of the "thrifty and steady" among these should "every year" be reduced "to conditions of piercing need"? If such is the fate of the thrifty and steady, what, one may well ask, must be the fate of the unthrifty and unsteady?

No doubt we need credit facilities. But, for what? For "investment chances"? Hardly. What the steady and thrifty worker and farmer need is facilities for exchanging their work when stored in the various forms of wealth they produce.

Those who do the work of the world should possess the wealth of the world. For all wealth is made by them out of the natural resources. If there is anyone who should be able to escape "piercing need" it surely should be the steady and thrifty worker. For human work is the only thing that can pay for anything.

If Mr. Spring would recognize this fact he might find in Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* a hint of the kind of credit facilities workers need—a system of accounts and currency the unit of which would represent a definite unit of human work. Given such a unit, mutual banking would provide them ample credit facilities. For whoever postpones payment—and work is the ultimate payment—must give the creditor satisfactory evidence that payment will be made. Checks issued against their mutual banks could perform this function, if based on a work unit.

W. E. Brokaw.

Bay View, Washington.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1921

THE FAMILY MAGAZINE

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

READERS who like magazines will be pleased, those who do not like them perhaps distressed, to learn, if they are not already aware of it, that the magazine as we know it to-day is distinctly an American creation. They may stir, or soothe, their aroused emotions by considering that the magazine which began in England literally as a storehouse of miscellanies attained in mid-nineteenth century United States a dignity, a harmony, and a format which gave it preëminence among periodicals. *Harper's* and *The Century* in particular shared with Mark Twain and the sewing machine the honor of making America familiarly known abroad.

I do not wish to overburden this essay with history, but one of the reasons for the appearance of such a dominating medium in a comparatively unliterary country is relevant to the discussion to follow. The magazine of those days was vigorous. It was vigorous because, unlike other American publications, it was not oppressed by competition. Until the laws of international copyright were completed, the latest novels of the Victorians, then at their prime, could be rushed from a steamer, and distributed in editions which were cheap because no royalties had to be paid. Thackeray and Dickens could be sold at a discount, where American authors of less reputation had to meet full charges. And the like was true of poetry. But the magazine, like the newspaper, was not international; it was national at least in its entirety, and for it British periodicals could not be substituted. Furthermore,

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it could, and did, especially in its earlier years, steal unmercifully from England, so that a subscriber got both homebrew and imported for a single payment. Thus the magazine flourished in the mid-century while the American novel declined.

A notable instance of this vigor was the effect of the growing magazine upon the infant short story. Our American magazine made the development of the American short story possible by creating a need for good short fiction. The rise of our short story, after a transitional period when the earliest periodicals and the illustrated Annuals sought good short stories and could not get them, coincides with the rise of the family magazine. It was such a demand that called forth the powers in prose of the poet, Poe. And as our magazine has become the best of its kind, so in the short story, and in the short story alone, does American literature rival the more fecund literatures of England and Europe.

That a strong and native tendency made the American magazine is indicated by the effect of our atmosphere upon the periodical which the English have always called a review. Import that form, as was done for THE NORTH AMERICAN, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Forum*, or *The Yale Review*, and immediately the new American periodical begins to be a little more of a magazine, a little more miscellaneous in its content, a little less of a critical survey. Critical articles give place to memoirs and sketches, fiction or near fiction creeps in. There is always a tendency to lose type and be absorbed into the form that the mid-century had made so successful: a periodical, handsomely illustrated, with much fiction, some description, a little serious comment on affairs written for the general reader, occasional poetry, and enough humor to guarantee diversion. This is our national medium for literary expression—an admirable medium for a nation of long-distance commuters. And it is this "family magazine" I wish to discuss in its literary aspects.

The dominance of the family magazine as a purveyor of general literature in America has continued, but in our own time the species (like other strong organisms) has divided into two genres, which are more different than, on the surface, they appear. The illustrated *literary* magazine (the family magazine *par excellence*) must now be differentiated from the illustrated *journalistic* maga-

zine, but both are as American in origin as the review and the critical weekly are English.

It was the native vigor of the family magazine that led to the Great Divergence of the 'nineties, which older readers will remember well. The literary historian of that period usually gives a different explanation. He is accustomed to say that the old-time "quality" magazines, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and the rest, were growing moribund when, by an effort of editorial genius, Mr. McClure created a new and rebellious type of magazine, which was rapidly imitated. We called it, as I remember, for want of a better title, the fifteen-cent magazine. In the wake of *McClure's*, came *Collier's*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies Home Journal*, and all the long and profitable train which adapted the McClurean discovery to special needs and circumstances.

I do not believe that this is a true statement of what happened in the fruitful 'nineties. *McClure's* was not, speaking biologically, a new species at all; it was only a mutation in which the recessive traits of the old magazine became dominant while the invaluable type was preserved. To speak more plainly, the literary magazine, as America knew it, had always printed news, matured news, often stale news, but still journalism. Read any number of *Harper's* in the 'seventies for proof. And, *pari passu*, American journalism was eagerly trying to discover some outlet for its finer products, a medium where good pictures, sober after-thoughts, and the finish that comes from careful writing were possible. *Harper's Weekly* in Civil War days, and later, was its creation.

And now it was happily discovered that the family magazine had a potential popularity far greater than its limited circulation. With its month-long period of incubation, its elastic form, in which story, special article, poetry, picture, humor could all be harmoniously combined, only a redistribution of emphasis was necessary in order to make broader its appeal. Mr. McClure journalized the family magazine. He introduced financial and economic news in the form of sensational investigations, he bid for stories more lively, more immediate in their interest, more journalistic than we were accustomed to read (Kipling's journalistic stories for example, were first published in America in *McClure's*.) He accepted pictures in which certainty of hitting the

public eye was substituted for a guarantee of art. And yet, with a month to prepare his number, and only twelve issues a year, he could pay for excellence, and insure it, as no newspaper had ever been able to do. And he was freed from the incubus of "local news" and day-by-day reports. In brief, under his midwifery, the literary magazine gave birth to a super-newspaper.

Needless to say, the great increase in the number of American readers and the corresponding decline in the average intelligence and discrimination of the reading public had much to do with the success of the journalistic magazine. Yet it may be stated, with equal truth, that the rapid advance in the average intelligence of the American public as a whole made a market for a super-newspaper in which nothing was hurried and everything well done. The contributions to literature through this new journalism have been at least as great during the period of its existence as from the "quality" magazine, the contributions toward the support of American authors much greater. Like all good journalism, it has included real literature when it could get and "get away with it."

Birth, however, in the literary as in the animal world, is exhausting and often leaves the parent in a debility which may lead to death. The periodical essay of the eighteenth century bore the novel of character, and died; the Gothic tale of a later date perished of the short story to which it gave its heart blood. The family magazine of the literary order has been debile, so radical critics charge, since its journalistic offspring began to sweep America. Shall it die?

By no means. An America without the illustrated literary magazine, dignified, respectable, certain to contain something that a reader of taste can peruse with pleasure, would be an unfamiliar America. And it would be a barer America. In spite of our brood of special magazines for the *literati* and the advanced, which Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer praises so warmly, we are not so well provided with the distributive machinery for a national culture as to flout a recognized agency with a gesture and a sneer. But the family magazine has undeniably lost its vigorous appeal, and must be reinvigorated. The malady is due to no slackening of literary virility in the country; indeed there has probably not been so much literary energy in the country since the 'forties as now—not nearly so much. Nor is it due to a lack

of good readers. Nor, in my opinion, to the competition of the journalistic magazine. The literary magazine does not compete, or at least ought not to compete, with its offspring, for it appeals either to a different audience or to different tastes.

Roughly stated, the trouble is that the public for these excellent magazines has changed, and they have not. Their public always was, and is, the so-called "refined" home public. Homes have changed, especially "refined" homes, and a new home means a new public.

The refined home nowadays has been to college. (There are a million college graduates now in the United States.) Forty years ago only scattered members had gone beyond the school. I do not propose to exaggerate the influence upon intelligence of a college education. It is possible, nay, it is common, to go through college and come out in any real sense uneducated. But it is not possible to pass through college, even as a professional amateur in athletics or as an inveterate flapper, without rubbing off the insulation here and there, without knowing what thought is stirring, what emotions are poignant, what ideas are dominant among the fraction of humanity that leads us. Refined homes may not be better or happier than they used to be, but if they are intellectual at all, they are more vigorously intellectual.

This means at the simplest that home readers of the kind I have been describing want stimulating food, not what our grandfathers used to call "slops." Sometimes they feed exclusively upon highly spiced journalism, but if they are literary in their tastes they will be less content with merely literary stories, with articles that are too solid to be good journalism, yet too popular to be profound, less content, in short, with dignity as a substitute for force.

What should be done about it specifically is a question for editors to answer. But this may be said. If the old literary omnibus is to continue, as it deserves, to hold the centre of the roadway, then it must be driven with some vigor of the intellect to match the vigor of news which has carried its cheaper contemporary fast and far. By definition it cannot embrace a cause or a thesis, like the weeklies, and thank Heaven for that! It is clearly unsafe to stand upon mere dignity, respectability, or cost. That way

lies decadence—such as overcame the old Quarterlies, the Annuals, and the periodical essayists. Vigor it must get, of a kind naturally belonging to its species, not violent, not raucous, not premature. It must recapture its public, and this is especially the "old American" (which does *not* mean the Anglo-Saxon) element in our mingled nation.

These old Americans are not moribund by any means, and it is ridiculous to suppose, as some recent importations in criticism do, that a merely respectable magazine will represent them. A good many of them, to be sure, regard magazines as table decorations, and for such a clientele someone some day will publish a monthly so ornamental that it will be unnecessary to read it in order to share its beneficent influences. The remainder are intellectualized, and many of them are emancipated from the conventions of the last generation, if not from those of their own. These demand a new vitality of brain, emotion, and spirit in their literary magazine, and it must be given to them.

No better proof of all this could be sought than the renaissance in our own times of the reviews and the weeklies, probably the most remarkable phenomenon in the history of American publishing since the birth of yellow journalism. By the weeklies I do not mean journals like *The Outlook*, *The Independent*, *Vanity Fair*, which are merely special varieties of the typically American magazine. I refer, of course, to *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *The Freeman*, *The Weekly Review*, periodicals formed upon an old English model, devoted to the spreading of opinion, and consecrated to the propagation of intelligence. The success of these weeklies has been out of proportion to their circulation. Like the old *Nation*, which in a less specialized form was their predecessor, they have distinctly affected American thinking, and may yet affect our action in politics, education, and social relations generally. They are pioneers, with the faults of intellectual pioneers, over-seriousness, over-emphasis, dogmatism, and intolerance. Yet it may be said fairly that their chief duty, as with the editorial pages of newspapers, is to be consistently partisan. At least they have proved that the American will take thinking when he can get it. And by inference, one assumes that he will take strong feeling and vigorous truth in his literary magazines.

The reviews also show how the wind is blowing. The review, so-called, is a periodical presenting articles of some length, and usually critical in character, upon the political, social, and literary problems of the day. The distinction of the review is that its sober form and not too frequent appearance enable it to give matured opinion with space enough to develop it.

Clearly a successful review must depend upon a clientele with time and inclination to be seriously interested in discussion, and that is why the review, until recently, has best flourished in England where it was the organ of a governing class. In America, an intellectual class who felt themselves politically and socially responsible, has been harder to discover. We had one in the early days of the Republic, when THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was founded. It is noteworthy that we are developing another now and have seen *The Yale Review*, the late lamented *Unpartisan Review*, *The Forum*, and others join THE NORTH AMERICAN, fringed, so to speak, by magazines of excerpt (of which much might be written), such as *The Review of Reviews*, *Current Opinion*, and *The Literary Digest*, in which the function of the review is discharged for the great community that insists upon reading hastily.

The review has come to its own with the war and reconstruction; which, considering its handicaps, is another argument that the family magazine should heed the sharpening of the American intellect. But, except for the strongest members of the family, it is still struggling, and still dependent for long life upon cheapness of production rather than breadth of appeal.

The difficulty is not so much with the readers as the writers. The review must largely depend upon the specialist writer (who alone has the equipment for specialist writing), and the American specialist cannot usually write well enough to command general intelligent attention. This is particularly noticeable in the minor reviews where contributions are not paid for and most of the writing is, in a sense, amateur, but it holds good in the magazines and the national reviews also. The specialist knows his politics, his biology, or his finance as well as his English or French contemporary, but he cannot digest his subject into words—he can think into it, but not out of it, and so cannot write accept-

ably for publication. Hence in science particularly, but also in biography, in literary criticism, and less often in history, we have to depend frequently upon English pens for our illumination.

The reasons for this very serious deficiency, much more serious from every point of view than the specialists realize, are well known to all but the specialists, and I do not propose to enter into them here. My point is that this very defect, which has made it so difficult to edit a valid and interesting review (and so creditable to succeed as we have in several instances succeeded), is a brake also upon the family magazine in its attempt to regain virility. The newspaper magazines have cornered the market for clever reporters who tap the reservoirs of special knowledge and then spray it acceptably upon the public. This is good as far as it goes, but does not go far. The scholars must serve us themselves —and are too often incapable.

Editorial embarrassments are increased, however, by the difficulty of finding these intellectualized old Americans who have drifted away from the old magazines and are being painfully collected in driblets by the weeklies and the reviews. They do not, unfortunately for circulation, all live in a London, or Paris. They are scattered in towns, cities, university communities, lonely plantations, all over a vast country. Probably that intellectualized public upon which all good magazines as well as all good reviews must depend, has not yet become so stratified and homogeneous after the upheavals of our generation that a commercial success of journalistic magnitude is possible, but it can and must be found.

The success of *The Atlantic Monthly* in finding a sizable and homogeneous public through the country is interesting in just this connection. It has, so it is generally understood, been very much a question of *finding*—of going West after the departing New Englander and his children, and hunting him out with the goods his soul desired. One remembers the Yankee peddlers who in the old days penetrated the frontier with the more material products of New England, pans, almanacs, and soap. But an observer must also note a change in the character of *The Atlantic* itself, how it has gradually changed from a literary and political review, to a literary and social magazine, with every element of the familiar American type except illustrations and a profusion

of fiction; how in the attempt to become more interesting without becoming journalistic it has extended its operations to cover a wider and wider arc of human appeal. It has both lost and gained in the transformation, but it has undoubtedly proved itself adaptable and therefore alive. This is not an argument that the reviews should become magazines and that the old-line magazine should give up specializing in pictures and in fiction. Of course not. It is simply more proof that vigor, adaptability, and a keen sense of existing circumstances are the tonics they also need. The weekly lacks balance, the review professional skill in the handling of serious subjects, the family magazine a willingness to follow the best public taste wherever it leads.

It has been very difficult in this discussion, which I fear has resembled a shot-gun charge rather than a rifle bullet, to keep the single aim I have had in mind. The history of the periodical in American literary thinking has not yet been written. The history of American literary thinking has not yet been written. The history of American literature has but just been begun. My object has been to put the spotlight for a moment upon the typical American magazine, with just enough of its environment to make a background. What is seen there can best be summarized by a comparison. The American weekly is like the serious American play of the period. It has an over-emphasis upon lesson, bias, thesis, point. The review is like much American poetry. It is worthy, and occasionally admirable, but as a type it is weakened by amateur mediocrity in the art of writing. The family magazine is like the American short story. It has conventionalized into an often successful immobility. Both must move again, become flexible, vigorous, or their date will be upon them. And the family magazine, the illustrated literary magazine, is the most interesting vehicle of human expression and interpretation that we Americans have created. With a new and greater success, it will draw all our other efforts with it. If it fails, hope for the interesting review, the well-balanced weekly, is precarious. If they all submerge, we who like to read with discrimination and gusto will have to take to books as an exclusive diet, or make our choice between boredom and journalism.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

HOW MUCH OPTIMISM DO WE NEED?

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

I

As a nation we take such delight in ourselves and our manifest destiny that we strike the uninitiated of other lands as a new species of the genus homo. "How can any creatures that are human be satisfied with such paltry achievements or hopeful about such a rotten world?" their amazed and scandalized eyes seem to question. We have gone sight-seeing through Europe not only contemptuous of the European but with a Gargantuan confidence in ourselves that has made us cartoon material for the world. We have welcomed the European to our shores with hearty superiority, though we have squirmed a bit at his remarks about us. Our amplitude of manner has kept his skepticism in suspense while we made good boast after boast that seemed to him impossible of accomplishment. He has seen miracles of the material world performed before his doubting eyes. The things we cannot do we have refrained from boasting about, not because we have consciously recognized them as beyond our capacities, but because they seemed too unimportant to mention. But the things we can do, we flaunt in the face of an outraged world. During the war the American troops shared with the British Colonials the tribute of an aghast wonder from the Europeans. Never had the European dreamed of such a swagger or of such certainty that the Germans could be annihilated at once if the troops from across the sea were given a free hand and the General Staff locked up while the fight was on. There was something engaging to the war-worn defenders of France in such confidence, but it was clear that an army like this needed to be tempered by the zero hour before it could become a driving power.

But is our optimism anything to be particularly complacent

about? Has it any more intellectual content than the optimism of a baby sucking a bottle?

The European confesses that his basic philosophy is a despair of life, a sense of the futility of human effort or achievement, coupled with an acceptance of the universe; less self-conscious than that of Margaret Fuller to be sure, but doubtless more complete. His beliefs and unbeliefs have penetrated so far below the surface that they are no longer topics for genial conversation. They have become the pattern of his mind, as fundamental to his thinking as the concepts of time and space. To the seasoned European any other attitude is merely that of an inexperienced child or of a shallow nature. The increasing pressure of population, the narrowing horizon of possibilities, the monotony of the anchored life, have been accompanied by the dying down of the certainties and assurances which characterized the savage forbears of the present European when they poured in from the East, energized and palpitant with faith in themselves and their future. On such a substratum of conviction the European carries out his life, finding in religion or dissipation or cynicism or service the illusion of happiness by which he defends himself from the appalling truths of human fate.

But our people are still in the economic status of those savage Asiatic hordes. We are heirs to an under-populated country and the exploiters of a land of unexhausted natural resources. The community booster is the man who had the forest for his sawmill for the asking; the barker for "God's own country" is the rancher who pastured his sheep on the unfenced foothills of the Rockies; the enthusiast who knows that his town is the greatest little city in the world preëmpted the irrigation water of a thousand farms; and the slogan maker of "America for the Americans" lives fatly on the sale of coal mined by Hunkies. Yet each man thinks the whole secret of his success is his personal and national superiority to the peoples who infest the other parts of the earth.

Fences are serving as the first dim note of the prelude to national modesty. We must have actual physical evidences of our limitations before we can admit them even to ourselves, and the fence serves as well as anything else for a beginning. But until

we are compelled to cultivate the rocky pastures of New England and the great deserts of the West we will not recover from our delirium and see ourselves as we really are. We look at our own abilities through a magnifying glass and those of the rest of the world through the wrong end of a telescope. Those little creatures, carrying on their paltry lives at an indefinitely remote distance, can hardly concern us, preoccupied as we are in our noisy, bustling way with the material activities of the moment. The things of the spirit, which lie obscurely back of the subject of our preoccupation in other lands and in the consciousness of other peoples, are of little interest or significance to us. We look radiantly upon our fertile fields, our rich vineyards, our snow-capped mountains and great rivers, and we almost think we made them. We give the Creator very little credit and would never think of admitting Him to our councils as to the best method of utilizing these natural glories. The lavish giver is apt to have his hand bitten; it is only when the dole is tentatively held out that gratitude enters into the relation or discrimination as to the use of the gift seems to be worth consideration. We found America; we made it what it is; it is ours; blessed be ourselves! There is only one God, Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet. The matter is not open to argument, or even to discussion. To be sure, this is the worst of us; the best of us introduce a higher degree of subtlety into the premises; but the conclusions do not vary greatly.

Of course optimism is like steam pressure in the boiler, it is a source of energy; but if it is the result of reckless firing on the part of the engineer, or is utilized only to blow off the steam gauge, it is waste and not power. We may keep ourselves busy and our digestions functioning happily as a result of our exuberance, though the doctors tell us our circulatory system shows the strain and is already beginning to pay the penalty for a dilated imagination. But is not something else, as basic as the circulation, injuriously affected by living the lives of care-free children in an adult world? And moreover in a world which has just shared with us an experience which might well have shocked us into a sense of the insignificance of national differences in the presence of human likeness? Are our unexhausted resources

evidence of our intrinsic superiority or a mere geographical accident? Though these resources seem unexhausted from the point of view of our national family, from the point of view of a perishing world are they not of right mortgaged to humanity? Are we anything but trustees for the fleeting treasures of the particular geological era in which we find ourselves?

There is an appeal in the coincidence that brings together the rich alluvial accumulation on our plains, the coal and mineral treasures sufficiently upheaved and eroded to allow our little race to pick out or blast them into the light of day, the mechanical devices of this electrical age, the new forms of organizing human society, the new social theories and experiments, the primitive passions of man struggling with new shibboleths, and you and me and our generation plunged into it all to make what we can of the mystery and do what we will with the possibilities. Our day has been long in coming and time will scarcely be at a premium after our day is done, wherefore it behooves us to get the full flavor of the experience while we still have the chance. We do not feel a thrill at the contemplation of our place in the geological sequences, we do not boast of the thermal stage of the sun in this twentieth century, we take no pride in our distance from the glacial period, but we do feel a profound fellowship with those human beings who happen upon the great adventure of life when we do. Of all the billions who have been and who will be in the long ages, these few share it with us; they are our environment, our inspiration, our destruction, as we are theirs. We can never be sufficiently grateful to them for providing such a variety of humanity for our delectation, radicals and conservatives, wise and ignorant, merry and grave, orthodox and free-thinkers, black, white and yellow. Our appreciation of these delicious differences, which strains to the breaking point all our hard-won capacities for tolerance, makes us feel that there is no real piquancy in inflicting any more pain upon our earth-companions than the necessities of living compel.

It might have been pleasant to shake Alexander the Great by the hand (or do him even greater violence), or to catch a glimpse of Cleopatra floating down the Nile under her gleaming canopies, or sit at the feet of Siddhartha, or see Chinese Gordon ride on his

camel out into the Egyptian desert, or look in at the court of Louis XIV, or watch Pasteur give his first anti-rabic inoculation to the stolid Russian peasant; but a sojourner in the twentieth century can have his thrill in meditation on the reactions of Lloyd George, Lenine, Smuts, Hymans, Premier Hughes, and Pilsudski to the tremendous problems that confront this generation. These are our comrades, and yet we can only see them as through a glass darkly until we lay aside some of our easy optimism, until we admit to ourselves that perhaps this is not the best of all possible worlds, that human mastery of fate which recognizes the tragedy of existence is true moral victory, that faith in our destiny based on a good corn crop is an illusion and a snare, and that there may be more in heaven and earth than we have as yet dreamed of in our philosophy. Too long have we been content to fall back on nature's bounty, heedless of the fact that when she fails us, as fail us she surely must, we shall be left without a prop, with nothing between us and our shivering little souls but a memory of ancient glories. And even the memory of skyscrapers and bumper crops will not be very sustaining in the presence of a national realization that we are not the greatest people who ever lived and that we have not made this country the paradise we felt sure it was destined to be.

II

Culture is not a word we use freely in this country. It smacks of superiority. It is high-brow and effete. It seems to imply that there are differences between human beings, and that some have treasures which others have not. From the point of view of a philosophy of equality this is wholly objectionable. Yet culture is a good word and one we hate to see pushed out of our vocabulary. The only way to preserve it is to be as ruthless with it as the caterpillar in *Alice in Wonderland* was with the words he employed. Make culture mean what you want it to mean, not allow yourself to be overborne by its efforts to continue to convey an idea its conservative ancestors left it in their will. So for my personal use culture may be defined as the true appraisement of one's own and humanity's capacities and attainments.

Perhaps this type of culture is undesirable. It may not be worth striving for. Its possession might act like a ball and chain on the ankle of the fervid doer. To be hearty and sure and boastful is certainly more efficacious in the organization of quantity production and the development of gold mines. But to be deprived of the finer insight into motives; to miss the subtle analyses of what constitutes victory and defeat; never to recognize the beneficent diversity in the gifts of man, nor to perceive the delicate overtones of the human orchestra,—is to forfeit completeness as an individual or as a nation. Is the absence of this deeper sense of our human and cosmic relations the fundamental thing our people lack? Is not a culture based on dispassionate analysis of human values eternally beyond the attainment of a nation which persists in seeing a thousand shades of pink as primary red and is color blind to all other hues?

Who that has seen a group of rowdy young people off skylarking has felt anything but distaste for their joy? And yet theirs is a fervor which makes our pallid pleasures seem like the amusements of ghosts. There is a reality about their tumult that carries us back to the exuberant antics of our arboreal ancestors. Does our distaste measure the distance we have come from those jungle days, or is it deplorable evidence of the completeness with which our vital emotions have been bred out of us? A culture of discrimination would certainly tear from us this type of rapture. We would pay the penalty in a more measured happiness and a more present sorrow, but there might be compensations. We might cease to be cheerful in our consciousness of the tragedies of existence, but we would at the same time cease to be complacent about our temporary escape from them. We should be forced to look forward to increased restriction of life and imagination, but we could be learning to do so with dignity, and to prepare those who come after us to do likewise. We could train ourselves to take satisfaction in the vertical rather than the horizontal. We cannot joy forever in the physical presence and the mental exhilaration of boundless acres; we must accustom our feet and trim our imaginations to the twenty by thirty foot plot. One does not need to splash at a ten league canvas with brushes of comet's hair; a study of the atom offers as great an opportunity

for the artist's imagination. It might even be that a reduction of effervescence, a more substantial national consciousness, would give a closer texture to our civilization, and a more subtle quality to our race.

There is a lovableness and attractiveness about optimism and self-confidence and assurance—for a time. Then it becomes tiresome and an affront. The facts of the case are so obviously ignored; the limitations to human capacity and the deeper significances in every situation are so imperfectly grasped. Why be so enthusiastic in the prospect of the population of your town passing the million mark inside of ten years? Why do you want to pass the million mark, anyway? How can one invite so terrible a disaster and then boast of it in addition? No one makes claim that his town has the profoundest religious feeling of all towns in the United States; no city ever announces that it has achieved an atmosphere which will develop more men of genius in a year than any other city of its size in the world; no village posts the fact that a larger proportion of its inhabitants know and love the birds than is true of any other village in the State. We brag about tall steeples, square feet of cement sidewalk, maximums and minimums in temperature, rapidity of railroad construction, plentiful supply of cheap labor, high wages to grave diggers, number of hogs per unit of population, absence of snow, the dryness or rain, number of women blacksmiths in the country, acres of pine turned annually into toothpicks, and we call this orgy of optimism 100% Americanism! If we could grow as eloquent about our conduct toward the negro; our treatment of those whose political theories are different from ours; our racial and religious antagonisms; the indifference of the well-to-do to the state of our public schools; the reckless destruction of our forests; our unconcern about insanitary housing; our industrial accident record; our maternity death-rate; our child-labor totals; our justice meted out to the rich and not to the poor; our casualness about the problem presented by the feeble-minded and the moral imbecile; the burden of fluctuations in industry borne by the wage earner; the recurring tragedy of unemployment; the horrors of prostitution,—we should perhaps not look out upon life so brightly as we do now, but we might more certainly set our

house in order. There is no particular virtue in being cheerful about unimportant things when it distracts us from being determined about important ones.

If our slums are not so bad as those of Europe, it is not because of our booster campaigns but because European slums are older and so smell worse. There is no difference in the determining conditions lying back of both. The disregard of the rights of our fellow men and the blight of self-seeking are the same in the two cases. Our complacency only makes our failure the more shameful, for we might have been forewarned if we had been willing to admit that we had anything to learn from the experience of the old world. If our labor problems are not yet so acute as those of Europe it is not because of any superior innovations in industrial relations that we have devised, but because in a rapidly expanding country labor conditions are sufficiently elastic to allow of internal adjustment. As a matter of fact we shall probably have much more disastrous times than the Europeans, for our boundless hopes do not allow us to admit that there ever could be serious trouble. We shall drift upon the rocks, our eyes blinded by the dazzling rays of the sun we see shining across our path.

Optimism is a mental attitude that drowns out the subtler harmonies and disharmonies of life by its raucous tumult. In its atmosphere it is as impossible to feel the finer distinctions as to sit on the shore with a victrola horn at one's ear and expect to hear what the wild waves are saying. As the color of a star betrays its stage in the stellar cycle, so the intensity of a nation's optimism varies not in relation to the nation's spiritual capacities but inversely as its distance from the beginnings of its national life. In a spirit of optimism we can build railroads and open up new country. Can we as successfully cultivate those rarer fruits of human effort, the sciences and the arts? Shall we sometime attempt to pursue the things of the spirit with the same energy and boundless assurance that we construct skyscrapers and automobiles and sewing machines? And if we do, shall we be able to grasp them, or will they forever elude our eager outstretched hands?

CORNELIA JAMES CANNON.

THE UNITED STATES OF INDIA

BY J. Z. HODGE

THE United States of India is the world's newest and most unexpected experiment in democracy. Without observation, but not without significance, the miracle has been wrought, and this ancient people after centuries of internal division and political childhood rises to the dignity of national self-consciousness. The "white man's burden" reverts back to the shoulders of the "Aryan brown." Long the fragile ward of Great Britain, now to a large extent mistress in her own house, India will do her own thinking and determine her own destiny, a junior partner, for the time being, in the family of nations that comprise the British Empire. The emergence of India in the arena of world politics is an event we dare not ignore. There is challenge as well as appeal in the new call of the East. Speaking at Cambridge University a year ago, Lord Meston, a distinguished Anglo-Indian statesman, summed up the situation in the following illuminating sentence: "India stands at the crossways, with feudalism behind her and untried democracy in front of her." Events have moved since then: the Legislative Assembly, or Indian Parliament, came into being on January 1, and from the same date the Provincial Legislative Councils took their place with the democratic administrations of the world.

The ordinary citizen of the West does not readily associate democracy with India. To him this old land of mystery and romance stands for the "mild Hindoo," the least assertive and most subservient of political mortals; for princes, rulers and "sun dried bureaucrats," lording it with ease and dignity over uncomplaining millions; for religious fanaticisms, spiritual dictatorships and the constant clash of conflicting creeds; for a weird, inexplicable system called Caste—"a social ladder on which every man kisses the feet of the man above him, and kicks the face of the man below him"; for dumb, patient peasants allied to

a kindly soil, but exposed to drought and flood that too often spell famine; for sages, philosophers and ascetics who, far removed from the whirl of modern life, have lived on the uplands and witnessed to the supremacy of spirit; for sacred animals and sacred rivers, Juggernaut cars and fantastic processions; for picturesque Sikhs and sturdy Gurkhas who came to the help of Empire and surprised the Kaiser; for great soldiers like Henry Havelock and masterful administrators like Warren Hastings; for the Taj at Agra, by general consent the most beautiful building ever made by human hands, and the ruined Residency at Lucknow, where "ever upon the topmost roof the Banner of England blew"; for mutinies, intrigues, deceits, flatteries and fascinations; for idols, ghosts, superstitions, illiteracy, enslaved womanhood, contrasts and contradictions, subtle seditions and splendid loyalties, abounding wealth and grinding poverty; for snakes and mosquitoes, elephants and tigers, missionaries and officials, planters and tourists, the Ganges and the Himalayas, Tommy Atkins and "Kim." India as a picturesque appendix to Great Britain we have long known, but India politically alive and on the way to self-government is a new planet that swims into our ken.

India—a Nation! This is surely the greatest political miracle of modern times. For what is India? She is not a country but a sub-continent, comprising within her wide borders three hundred and twenty million people, three times the population of the United States of America, speaking 147 languages and dialects and presenting as marked divergences of race, religion, custom and civilization as are to be found on the continent of Europe. Under the dominance of Caste she represents 2,378 separate blocks of humanity having no essential dealings with each other in the great human relationships of dining and marrying. What hope is there for democracy in a soil like this where the doctrine that "men are born free and equal" is negatived at every turn? This surely is the miracle, that patriotism has found a way of bridging gaps that seemed eternal and lighting up these separate human blocks with the glory of a common citizenship. The Motherland—the name her children love to give her—has asserted herself, and her sons and daughters respond; the day has

dawned when the meanest native of Hindustan may lift his head unashamed and say, "I am an Indian." India's rise to national self-consciousness is an impressive study, but it will be sufficient here to recall the outstanding landmarks.

We shall be safe to begin with 1836. It was then that the momentous decision was made to introduce the teaching of English into India and to open the gates to Western education. Lord Macaulay's minute in this connection ranks as one of the decisive documents of history. The seeds of democratic institutions were sown then, and the following passage from Macaulay reads like fulfilled prophecy now: "It may be that the public mind of India will expand under our system until it has outgrown that system; that by good government we can educate our subjects into a capacity for better government; that having become instructed in European knowledge they may in some future day demand European institutions. Whether such a day will ever come I do not know. But never will I attempt to avert or retard it; whenever it does come, it will be the proudest day in English history." That day has come. There is, of course, the other side to the shield, and Mr. Gandhi—one of India's greatest and most perplexing sons—regards the introduction of English education as the beginning of his country's degradation.

Our next landmark is 1857–8. It marks the dark days of the Mutiny and the transfer of government to the British Crown. India had become too big a proposition to be run by a Company. The royal proclamation of November 1, 1858, is meet to rank with Magna Charta, and the following passage has provided sanction and inspiration for many an eloquent Indian oration: "It is further our will that, so far as may be, our subjects of whatever race or creed be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability and integrity to discharge." The Indianization of the public services is an older slogan than Home Rule.

We pass on to the Russo-Japanese War, which vindicated the right and demonstrated the ability of the Orient to stand up to the Occident. When Japan conquered Russia she opened a door of hope for all Asiatic peoples, and the effect in India was

widespread and profound. Here, if anywhere, we light on the exciting cause of the National movement: the real cause lies in the natural evolution of a great people, fostered in the main by the generous spirit of British administration, fed by the constant inflow of western ideas, strengthened by the untiring efforts of patriots like Gokhale, Surendra Nath Bannerjee and others, and enriched by the sanctions of the Christian Gospel. It is a short cry from the Russo-Japanese War to the World War which determined decisively India's place in the sun. Her contribution in men, money and munitions will rank with that of any of the Allied Nations, and her chivalrous bearing during these years of conflict won for her the admiration of the world. The war did not create India's fitness for a larger measure of responsible government: it revealed it. "They are worthy for whom we should do this" might well serve as the preamble to the historic statement of British policy in regard to India made in the House of Commons on August 20, 1917: "The increasing association of Indians in every branch of administration and the gradual development of self-governing institutions, with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire."

We light on our last landmark in the Government of India Act of 1919, under which the British Parliament laid the foundations of a new Constitution for India. The inauguration of the new Legislatures by the Duke of Connaught at the beginning of the present year completed the structure and paved the way for the exercise of responsible government. Under her new Constitution India possesses a central government consisting of the Viceroy and his Executive Council, and a Legislature of two Chambers—the Council of State of 33 elected and 27 nominated members, and the Legislative Assembly of 103 elected and 41 nominated members. Differences of opinion between the two Chambers will be decided in joint sittings. The Legislative Assembly will be the House of Commons of India. She also possesses Provincial Legislatures. There are eight Governors' Provinces, each with a Governor and Executive Council, appointed by His Majesty, and a Legislative Council of elected and nominated members as follows:

Madras	Elected	98	Nominated	29
Bombay	"	86	"	25
Bengal	"	113	"	26
United Provinces	"	100	"	23
Punjab	"	71	"	22
Bihar and Orissa	"	76	"	27
Central Provinces	"	36	"	32
Assam	"	39	"	14

It will be observed that these Councils have a marked preponderance of elected members, and herein they mark an immense advance on the pre-reform Councils. The following smaller provinces will be administered by Chief Commissioners: North West Frontier Province, Delhi, British Baluchistan, Ajmere-Merwara and Coorg; and Burmah will formulate her own scheme of reform. An Indian Province resembles an American State, but is vaster. Bengal, for example, equals the British Isles in population, and Bihar and Orissa, whose first Governor, Lord Sinha, is an Indian, has as many people as France.

These Provincial Legislative Councils have made a brave beginning. The Bombay Council has already decided to extend the franchise to women! The myth of the "unchanging East" is surely in danger.

Before India's new political day could begin many stubborn barriers had to be surmounted. Chief among these was the existence of separate communities—Hindus proper, Moslems, Outcastes, Sikhs, Christians, etc.—all clamoring for recognition. To meet the exigencies of the situation the principle of communal representation was adopted and special constituencies based on communal rather than geographical grounds were created. Widespread illiteracy was another difficult hurdle. Roughly speaking, only 12 per cent of the people are literate, and the framing of an acceptable franchise was therefore a difficult proposition. After much discussion—the whole reform scheme was born of much discussion—it was finally conferred on males over 21 years of age, possessing certain residential and tax paying qualifications that have been generally approved. The standard is low enough to include the average farmer and the better class artisan. It lets loose an army of six million voters.

The Government of India Act does not confer complete self-government; but it makes it possible within the next quarter of a century. While the provinces have practical autonomy in matters of local import, within the Central Parliament the Executive is still to a large extent all powerful, and the division of administration into the two great departments of "Reserved" and "Transferred" subjects is an expedient dictated by caution and the exigencies of a lopsided situation. In matters relating to the defense of the country, maintenance of law and order, tariffs, land revenue and Imperial affairs, the Executive will still have the decisive say, although from now onward Indian public opinion speaking through its elected representatives will be able to express itself in no uncertain manner on these matters of high moment. Then, under "Transferred" subjects Indians will have effective control over education, industries, agriculture, sanitation, coöperative credit, local government bodies and public works. Briefly, the everyday work of government is now in Indian hands, Indian minds will largely frame the laws of the future, popular bodies will have a say in the control of the purse, and government will more and more conform to the will of the people.

It has to be remembered that the Reform Act does not apply to the territories under the rule of native princes; roughly, two-fifths of India. In these States for the most part feudalism still prevails and democracy is hardly in favor; but the omens indicate that these ancient aristocracies will in due course follow the lead of British India. Then will Lord Meston's vision splendid be nobly realized: "This great sub-continent of the future, comprising many daughter powers, varying in their political status as in their natural gifts, vying with each other in the growth of a new Eastern civilization, at one in their common allegiance to the British Crown—the United States of India." It is a kindling ideal.

These Indian reforms have been violently assailed from two opposing camps, those who hold they go too far, and those who hold they do not go far enough. But they have commended themselves to men of good-will in Britain as in India, and there is a general desire to give this great adventure in democracy a fair chance. Great Britain's record in India is open to the world, and

he who reads will find much to criticise, notably in the pages that relate to "Amritsar"; but the record stands. Let an Indian publicist sum it up. Speaking recently in Chicago Mr. Rustom Rustomjee, of Bombay, said: "To have found a continent as big as Europe without Russia, three times as populous as the United States, torn by constant internecine strife, without peace or settled government, and then to have transformed it within three generations into a well governed, peaceful, prosperous, democratic commonwealth of Indian nations, is an achievement without parallel in the history of mankind."

It would be rash, however, to imagine that the millennium had dawned in India, or that this great sub-continent had been made finally safe for the British Empire. There are at least two menacing movements on foot whose ultimate trend no one can foresee. First, there is the Khalifat or Mohammedan agitation, born of the blow to Moslem prestige inflicted by the World War, fanned into fierce flame by the seeming hardness of the terms of the peace treaty with Turkey, and embittered by the alleged broken promises of British statesmen. It is without doubt fed from Turkish and Bolshevik sources, whose hatred of Great Britain is implacable, and it derives immense prestige from its alliance with Indian Nationalism. Seventy million sullen and disillusioned Moslems within her gates are an embarrassing heritage to India as she emerges beyond the crossways; but let us take comfort in the fact that Mohammedan India played the game during the war.

The other movement is difficult to define; but its significance can hardly be over-estimated. Headed by one of the most amazing and masterful personalities in the world to-day—M. K. Gandhi—it makes a direct appeal to the heart of India and breathes the spirit of revolution. Called the "non-violent, non-coöperation movement" it has for its immediate object the securing of complete self-government before the end of 1921 by the application of a comprehensive policy of boycott; but it stands for something bigger than that: it aims at the setting up of an Eastern civilization, and issues a challenge to the dominion of the West. It is the uprising of the soul of India. It assumes that the West is material and the East spiritual; it protests

against railways, factories and hospitals as emblems of an alien civilization whose blighting influence must be stayed, and urges with vehemence a return to primitive simplicity as exemplified by forgotten sages and preached by modern prophets like Tolstoy and Ruskin; it voices the current discontents of the time and thereby casts a wide net; it stands for "soul force" as opposed to material might, and stoops to conquer by "passive resistance." Patriotism—for the time being the religion of educated India—plays an important part in the movement and the "Indianization of India" is an attractive slogan. Largely through the restraining influence of Mr. Gandhi the movement is not yet distinctly racial, but it is heading that way, and therein lies danger. On the other hand, this new Eastern civilization with its emphasis on the things of the spirit and its insistence on the Gospel of Self Help may prove a blessing to mankind. Meanwhile, it calls for vigilance and understanding.

The new India brings her old problems into the light of day; but the caller air of a new time plays upon them and gives promise of healing. Caste under the discovery of brotherhood must relax, custom unbend, and religious animosities soften; social reform, now blessed with elbow room, will hasten the abolition of early marriage, of the seclusion of women and enforced widowhood; the goal of free and compulsory education must be steadily sought; the natural resources of the country must be developed, and India's industrial age, now opening, protected at the same time from the evils of Western industrialism—India may lead the way in the "humanizing of industrialism"; the spectre of famine and poverty must be laid by the wise spread of the cooperative credit movement, the introduction of better methods of farming, the cultivation of cottage industries and the extension of irrigation; mutual trust among her peoples must be established, and the reproach of her fifty million "untouchables" be removed.

The "United States of India" is no small proposition. Happily, though danger clouds threaten, the auguries are on the whole auspicious. The appointment of Lord Reading as Viceroy was one of Lloyd George's happiest inspirations. As a former Lord Chief Justice of England he carried East with him the maj-

esty of law, in India a strong and enduring sentiment. Was it not a lawyer of Bengal who, when questioned by an apprehensive tourist, "What would you do if the Russians invaded India?" made the historic and unanswerable reply, "Sir, I would appeal to the High Court"? Apart from religious animosities that may flame into bloodshed, and acute agrarian situations that may end in riot, India is essentially a law-abiding country, and this widespread regard for law and order, while it may not avert a stampede among the masses, will undoubtedly exercise a steadying influence. Lord Reading, be it further noted, is rallying to the side of the new Government the forces of moderate opinion, European as well as Indian, and thereby creating a breakwater of informed thinking against which the forces of extremism may break but not prevail.

Another singularly happy choice was the selection of A. F. Whyte, as President of the Indian Legislative Assembly. He is handling with understanding, tact and success the business of the Indian Parliament and helping to win for that body a distinguished place among the legislative assemblies of the world. We do well to remember also that while all Indians revere Gandhi the patriot saint, all Indians do not follow Gandhi the politician. In this old land, seething as it is with new life, the man of moderate views is not to be despised. He holds the key to the situation, and he is prepared to give the present system of government a fair chance.

Another important consideration from the standpoint of the British connection is the sentiment of kingship, deep-seated in the Indian mind. The Rajput, India's traditional fighting man, craves no higher glory than to die for his King on the field of battle; and the peasant, however suspicious he may be of Mr. Lloyd George, sleeps well in the great consciousness that he is a subject of King George.

Great Britain may still cast anchor in the good-will of the Indian peasant, and find her anchor hold. It is quite true that the apostles of non-coöperation are taking advantage of the present high pressure of living to sow the seeds of discontent, and the "credulous mass" is for the time being agitated and disturbed; but I think the mood will pass. The peasant is half

awake and doubtful about Home Rule. Under the British Raj he has enjoyed security of tenure and impartial justice; he has wit enough to recognize the value of railways, law courts, good roads, coöperative banks, hospitals, settled government and post offices,—he is the greatest user of post cards in the universe,—and his love for foreign cloth will survive many boycotts; his faith in the governing capacity and working honesty of his educated brethren is somewhat thin, and on the whole he is content with things as they are, provided prices fall and he is left undisturbed to till his fields.

Nor is it just to dismiss Mr. Gandhi as a dangerous and headstrong revolutionary who is impervious to reason and sees no path but his own. His sincerity and patriotism are unquestioned, and here surely we may strike common ground. He has more than once proved himself a man of affairs who knows when and how to compromise, and I hazard the view that he and Lord Reading will yet arrive at an understanding that will be honorable to both. India has need of all her sons in these tremendous days. There remains one last reflection in this connection: Great Britain can hold India only with the good-will of the people, and that good-will she has not yet forfeited. She never has and never could hold this great sub-continent by the sword alone. In round numbers, leaving out the Eurasians, who muster 100,000, there are not more than 200,000 Europeans (of whom 75,000 are British soldiers) in all India, a proportion of 1 to 1,600. Surely good-will, fair dealing, justice, service, and elbow-room plus humility will make India safe for the Empire against all comers.

Where does America come in? It is worth recalling that the myth of the wealth of India started Columbus on his momentous voyage of discovery that ended in America, and it is America's turn now to discover India. Apart however, from sentimental grounds, there are certain material reasons why the United States should keep track of these fast moving events in the Middle East. Indian public opinion strongly inclines to a revision of her fiscal policy, hitherto free trade, and we may take it for granted that a modified tariff will be instituted in the near future, in which event American imports which are valuable and considerable are likely to be adversely affected. Again, the burning

of foreign cloth in Bombay, under Mr. Gandhi's policy of boycott, leads to the reflection that the raw material from which these articles were manufactured probably came from America, where anything that bears adversely on the cotton industry is not to be treated lightly. The emergence of India has also a direct bearing on the thorny problem of Asiatic immigration. Happily the Indian himself is not much given to emigration, but he will demand a hearing when the question arises in the forum of world politics; for the educated Indian is determined to remove the reproach of inferiority from his brethren. Nor must the importance of India from the standpoint of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance be overlooked. With India disturbed, and in the mind of some hastening to revolution, it would be an act of folly for Great Britain to give up that Alliance unless something more comprehensive and enduring can be guaranteed in its place.

Finally, the United States of America has a still higher stake in the future well-being of this new democracy in the Middle East. During the last century and up to this present a noble succession of devoted men and women have left her shores to spend their lives in the service of India. Heralds of the Christian Gospel, bearers of the torch of education, healers of the sick and succourers of the needy, they belonged in the truest sense to the high order of nation-builders, and to-day their work appears. Mission stations, hospitals, orphanages, schools and colleges—against such there is no law and no Monroe Doctrine—have revealed the true America to India and built up for her a reputation that commercialism and moving pictures have impaired but not undermined. Behind the Indian Nation throbs the Indian Church, in the creation of which American missionaries and American churches have had a worthy share. Here we light on the supreme import of the United States of India—an Indian Church, an Eastern interpretation of Christianity, and the possible passing of the spiritual leadership of the World from the West to the East.

J. Z. Hodge.

BUSINESS AND AGRICULTURE

BY E. T. MEREDITH
Ex-Secretary of Agriculture

I AM asked "What is the matter with business as viewed from an agricultural standpoint?" My answer is, "A lack of orders, due to the reduced purchasing power of the farmer."

It is commonplace in this country to say that agriculture is fundamental. Everyone seems to recognize it. Yet few seem to feel, as indicated by their lack of active interest, that it is of importance that no serious harm come to agriculture, that prices of farm products be stabilized, and that every reasonable facility be furnished to agriculture.

The farmers of the nation prepared the ground, sowed the seed and harvested the crop of 1920, under conditions calling for high-priced labor, high-priced equipment, expensive facilities. In fact, all expenses were comparable with those of the previous year. Yet they were obliged to take for this crop, which was a larger crop than that of the year previous, some five billions of dollars less. The business man, whether he be manufacturer, banker, insurance man, railroad man or what not, may be so busy with his own affairs, both business and social, that he gives but passing thought to this situation, and sweeps it aside with the statement that "the law of supply and demand is inexorable." He devotes many hours to borrowing money, to worrying about reducing expenses, in many cases goes through the hands of a receiver to straighten out his affairs, while all this might have been largely avoided had he devoted sufficient time in the interest of agriculture to prevent the hardships that have come to that calling.

Laboring men in all walks of life have complained because of the high cost of living, and have urged that the cost of living must be reduced, not stopping to realize that they could better afford to pay $1.75 for wheat while steadily employed in some manufacturing plant at seven dollars a day than to pay seventy-five cents for

wheat while out of employment. Since the first of January last it has been reported that there are three million idle men in the United States. It is likely that they are now worrying not so much about the high cost of living as about the problem of finding employment that will offer them any living at all.

Farmers in some cases have been obliged to forfeit land upon which they have made substantial payments; others have been obliged to make up the difference between actual cost of production and the price received for the products of their labor, out of their capital. Many renters have been obliged to move from the farm, bankrupt, because of the losses occasioned by the slump in prices. Certainly when the business man, laboring man and farmer are all affected, the problem is mutual, and it is no more the problem of one than another, and attention given to the problem is no more in the interest of the farmer than of the other two classes.

Granted that the high prices prevailing during the war had to be reduced, the question is whether they should be reduced at one stroke, with the consequent hardship that comes to business, labor and agriculture, or whether this reduction should be brought about in an orderly way, giving each interest time to adjust itself. I am not asked to decide as between the two policies, but only to discuss what is the matter with business at present.

Granted that some method had been devised to reduce the price of farm products gradually, and that we had reduced the value of the 1920 crop but a billion dollars instead of five billion, giving the farmer for last year's crop four billion dollars more than the amount he received at the prevailing prices, what would have been the situation? There are 6,500,000 farms in the United States, upon which are engaged thirteen million men. These farms are, in effect, 6,500,000 separate manufacturing plants, needing woven wire fence, tractors, trucks, windmills, homes with all their equipment, clothing, shoes, lumber for barns, tile for drainage, steel for a thousand different purposes. These plants do as other plants do, namely, buy equipment when they have money to pay for it. Business is but an exchange or a trade of one article of commerce for another article of commerce. The farmer trades his wheat or his corn for a tractor, a truck or other

equipment, and the fact that one man buys the wheat and pays for it in dollars, the farmer using the money to pay for the tractor, does not essentially change the situation. Will anyone deny that had the farmer four million orders to place, for a thousand dollars each,—had property in the way of agricultural products been valued at four billion dollars more than they were valued,—he would have delayed making these trades?

If anyone of us could act as purchasing agent for the farmers of the nation, and had to-day four million orders for a thousand dollars each to place with the manufacturers of shoes, clothing, implements, trucks, tractors, automobiles, etc., every idle man in America would be put to work manufacturing the goods with which to fill these orders, and the manufacturers would have many orders to place with other business concerns for raw material and equipment. The business men of the nation, whose profits are only a charge for the service they render in connection with making these exchanges between agriculture and labor, would have orders. The business man with orders could pay his banker; labor employed would patronize the retailer; the retailer would buy of the jobber and manufacturer, and "business" would be in a very different situation. The lost labor of three million idle men, and the profits business men did not make on orders not received, would be traded for the farmer's crops. Were the trades made, the farmer would be benefited by the extra equipment, labor would be employed in making it, and business men would profit in making the exchanges. Some may urge that the farmer still has had a large income to spend. Certainly he has, but he does as the rest of us do, "slows up" when business is poor; and he has slowed up. He feels poorer than he really is, and business must wait until he gets adjusted.

We are told that the closing of European markets is the cause of the present situation. This may have and undoubtedly has had some influence on the situation, but this is not the first time that harm coming to agriculture has led to resultant harm to business. If the closing of foreign markets is the one and only cause of the present situation, what was the cause of the depression of 1893, and other similar uncertain times? The facts are that less than twenty per cent of our total agricultural products are exported.

Exports of crops have fallen as low as 11% and meats several times to 5% of the year's production. If we export from last year's crop an excess of one hundred million bushels of wheat, there would be considerable question as to whether we would have sufficient for our own needs and proper reserve. The visible supply of wheat at this time is the lowest in eighteen years, the supply in country and terminal elevators being less than one-half what it was one year ago.

Agriculture is fundamental, and it follows that we are anxious to keep upon the farms a contented, prosperous citizenship, giving them an American standard of living, which means cost of production plus enough to keep the children in school. Why, then, should we permit the small exportable surplus of our agricultural products to come in competition in Liverpool with the Russian peasant's wheat, with wheat from the Balkan States, with Australian wool, permitting the sale of this small per cent to force a price which bankrupts our farmers by so greatly reducing the price of the large portion we consume in this country? If the law of supply and demand is the controlling factor, why should we not give some attention to the question of our domestic needs; the amount that the world will accept from us at cost of production plus a reasonable profit, and then in some way regulate the production to meet the demand? Why continue to produce such a quantity of a given crop that because of its production we come to harm? What is the advantage to the farmer of the South, to the retail business man who hopes to sell to him, to the jobber who hopes to sell to the retailer, to the northern manufacturer who hopes to sell to the jobber, to the laboring man in the factory who hopes for employment, to have produced in this country a crop of cotton larger than we need for ourselves, the surplus of which the world will not accept at cost of production, with the result that not the surplus alone but the whole crop must be sold at a price that means hardship to the producing farmer, the man with whom the business starts? Is it not a travesty, if the statement made in dispatches is true, that there are likely to be ten thousand deaths in the South, due to the fact that the farmers have no money and cannot buy the necessities of life, and yet have cotton, which would be a Godsend, not alone to the people of Europe, but

to the three million men now idle in the United States? There may be closed markets in Europe, and undoubtedly are, but there is a very great, unfilled, potential market in the United States. Three million idle men and their families would find need for much cotton if the men were engaged in gainful labor.

I am not suggesting that we should reduce production. I am heartily in favor of maximum production, the largest possible output of necessities and luxuries. But I am suggesting that we should have a balanced production, and if the world will not absorb, at the cost of production plus a profit, our cotton, our wheat, our wool or our corn, then we should produce of these crops enough to meet our domestic needs, absorbing it at a price that brings to the producer cost of production plus a profit, and devote the balance of our time and our energies to producing other crops or articles that the world will absorb, or that this country may absorb to the advantage of its citizenship.

A family of ten brothers would certainly not manufacture any article, chairs for instance, which it was obliged to sell for three-fourths of what it actually cost to produce. If there was a market for the product of but seven of the brothers at a profit, these brothers might continue manufacturing chairs, but the other three brothers would probably look for some other source of income. Each business man regulates his production by what he can sell at a profit, given normal conditions. It is natural and possible that these decisions should be made by individuals, corporations, or co-partnerships engaged in business. Why should they not be made by the larger family, the 110,000,000 people of the United States?

Decisions for the whole people can be made only through our Government, and it might be possible for us to influence a balance production by our Government's fixing one year in advance, for the following year's crops, the minimum price it will guarantee on five articles, wheat which is bread, wool and cotton which are clothing, corn which is meat, and sugar of which we import a very large quantity. Human nature is about the same the country over, and the hope of a profit will move men to engage in an enterprise offering such profit. The prospect of a loss or but scant profit will discourage them from engaging in an enterprise. We

know the approximate quantity of the five mentioned crops necessary to meet our domestic needs. The Department of Agriculture has made very careful studies as to the cost of production. A price can be fixed upon wheat which will permit enough farmers to engage in its production to give us six hundred million bushels, if that be our needs. A higher price will let in additional farmers, farmers not so fortunately situated as those who could produce profitably at the lower price, to give us a total production of seven hundred million bushels. A still higher price will give us a still larger production. With the prices announced one year in advance, if it were deemed desirable to curtail production of a given crop, a reduction in the guaranteed price of the article of which we had a surplus and an increase in the price of the one of which we wished to increase production would discourage a certain percentage of farmers from raising the one crop and result in the desired lessened production, and increase the production of the other crop of which we had a shortage. We might, at times, find the Government with a small portion of a given crop on hand, not absorbed by our own people or the export market, and in that case the whole people would absorb the surplus through the Government as a problem of mutual interest, handling it so as not to bring harm to the people who produced the crop, thus permitting business to go along without a jar. In this situation the price the following year on that particular crop would be reduced in order to reduce production. After a few years' experience with necessary adjustments of prices we would get to a stable basis. Some may say this would be wholly in the interest of the farmer. Such do not agree that agriculture is fundamental. We ask the farmer as a class to continue production. The interests of the whole nation demand that we have a sustained agricultural production. They cannot as a class go out of business, an option the individual business man has; therefore the farmer should be given some assurance as to what the price of his produce will be one year hence. He plants a year in advance. There is no suggestion of guaranteed profit. He still has the hazard of weather, disease, insects and management.

Individually the farmer of course makes decisions regarding the crops he will plant, but because as an individual he can have but a

narrow view of the domestic and world's needs this does not meet the situation.

I grant that the Government cannot buy, at the end of the harvest, the twenty billions of dollars worth of agricultural products produced annually upon our farms. The Government could not possibly receive and distribute these products, thereby taking the place of thousands of business men. This would not be desirable, even though it were possible. Therefore, the Government would agree to buy only the surplus crop, that portion left over after the consumption year. The price of wheat for the crop of 1922 would be fixed in the summer of 1921, the crop harvested in 1922, and any surplus bought August 1, 1923. During the time between harvest in 1922 and August, 1923, the people of the nation will need wheat. Granted that the price is fixed at $1.75. No farmer will sell his wheat for one dollar per bushel. He will inform any would-be purchaser that he will keep it until the date the Government has agreed to take it, that the only discount he will allow will be the carrying charges. In the meantime, the people of the United States must eat and the millers must furnish the flour. As a consequence the millers must have wheat and they will pay the farmers the price fixed by the Government. At the end of the consumption year, when the Government proposes to make good its offer and says to John Smith, farmer, that it is ready to buy his ten thousand bushels of wheat, Mr. Smith will inform the Government that he has sold his wheat and that it has long since been eaten by the people of New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis, who exchanged for it services which the farmer desired in the way of manufactured products, transportation, household equipment, calling for the employment of labor and transactions which we term "business."

In the meantime, we have given the farmer conditions under which he can plan his work. He can determine for himself whether he can produce wheat at the price offered, this price being designed to permit the number which is necessary to produce the volume desired to engage in the growing of wheat. The farmer who could not grow at the price offered would not grow wheat, but would grow wool or some crop more suited to his situation, and that is what we desire in this effort to regulate in

some way the supply of agricultural products so as to meet the demand but not to exceed it to such an extent that we shall all come to harm. Prices could be fixed by a committee of Cabinet officers, representing labor, business and agriculture, advised by a corps of statisticians as to the cost of production, the consumption needs of our own country, world markets, etc. The price is only a minimum guarantee, the farmer receiving any higher price offered because of world shortage or other unusual conditions.

There is from day to day fluctuation in the price of grains and meats. Farmers rightfully complain bitterly because of this. A guaranteed minimum by the Government would largely remove speculation and fluctuations except for natural causes, such as world shortage because of some calamity.

Statistics showing the production of our farms per acre for the past fifty years show a surprising parallel between commercial failures and reduced revenue to the farmers, and a corresponding reduction in failures when the farmer has taken, not necessarily the largest crop in volume, but the crop that has returned him the largest amount in dollars, which in practically every case is on the whole the same thing. The failures for the country are more than doubled when agriculture is depressed, as against the number when the farmer is in good circumstances. Certainly this indicates a very close relationship between business and agriculture. Laboring men recognize that when business is bad and failures are common, labor is unemployed, and if a reduced revenue to the farmer or the production of a crop by him at an actual loss results in stagnation of business and failure to the business man, the laboring man is as much interested as the business man.

Answering again what is the matter with business from an agricultural standpoint, I would say that it is a lack of orders to the amount of four billion dollars, four million orders of a thousand dollars each, which the farmers of this country have not placed during the past year because we took this value out of their crops and they are simply so much short in the value of the tangible property which they have to trade for the wares of the business man. If the farmers of the country decide to reduce expenses one dollar and a quarter a day (and they have), it means four hundred and fifty dollars a year for each farm; on 6,500,000 farms

this means $3,000,000,000, or three million orders of one thousand dollars each. It is the new wealth the farmer takes from the soil, twenty billion dollars a year, that forms the basis of business.

Manufactured products must in most cases be imported into this country to come into competition in our domestic market. Tariff will not prevent wheat being offered in Liverpool by Russian peasants or farmers of the Balkans; tariff will not keep cotton grown by coolies of India from being offered in Manchester. Our surplus wheat and our cotton must meet their price and this price governs the whole crop. If protection is desirable in the case of manufacturing, why is it not important to adopt some system that will actually protect the farmer and prevent the small surplus from fixing the price on the whole, tariff or no tariff?

We recognize railroads to be of the utmost importance, and we guarantee a reasonable return on their capital and tax ourselves to meet it. This may be wise, but if so, why do we dismiss help for agriculture as socialistic and "subsidy," and consider direct contributions to the railroads to be good business?

Matters may be adjusted by labor getting back to the old basis, by business men reducing their profits in order that the merchandise which the farmer is interested in purchasing shall represent something like a fair exchange in value for the products of his labor; or we can get back by increasing the price of farm crops so that the labor represented in a number of bushels of wheat or pounds of cotton sufficient to purchase a pair of shoes, a gasoline engine, or a dining-room table, may more nearly correspond with the amount of labor necessary to produce those articles. Had the business men of America interested themselves before rather than after the fact, we might have adjusted ourselves gradually; there might have been an avoidance of the failures, the bankruptcies and the hard times. We do not seem to have learned our lesson when calamity formerly came to agriculture. It is too late to prevent the hardship that has come at this time; but shall we not profit by our lesson and work out some plan which will prevent its recurrence?

E. T. Meredith.

RURAL REGENERATION

BY SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

About sixteen years ago there began in the United States an awakening of the national conscience, at the reckless exploitation of the national resources of that land of promise for the enrichment of the financiers of the present generation to the utter disregard of future generations. President Roosevelt launched his famous Conservation policy which was intended to check the waste. Thought had not gone far upon the problem when a railway king, the late James J. Hill, delivered a remarkable lecture to a body of farmers in Minnesota. He laid particular stress upon the exhaustion of the fertility of the soil, but he drew an interesting distinction between this form of wastage, which admitted of replacement, and the using up of mineral resources, which was much more serious than was generally appreciated and which was irreparable. Among the effects of this pronouncement was the supplementing by President Roosevelt of his Conservation policy by his Country Life policy, and some of those in his confidence called his attention to work being done in Ireland upon its rural problem. He asked me to confer with him on this subject, and I was glad to find that our ideas upon it were identical. We agreed that, quite apart from the more obvious reasons for helping the farmer which appealed to him quite as much as they did to me, even looking at the matter from the purely urban—still more from the broadest national—point of view, rural neglect was fraught with the greatest economic, social and political consequences.

The economic reasons relate to the interdependence of town and country, of which two aspects may be mentioned: first, the greater volume of internal than foreign commerce, and second, the essential importance of rural prosperity as a factor in financial stability—the most striking illustration being the way in which the thrift and industry of the French peasantry seem to

save France from financial crises which many people think would otherwise be as frequent as political upheavals.

Our most interesting discussions were upon the political value of the rustic mind in a modern democracy. If you compare the mentality of the town artisan and the country laborer, it is by no means certain that the quicker intelligence of the one is really more serviceable to the State than the slow reasoning of the other. Admitting that democracy requires for success a higher level of intelligence and character in the mass of the people than other forms of government, and that the townsman has a wider theoretical knowledge than the countryman of the main processes by which the community lives, is not the latter's knowledge, which is quite as important as intelligence, more fundamental—nearer, I mean, to the root of things? Has not the division of labor, the triumph of "get-rich-quick" industrialism, limited the appreciation of the town worker for the factors other than his own labor to which the creation of great fortunes around him is due? And is not the countryman's first-hand knowledge of all the processes by which the chief wealth of the country is created a natural corrective of wild revolutionary schemes for scrapping the whole economic and social system?

Let me go back some fifteen years from the incident to which I first referred and trace the practical work done upon the rural problem of Ireland from its first inception until it became an object lesson in rural reconstruction for the English-speaking world. In 1889 the agrarian agitation was dying down and it became vitally important to release the economic energies it had repressed. The first thing was to direct the energies of the rural population, now no longer needed for the struggle for obtaining the land, to the no less important task of learning how to use it. In order to evade trade opposition, farmers had to be organized in the first instance for the difficult and risky enterprise of coöperative dairying. In the light of these experiences, which taught us the immensely greater educational value of coöperative production than of coöperative distribution, I have often regretted that the Rochdale pioneers combined to divide up a chest of tea instead of killing and curing a coöperative pig.

The first creamery, brought to birth by infinite travail,

proved to be the thin end of a very thick wedge. The movement just begun had not gone far when the politicians put a spoke in our wheel. We were preaching the damnable doctrine that what the workers on the land could do for themselves by intelligent combination was immeasurably greater than what the best of governments could do for them. The popular instructors in the Press and on the platform denounced this heresy. It was to meet this criticism that in 1895 we organized a non-partisan committee to promote economic legislation for the development of our agriculture and industries. The committee did its work so well that its labors resulted in the setting up in 1900 of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction. The Chief Secretary of the day, Mr. Gerald Balfour, to whose unostentatious statesmanship due credit has never been given, entered into the spirit of the Irish rural movement and gave to the new Department a constitution, functions and resources adequate for the purpose our rural reformers had in view.

But when the claim of our voluntary associations of farmers for recognition came before the Department, the old political opposition to coöperation revived. The relations between the Department and the hundreds of branches of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society became increasingly difficult, and were finally severed, with incalculable injury to economic progress.

Once more this non-political movement, which has now had a remarkable record for over a quarter of a century of rigid adherence to its non-sectarian and non-political pledge, was attacked by the politicians. The Development Commission was created by the Act of 1909; its statutory objects included "aiding and developing agriculture." Among the means to this end "the organization of coöperation" was mentioned. But so powerful were the trading political interests opposed to us that the English and Scottish Agricultural Organization Societies, which I do not think it will be denied were flattering imitations of the parent Irish Society, were subsidized by the Development Commission for two years before it could, without making trouble in Parliament, utilize the services of the Irish Society. Once this restraint upon the Development Commissioners' assistance to Irish Agriculture was removed, the most fruitful relationship

between that splendid body of shrewd and benevolent administrators and the Irish Society was inaugurated.

Far more important for my present purpose than the details of material achievement are the combined social and economic aims of this scheme of rural progress, and the methods by which they were pursued. Let me, therefore, summarize the salient facts of the story. For thirty years a group of social workers have been engaged upon the solution of our rural problem. Those of them whose circumstances permitted gave free service and helped to pay the staff of the Central Society. This Institution, which was founded in 1894, has received in voluntary contributions over a quarter of a million sterling—most of this sum being subscribed by the branches it has spread all over the country. There have been subsidies from public funds, but these were in a relatively small proportion to the voluntary contributions. Throughout, the main reliance has been upon the organized voluntary effort. It is surely a remarkable fact that the movement has not only survived the attacks made upon it, but that neither in the agrarian nor in the political troubles which have disturbed the country in the last thirty years has the loyalty of its members ever been shaken. At many thousands of meetings men of all creeds and politics have loyally observed our non-sectarian and non-political pledge.

I pass now from the practical to the theoretical work of the Irish reformers. In the Plunkett House, the home of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, there was established in 1913, with a liberal subsidy from the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, a Coöperative Reference Library. Its function is to supply complete information upon coöperative effort, both urban and rural, past and present, and to conduct social and economic research as needed by the Irish and other coöperative movements. To this institution students have come and are coming from all over the world, notably from the United States and India. The foundation of this specialized library synchronized with the coming to Ireland of the American Agricultural Commission, which in the year before the War made an inquiry into the agricultural organization of European countries very similar to that of the Recess Committee a quarter of a century ago. It is

remarkable that these American investigators, who represented nearly every state in the Union and Canada, devoted seven out of the eleven days spent in the United Kingdom to a study of agricultural development in Ireland. And thus it to came pass that Ireland, with all her troubles, found herself regarded as a pioneer in rural reconstruction.

The policy underlying this progress is threefold, and is reduced to the formula "better farming, better business, better living." Agriculture must be regarded as an industry, as a business, and as a life. To the industry must be applied all the physical sciences relating to soil, climate, plant and animal life, to the buildings and mechanical equipment of the farm. To the business of farming must be applied methods upon which all business undertakings now depend for their commercial success. But if the Irish story means anything, it is that the chief need of agriculture as a business is organization upon the coöperative and not upon the joint-stock or corporation plan which is suitable to all other business combinations. But by far the most important part of the rural problem is that which treats agriculture as a life. Where three things are necessary it is absurd to discuss their relative importance; but both better farming and better business are in the minds of the best of my fellow-workers chiefly interesting as means to better living. Agriculture as an industry and as a business will not, in our view, survive the conflict between the various competing social orders unless and until a solution of the rural problem has been generally accepted which clearly envisages a rural community, every member of which can be satisfied that remaining on the land does not imply being in a backwater of modern progress.

We must realize that, while an agricultural existence admits of physical welfare above the average of a town existence, it does not offer, and cannot be made to offer, the opportunities of material advancement which urban pursuits provide. It is absolutely necessary to brighten rural life by developing its social pleasures and its cultural side in a way which will enable it to compete with the modern city. For this there is at present hardly any social organization, and our Irish experience has convinced us that in only one way can this vital need be supplied in

time to meet the urgent demand of the present day. The rural community must be organized for business purposes, and the business association must be used for the higher purposes of social and intellectual advancement, and, if I may put it bluntly and plainly, for fun. If I have one criticism to offer of the splendid work being done by agricultural institutions, it is that they have not sufficiently emphasized the importance of better business (which means chiefly coöperative organization) as a means to the end of better living as well as of better farming.

Small town life suffers from lack of organization. Spasmodic attempts are made to form clubs or found reading-rooms, but in nine cases out of ten they die out or become moribund in the course of a few years because they have been dependent on the initiative and enthusiasm of one or two people, and these leave the neighborhood or find other claims on their interest. The problem of making rural life as full of stimulus and as attractive as it ought to be, can only be solved by educating the townspeople themselves in the broad principle of coöperation—coöperation in social and educational as well as in strictly agricultural matters.

The universities, as the head of a national system of education, as the training ground of research students, and as the chief centres of advanced research work, have been rightly giving increased attention to the place of agriculture and rural economy in national education. But in the past, agriculture has been mainly associated with the physical sciences, and especially is this so as regards the work of research. To-day, however, it is becoming increasingly clear how complex and vital are rural problems of an economic and a social character. Questions of the right use of land, of its settlement and tenure, of the organization of the agricultural community in respect of production and distribution, of transport, credit and insurance, of systematic and comparable costings, which are so vital not only to modern ideas of State policy but to the guidance of individuals and of countries as to the lines of economic production—these and many other economic questions are no less urgent, and in some cases more urgent, in agriculture than in any other industry.

I do not wish for any divorce between agricultural and industrial economics; the field is one; but the importance of different

systems of organization, such as coöperative system on the one hand and the joint-stock system on the other, varies widely in these two great sides of our productive organization, and a closer attention to the particular phases of the problems of political economy which are presented in connection with agriculture and rural life will broaden the whole field of economic study.

There is, too, another aspect of rural studies which should not be overlooked. Agriculture is a great meeting-place of the sciences. The growth and care of crops and stocks brings the student into a most living and real relationship with the methods and results of modern science, while on the other hand the field of study, as I have indicated, is rich in economic and social meaning. What I ask therefore, is that we should try to see our agricultural curriculum as a whole. The universities above all must see to it that they are thinking out and embodying in their curriculum the study of this great side of life, and that they are pioneering the way and preparing teacher-guides in this field of study.

There is a wonderful comity in the pursuits and interests of rural life. The husbandman, from whatever country he comes, soon begins to understand the doings and interests of the husbandmen of other countries. The life of the country unites us. "Nature's Social Union" is a very wonderful thing to observe and reflect upon. It is because I wish to see this great human element emphasized in our agricultural education and in our ideas of rural economy that I appeal to universities of all the English-speaking peoples to provide a larger leadership—a wider vision of "better living" as well as better farming and better business in our countrysides.

HORACE PLUNKETT.

SHALL PROGRESS REACH THE BIBLE?

BY HERBERT D. MILES

"A NEW Bible? Never; it can't be done!" That, it is more than probable, will be our first reaction to a proposal which I am bound to agree smacks of a foolhardy rushing in where angels fear to tread. And very natural would be such a reaction, too. In the sense of actual "newness" it cannot be done, and should not. But if our "new" Bible shall contemplate an honest separation, under suitable title, of all matter which in the present arrangement has no bearing upon our everyday lives and problems from that part which does have such direct bearing; if it shall include a wisely considered, a reverent but fearless expurgation, where a need for expurgation cries to heaven, then it can be done. But we must assume from the start a selfless and a noble personal attitude toward the idea; we must not feel that any interference with the venerable book, beyond the revisions that have been made, is a profanation of a Holy of Holies.

In the course of my exchange of letters, in the winter of 1920, with the late John Burroughs, we referred at one time, briefly, to the Bible. Our letters were a discussion of the ancient and inherently noble ideas of religion called Pantheism; which ideas were held, and always most vigorously upheld, by Mr. Burroughs. He commented: "I think as highly of the Bible as you do. It is the book of books, yet it is only a book, man-made." Mr. Burroughs and I are in perfect accord as to the Bible being the book of books. And yet I cannot but feel, as I am sure he would too, that because that is so, because its being so is bound up with all that it has meant to our forefathers and, more important, with all that it is to mean to those very different people, our children, we should with all due respect face now, clear-sighted, courageous, our problem of its deficiencies, its inconsistencies, its redundancies. It is a bold idea, without doubt, whether new or old. "All the attitudes and tempers that are

possible have been exhibited long ago," said William James, speaking of religions generally. And that philosopher warned us that "We instinctively recoil from seeing an object to which our emotions and affections are committed, handled by the intellect as any other object is handled."

A Bishop of the Episcopal church, in the course of a sermon delivered last winter, declared that, roughly estimated, there are in this country fifty million persons who are of church-going families and fifty million who are of church-abstaining families. There was a time when such a declaration would have been taken to mean that ours is a nation but half-Christian. But to all well-disposed persons who subscribe to our constitution and laws we are rightly inclined to award the term Christian, whether or not they have church affiliation; mere church-going confers no special honor to-day in the world's estimate; it may, and should, confer peace, although to achieve that peace some of us must perforce indulge in mental reservations. Yet I affirm, and earnestly, that we should all be churchmen. The Church founded not upon superstition but upon deep and simple truth, is, and must always be, the great stabilizer of society. It is to this end that I plead for a "changed" Bible.

Probably most of the adult representatives of those without church affiliation do not feel a need of being explained. Some of them are merely lazy; their attitude includes no objection to the beliefs or even the ritual of any church; they would a little prefer that their children be taken under the wing of one; they are simply worldly in all that the word implies. Some among the more ignorant, especially in large cities, feel that an attendance at church would imply upon their part some profession of superiority over their non-church-going neighbors; or they feel that no man has a right to be a churchman unless he have a conscience free of guilt, and is willing to be considered "unco gude." And there are of course the frankly agnostic or atheistic.

But the very great majority of what we may call the church-abstaining, out of this fifty millions, I am convinced, hold back through a half-realized but deep-rooted idea that the Church and the Bible ask them to believe and to subscribe to much that they cannot believe and so cannot subscribe to; much that is outworn,

even in the simplest of services, owing to parts of the Bible. They instinctively—and perhaps rightly—feel that a large portion of regular church-goers shut their eyes to a good deal, restrain their powers of thought in the interest of "faith," or make mental reservations and let it go at that. Faith is a word, unfortunately, that has been held over the devout like a sword; that has been used as a reason for non-reason; yes, and for non-spirituality. Yet faith is a good word, and there is a point where it is good common sense.

We are come to a time when we want to ask the fifty millions to come to church; to be churchmen and women. Have we a right to ask them to come, and to be forced thereupon to hear scripture-reading some of which makes them, if they are reflecting individuals, feel like squirming in their seats; feel that they are being asked, like children, to hear certain quaint tales quite without relation to daily life, and sometimes worse things, useless, or even abhorrent to their protesting souls? If this question seem a profanation, let me hasten to add that such reading is exceptional; but it should not be possible at all. It is a decided deterrent to the growth of the Church, and of real Christianity.

There are many points of approach to this consideration of that large portion of our Bible, especially of the Old Testament, which is plainly unedifying for private reading and unsuited for reading in church; which no wise clergyman would choose to read there. One element is, the effect upon the clergy themselves of a close reading of such things; that is, upon the narrower, less intelligent men, of whom, alas! there are plenty. Another—our children; especially those of tenderer years. Certain of the classics undesirable for them we may keep from them, but to the "holy book" they have free access; indeed they are urged to read it freely. About such objectionable parts, perhaps it is well not to take too much for granted as to a general information upon the part of the reader. Specifically then—but in part only—may be mentioned the offensive sex-narratives of Genesis, fit for the ancient cattle-breeders, perhaps; the obsolete and confused ritual regulations of Leviticus and Deuteronomy, most of which belong to an outgrown stage of civilization—if we may call it a civilization at all; Jonah and similar pure fiction, the real teaching

of which may have its lofty parts but is usually quite misunderstood; accounts of a fierce and savage warfare; endless genealogies; quite as useless as those others which St. Paul had in mind when in his Epistle to Timothy he said: "Neither give heed to fables and endless genealogies." There should be a decided condensation of the Prophets and a more accurate rendering of the Psalms.

Before the Church shall drift further away, supinely, from the fifty millions, then, it is time with a view to preserving what is really our guide to life, the best of the book, and emphasizing such parts, for all Christians to take a hand in considering sanely this old, time-incrusted, indubitably precious guide, our Bible. We are not Chinese; we do not, because a thing is old, sink our reason in mere veneration. And it is to be hoped that we can take it in hand successfully without being open to a charge that nothing higher than cold reason has possessed us. As a matter of truth, your sincere and able reasoner perceives more deeply than others that there is, in our natural emotion toward God, something transcending pure reason.

It is probably true that comparatively few men really know how to think beyond what is called for by their daily routine. That, nevertheless, is a poor reason for assuming that it matters not to such men whether or not the Bible be left in a form such as its present, which requires elaborate interpretation. Millions of simple souls have lived and died content with it as it is, it is true; convinced that every page is "God's Word." Great is their humble faith, and great their imagination if they found the beauty of holiness in arid places! But we are considering the good of infinitely more millions; their defense against a more than probable growth of a blighting scepticism, as education shall be extended over the Earth, unless our Bible shall be made more self-interpreting. Too much clergy-interpretation is bad; as time goes on it must appear how shallow a hold comes of a dependence upon such interpretation. It is shown in Russia to-day. The saddest part of it all is—a part apparently unrealized by good men who would hold to the present admittedly unsatisfactory Bible because of timidity and of a cultured approval of their personal interpretations—that so many of our own people are vic-

tims, literally victims, of that Bible; and have ceased to pray. And the manner of it is this: As children, innocent and trusting, they have learned about the "first man and first woman"—date, about 7000 years ago. They have learned of Noah and his Ark; of Lot, Samuel, Samson, Jezebel, David, Jonah. They have learned of a Virgin Birth and of other wondrous events. They have grown up; they have acquired that little education which is a dangerous thing; they may not have learned really to think, but they live in the atmosphere of the twentieth century. They come to a time when they cannot believe all that they have so trustingly taken in, with the seal of the Church and the Bible upon it; from that creeps upon them a doubt of the personal relationship to them of God Himself. And—so blighting a thing is a betrayed trust, or what they must believe to be such—from that day they cannot really pray, even though they go through the form of prayer. Then follows naturally an indifference to church; finally an abstinence from church. All of that is another way of saying, perhaps, that most thinking men and women must perforce become a little agnostic, probably with varying realization or acknowledgment of it to themselves; not in the sense of rejecting Christianity, but sufficiently to make them either uncomfortably restless or dangerously passive. To the degree that it is unsettling, this is bad, at least for their peace; to the degree that it is growth in perception of truth, it cannot be bad. They were unfortunately started, from a background of obsolescence.

Perhaps every Christian, whether of the clergy or of the laity, must be agnostic to a certain degree. I am convinced that such a rearrangement of our Bible as we may hope to see would allow of many an earnest man and woman, partly agnostic, looking upon the Church as theirs, of whatever denomination they might choose; and would likewise allow of the Church looking upon them as good material, acceptable and helpful. Suppose a questionnaire to be put, to a clergyman, a layman, and an agnostic, as follows:

Q. Do you know that God exists in a particular form? A. I do not.

Q. Do you know that God appeared to Man, or directed him? A. I do not.

Q. Do you know that God is not in a sense Man's invention?
A. I do not.

Q. Do you know that Christ was of actual Virgin birth?
A. I do not.

Q. Do you know that Christ ascended in His body visibly?
A. I do not.

I am sure that each of the three suggested persons, bearing in mind that the questions are in each case "know," not "believe," must reply as given, and to that extent be agnostic. The questions, however, are only apparently important ones; actually they are non-essentials, both as to our daily living and as to the principles of Christianity. A faith or a want of faith, as to one or all of them, makes not any difference in our lives or our usefulness. I am attempting to show a very natural and a very common strain of agnosticism; but I have nothing other than sorrow for the honest agnostic who cannot find in his make-up any faith. We may have an honest doubt as to the Virgin Birth and the Bodily Ascension. It is more than probable that the followers who chronicled the birth went back for those intimate assertions thirty years before their own personal contact with, or actual knowledge of, Christ. In telling of the last, they were Orientals, laboring under much strain after intense and tragic excitements. Certainly it is a more natural thing to believe in a Creator and to believe that He sent a message through a special messenger, than to believe that He would without necessity break His inviolable Law.

But Christ Himself told us to pray. The agnostic must know this. He Himself gave us a prayer. And perhaps beyond anything else that we have, that prayer comes to us direct and unaltered, from His own lips. In its opening, Christ twice mentions a "Heaven" as a place distinct from Earth, and mentions God as "our Father." The extraordinary importance of this cannot be exaggerated. It directly resolves our doubts as to the four greatest things of Christian belief, Prayer, Fatherhood, Heaven, Immortality. Without it, we can have doubts; with it, if we believe anything at all, we have assurance. If we believe anything, we believe that Christ, whether divine or human, was the one Messenger to us from the Infinite; the one and only one

with the voice of authority; the one and only one with a wisdom and a life in harmony with His message. What is directly from His lips then, is of supremest importance; what is clear, noble, untainted with a suspicion of Oriental additions by His chroniclers. In that one, small prayer, is mankind's pearl without price!

In spite of our voluminous Bible, what we actually have as a basis for our moral law, applying to life to-day, is a comparatively slim thread running through its Hebrew foundation, the Old Testament, and the message of Christ, followed by the inspiration of Paul. Beyond that, should not the Church of all denominations encourage individuality as to belief in non-essentials, even to the rearrangement of certain old creeds?

How, then, shall we go about this work? Far be it from me more than tentatively to suggest its detail. Ideally, there might be a high commission of ten men, of international make-up, composed of four of the clergy and two laymen of the Protestant churches, and four earnest and scholarly men outside the Church, to represent the millions partly agnostic. To this number, if the Roman Church should find itself interested, should be added two or more, to represent it. This new Bible might have a First Part, called, perhaps, the "Hebrew Foundation," to include all that is best of the Old Testament. This could remain in the language of the revised version. Legend, when retained, should be put as legend, cherished for its high literary and historical value; its "holiness" removed.

The Second Part, practically our New Testament, might be subdivided into three parts, comprising the chief bases of our worship, our teaching, and our prayers. The first of these parts would be of least value, being the accounts of the miraculous in the life of Christ, and including the accounts of His birth, miracles, and ascension. This implies a segregation which could in turn open the question as to the need of the separate four Gospels as now printed. It would probably be agreed that all demonology, and other questionable beliefs common to the day in which the writers of Christ's life lived, which are imposed upon the history of His perfect life and philosophy, can be left out. This part might be called "The Accounts of the Miraculous." The second

could be our New Testament substantially as it is without the controversial matter above indicated, and without repetitions if the four Gospels should be consolidated. This would be the heart of the Christian religion, including the words and philosophy of Christ and the inspiring story of His ministry and His death upon the Cross; followed by the splendid genius of Paul. This might be called "The Ministry of Christ." Finally, the third part, which should be in modern English, would be a recapitulation, clear and broad; in no sense a creed in whole or in part, but rather a constitution for all churches and all peoples, the Principles of Christianity. This might be called "Christian Principles." It could be hoped that Christian nations, in their dealings with each other and with barbarians, might hold to it. It should be an excellent thing for the guidance of the Mohammedan, Buddhist, and heathen nations, after they shall find it in use in the highest political councils of the Christian Powers. In any event, we owe it to ourselves not to feel that, because the Christian world is made up of many creeds, many minds, and many tastes and traditions, an agreement eliminating controversial matter may not be concluded upon its Bible and Principles. That would be to deny the courage and intelligence of man.

Let us then, with a great heart of courage, with a great faith in the truth of the essentials, with a forward-looking sacrifice of the non-essentials, have the good sense to venerate and keep for our actual guidance only that which is genuinely holy in use, rather than holy in tradition only. If we shall not, there is trouble ahead. Too long have laymen leaned upon the responsibility of the clergy; too long have the clergy solemnly agreed that much of the Bible as it now is used is open to controversy or is redundant, but that, as such parts do not interfere with "essential truth," they can supinely allow it all to stand. Modesty, humility and breadth, rather than dogmatism or dodging, are needed, even to the rearrangement of Creeds. The world grows fast to-day, and such a course would surely double the Church's membership throughout the world, and its usefulness. Initiative and courage in this making of our new Bible may not come from the clergy; many will regard it as a profanation,—poor men!—but in the end the clergy will be the leaders.

We cannot wait for the settlement of more or less friendly differences as to points of controversy. Never, possibly, will they be settled. Let them remain unsettled, but let the spirit remain friendly. Two thousand years is a small portion of the time for which Christ preached. Certainly our new Bible must be so made as to try to end controversy, else the work shall be but half done; that is, it must emphasize only essentials and the Church must not, as in the past, adopt certain interpretations and heap obloquy upon the doubting Thomas. And let us earnestly hope that the initiative, strong and unyielding to discouragement, shall come, and soon, from laymen; not leaving to the clergy the responsibility for starting the movement for a new Bible. It is for us, the laymen, to "start something."

Surely we do need a Guide in our Bible, a Guide that shall be clear, that shall be unconfusing in a world of confusion and of national and individual selfishness. Nations and individuals can and have risen to a white flame of sacrifice when called upon. We all wish to be useful and happy, and clumsily try to be. Our guidance must be less beclouded in the future, for the good of the world. And beyond this world too, our Bible takes us; we may rejoice that in our Lord's Prayer we have a Heaven and a Father confirmed to us. We cannot help a feeling that we have in our being that super-self, whatever it may be, that is so beautifully and mysteriously expressed in the poet's vision:

> When that which drew from out the boundless deep
> Turns again home.

In good time we must turn again home; and when we turn, that most natural and human of longings must come to us, a feeling that there is yet another light when we have "crost the bar." And will not that light be discerned more clearly, and more steadfastly burn, when we shall have our new Bible?

HERBERT D. MILES.

GAME LAWS AND THE PUBLIC MIND

BY LOUIS AGASSIZ FUERTES

EXCEPT in Mohammedan countries or regions where early and generally observed religions preclude the molestation of living things, the greatest disturbance of natural distribution of life following man's proprietorship seems to be the rapid depletion of such creatures as make acceptable additions to his larder or his wardrobe. Probably because it is the least understood and most taken-for-granted of all phenomena of nature, the animal world (aside from man, the self-appointed star in the picture) has always been the object of human persecution, first for perfectly proper biological reasons fitting into the Darwinian principle of survival of the fittest, and latterly, apparently, from the accrued habit of the ages. The savage maxim seems to have been, "get plenty while the getting is good"; the civilized practice seems to have undergone but little change since the days of the cave-man and cave-bear, until regulated by wise laws, at once the most essential for the preservation of wild life on the earth and (with the exception of the Volstead act) the most difficult to put into practical enforcement.

Many men now living have witnessed the extermination of some fifty species of North American animals and birds, and all will surely see the extermination of several more which are now hanging on by the merest thread of paternal protection, but circumscribed by changed and changing conditions which will ultimately, if not presently, cause them to fade from the face of the earth. The familar examples of the buffalo and the passenger pigeon are popularly supposed to be the beginning and the end of American exterminations. The Eskimo curlew and Carolina parokeet have probably been added to this list of ex-species, and the antelope, Hudsonian godwit, trumpeter swan, whooping crane, and sage grouse are continental species that require the

utmost in protective legislation in order to survive for more than a few years.

It is significant that in countries where game is plentiful it often largely consists of species introduced from other lands, after the indigenous species had become so rare as no longer to afford good sport. The Asiatic pheasants have practically supplied the field of all Europe for two or three centuries, and are fast becoming the game-bird *par excellence* of the Northern United States. It is well, for herein lies about the last chance for survival of such splendid native species as the ruffed grouse, northern quail and several kinds of western grouse.

Of course much havoc is wrought among native animals by the necessary clearing and cultivation of wild areas. The buffalo and the antelope, even if the wanton butchery of the last century had been less severe, could not have withstood the homesteading and fencing of the Great Plains region that, with man's advance, were inevitable. Had there been an earlier awakening to the handwriting on the wall, however, they would not now be extinct as wild species, and our children's children would have had an opportunity of seeing, in sufficient semblance of their natural state, a goodly number of magnificent species of native animals, now nearly or quite extinct.

In such a country as ours, where each of the forty-eight States considers itself sovereign within its borders, and the game as its possession while present, it has been exceedingly difficult to arrive at satisfactory conservation laws and impossible to enforce them. To the north, too, lies a great country similar to ours, with still other notions as to how best to conserve its rights in the matter of its wild life. For many years we have been at interstate and international odds regarding open seasons, sale of game, bag-limits, warden service and all the other restrictions on unlimited persecution necessary to prevent early extirpation of valuable species. So when, five years ago, this country entered into an international treaty with Great Britain defining and providing adequate mutual protection for all species of migratory game and most migratory non-game birds, thus superseding by national treaty all mere State legislation, a long step forward was tardily made, and machinery was furnished for a really adequate scheme

of protection for our valuable migratory birds. The old specious arguments over killing in one country what was raised in another, and vice versa, were effectually terminated.

The Bureau of Biological Survey at Washington, eminently fitted for the task by virtue of its years of amassing detailed information as to the migrations, breeding habits, food and general economy of every species of American animal, was given the labor and responsibility of zoning the entire country and grouping States with respect to open seasons on all species of migratory game, and an opportunity of suggesting model laws for these groups of States, which should do away in large measure with the old border irregularities arising from the operation of variously different laws on the two sides of State (or even county!) lines. This, now happily accomplished, plus the elimination of migratory spring shooting and sale of game all over the United States, has already worked a marvellous benefaction upon most of the migratory species. All the dainty little shore-birds, too small for the table, were at once deleted from the game list and put on the permanently protected lists with song and insectivorous birds. This ended the wanton long-shore pot-bagging of these exquisite little creatures, which are already responding in trebled numbers to this slight token of a nation's regard. The ducks and geese, now that organized market-hunting no longer harasses their every movement while within our borders, have increased almost incredibly along our coasts and waterways, although there is probably heavier shooting by sportsmen than ever before. The standardization of the bag-limits within a proper scope has also helped much toward this highly desirable result.

Where market-hunting had been for three generations a remunerative and exciting occupation for a considerable number of the adult male population, it is not reasonable to expect that it would be given up just because somebody far off in Washington said it must cease. The Mississippi Valley from Iowa to the Gulf was a vast fly-way for myriads of ducks and geese, and here the Federal law found itself exceedingly difficult of enforcement. A certain amount of game continues to be unlawfully killed in spring, in violation of the treaty, and some is sold surreptitiously in both spring and fall. The anti-spring shooting regulation has

aroused considerable antagonism locally, but is gradually winning general approval because of the obvious increase of game.

For some reason difficult to understand, most of the so-called "deer States" have found little sympathy with the permanent close season on does. Of course the biological significance of preserving females of polygamous animals should suffice, but even the doubling and trebling of human killings in years when the laws were off the does has not been enough, in some States, to convince the residents that the killing of bucks with visible horns is entirely sufficient. In case does become too numerous, which is seldom evident, their reduction should be undertaken by the wardens, under official direction, and not entrusted to the excitable and often totally inexperienced hunters who fill the woods early in the open season.

Of course it would be impossible for any private citizen to arrive at any true estimate of the state of the public mind in regard to the game-laws and the concept of conservation without applying for concrete information to such an authoritative source as the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture.

The people most given to breaking the game-laws are aliens from Southern Europe, notably the Italians, who are inveterate small-bird hunters whenever they can get an opportunity. This habit they bring with them. Italy is a natural bird-trap for all the migratory species of Central Europe, and few that travel that route get by. Italy has again and again been vainly appealed to by the other countries of Europe to cease the trapping, snaring, shooting, liming and other methods of catching the migrating species that for a season visit that peninsula. There have been for a century few edible species that nest and rear their young in Italy as compared with Central and Northern Europe. It is easy to see the temptation our meadowlarks, robins, catbirds and flickers offer, and how little effort these new citizens in the "Land of the Free" exercise to resist it. Finns, Hungarians and Slovaks are also very troublesome, as are negroes in the South. Small delicious species, like woodcock and ruffed grouse, offer severe temptation to those who can get them and are able and willing covertly to sell them. This, however, is probably not a very

serious danger to the species, as such offenses are easily detected and punished.

Comparing the condition of some threatened species now and ten years ago, it is to be observed that elk have diminished in number from forty to fifty per cent, and have been extirpated entirely from much of their former range. Buffalo, due to careful protection and encouragement to breed on reservations, have increased from 2,100 in 1910 to over 9,000 at the present time. The antelope is in a more precarious condition than any other American animal, having decreased fifty per cent in ten years. Being unable to thrive under the restrictions of range necessary to provide protection, they seem doomed to early extermination, except possibly within a few large Federal or State game preserves. The railroads have so cut up and intersected the necessarily large range of this unique animal that its reproduction is now reduced almost to zero, and the small remnants of the great bands of former years are so reduced that it will be only a few years, probably, before it will cease to exist. As it cannot be successfully kept in the zoological parks, unlike its phlegmatic companion, the buffalo, it will soon exist only in art and the narratives of the "old timers." The sage grouse is faced by the identical fate of the antelope.

The weakest link in the chain of protection of game and other natural resources lies in the power of politics to change, at brief intervals, the personnel of those bodies of men who, by knowledge and experience, have come to be of inestimable value to this necessary work. This very year the Governor of a most important State so far undervalued the worth of its conservation machinery as to remove the most effective Commissioner the State has ever had; a man who, when public funds failed, privately supplied the necessary money in large amounts. The functions of the Commission were reduced to only a small section of the State and greatly curtailed in power even there. Over the rest of the State the efficient system of game wardens, men especially trained and instructed in the all-year-round care of the game and other wildlife was abolished and the enforcement of the conservation laws was put into the totally inexperienced and incompetent hands of the State constabulary; the supporting funds were withdrawn

from the State game farms just as they were paying largely, both in material produced and in turning out well-trained and efficient men capable of carrying on the work of wise conservation at a time when public interest was at the crest of the wave. It is such lack of appreciation and support as this which go far toward killing interest, for the time at least, in the nation-wide effort to preserve for posterity what is left of the once abundant and extraordinarily rich native fauna of this continent. And the time has come when even a temporary relaxation in so important a plan may mean the total loss of all that has been done. Some States have no organized State service, notably North Carolina, Florida and Mississippi, and some authorize the issue of almost unlimited hunting licenses, allowing the killing of more game than actually exists in the State. At large, however, the tendency seems to be ever toward the wise and proper safeguarding of the remnant, and the encouragement of all game and other innocent wild life to propagate and increase.

Much that was formerly considered "waste land," such as fresh-water marshes, shallow lakes, river-overflows, swamp-woods and salt-marshes with a wilderness of marginal cover has been reclaimed for agricultural and other uses only to be found entirely unsuited for these purposes because of wet sub-soil, tidal flow, salt, sour soil or sterile marly components which render it useless for any "practical" purpose. Like much of New England, which is best suited for (and should have been left) forest land, these wild areas really serve their best purpose as refuges for the support and propagation of the numerous species of wild birds that congregate to use them as nature has taught them to do. Even though many such areas now exist in a condition more or less sterile for these purposes, nearly all could by a little skilful planting and stocking be made valuable and attractive gathering-places for the wild fowl which form the bulk of the migratory game of our whole land.

It is known that over six million persons purchased hunting licenses in the United States last autumn, and it is to meet the hopes of this immense group that Senator New and Representative Anthony have introduced into the Senate and the House respectively a bill providing for the Federal purchase of large

areas of land, suitable for feeding and breeding-places for both migratory and resident species of game, to be used and controlled by the Federal Government as spring breeding grounds for native game species and as public shooting-grounds in the fall where during a proper open season hunters may go, with an inexpensive Federal hunting license and a reasonable assurance of finding a fair abundance of the particular game he may prefer.

While no legislation meets public favor that does not ultimately improve the public's material condition, this bill should prove popular with nearly everyone. It has been shown that all game birds have economic value beyond their food and recreational worth, and are thus entitled to protection beyond that which would merely serve that portion of our population interested only in hunting them.

The withdrawal of these otherwise valueless areas is in our opinion one of the most constructive forward steps that has recently been conceived. It is gratifying to know that the bill has been carefully planned, duly presented, and shows every sign of being soon enacted and made effective in many widely separated parts of the country. The issuances of Federal licenses make it easy to limit the amount of shooting to a proper relation to the quantity of game present. With all-year care of the food and shelter features, and proper limitation of shooting, there will be no difficulty in maintaining a perpetual supply of the game species already showing a reassuring increase. If the new resolution bears fruit in as short a time and the same degree as has the international agreement respecting the strictly migratory species, we may early look for an increase in nearly all kinds of game that will keep it well ahead of the toll taken by the growing army of properly licensed hunters.

The real hope lies in the rising generation which, thanks to an abundance of excellent books on all phases of nature study, has ample opportunity to learn while natural curiosity is still present. They will know whereof they speak and wherefor they labor. It is ours to see that an increasable remnant is left for them to work with when they come into the arena, twenty years or so hence.

The apathy is not prevalent among those who hunt and fish,

and it is easy indeed for one who has known the cult of hunters and fishermen in this country to see the marked difference in their point of view now and even ten or fifteen years ago. The country boy with his old double-barrel hammer gun, and the city-living sportsman with his beautiful equipment and brief opportunity, alike know and observe the spirit as well as the letter of the game laws, abiding cheerfully by the bag-limits and the season restrictions. They are coming, too, to know much more specifically what they may and may not hunt, and to take an increasing interest in the "coming back" of such diminishing species as the lovely woodduck, the tricky woodcock and that finest of all upland gamebirds, the ruffed grouse. Given half a chance, all these and many other resident or non-migratory species, however desirable to the epicure, will, under present rural conditions, hold their own and increase; while the international treaty has already succeeded, in five short years, in vastly augmenting the numbers of those migrating wild fowl that had fallen to a pitiful tithe of their previous abundance. We have little notion, generally, of the original abundance of game and wild life in this country. Much of its depletion was the necessary and inevitable result of the settlement of the land and clearing of the forests.

While it is easy to provide and pass adequate laws covering the protection of wild life, it is far from simple to enforce them, and it will be impossible to do so entirely until the general public has arisen to a fuller appreciation, knowledge and enjoyment of American wild life.

Louis Agassiz Fuertes.

LABOR PROSPECTS IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY G. D. H. COLE

THE British Labor Movement, after a period during which the realities of the after-war economic situation have been concealed by the artificial "prosperity" of reconstruction, has found itself, during the last few months, face to face with a set of circumstances exceedingly unfavorable to the realization of its hopes. Until a few months ago, the cost of living was still rising sharply, and wage advances were still being conceded. Increased living costs were partly due to the operation of normal economic forces, but partly also to the cessation of war measures designed to ensure supplies or to keep prices down. The effect of these steps of "de-control" was to conceal the beginnings of the downward movement of world prices, which were the earliest indications of the coming slump. It is true that, for some time before the slump arrived, wage increases had been coming more and more difficult to obtain — a fact which was also indicative that the curve of prices had reached its apex. The signs of the coming slump, however, were not clear enough to prevent the Trade Unions from being taken largely by surprise, when the great attack upon "war wages" was launched at the beginning of the present year.

The central point in this attack was, of course, the mining industry. When the Government deliberately advanced the date of de-control from August to March, its action was due partly to the financial stringency, but also undoubtedly to the desire of the powers behind the Government to force an issue on the wages question. The mining industry had passed, with extraordinary rapidity, from great "prosperity," dependent on the sale of export coal at inflated prices, into deep depression, following on the collapse of the export markets. It was believed that the conditions were so unfavorable that the miners, as "economic men," would be compelled to accept the wage reductions and the district basis of settlement which the Government and the owners alike

desired; and accordingly in March the attack was delivered, in full confidence that "the inevitable" would be accepted.

The miners, however, were not "economic men"; and, although the conditions made it practically impossible that they should successfully oppose the reductions and terms which it was desired to impose upon them,—unless, indeed, the original issues became merged in the wider questions to which a general Labor upheaval would give rise,—they determined to resist. The great mining lock-out or strike (it does not matter which it is called, if it is understood that the miners' part was purely one of resistance) therefore broke out. At one time, when the Triple Alliance had definitely decided on a sympathetic strike of railwaymen and transport workers, it seemed that a general upheaval would follow. But Mr. J. H. Thomas and other leaders, including some of the miners, were strongly opposed to any conversion of the dispute into a generalized struggle; and, a convenient occasion arising on the refusal of the miners to meet the Government on a particular basis, the strike threat of the Alliance was cancelled.

It then became clear that the miners would have to struggle alone, and that, under these conditions, their defeat was inevitable. For it was perfectly true that, unless its basis of organization was fundamentally altered, the coal industry could not, in its state of depression, grant the terms which the miners desired, even though these involved no more than the retention of the *status quo*. For the *status quo* was dependent on the continuance of State control, and this the Government was determined to sweep away. The power of endurance shown by the miners, in face of the severe privations which the prolonged stoppage involved, was amazing, and even to the last a ballot vote of the men would probably have favored a continuance of the struggle. But defeat was bound to come sooner or later and, seeing this, the executive finally took their courage in both hands, and practically enforced a resumption of work. By doing this, they at least kept their organization intact in readiness for better times.

The coal dispute settled far more than the immediate future of the mining industry. It settled also the fate of the wage negotiations which were proceeding, or followed immediately upon it, in other industries. Up to the time of the Triple Alliance collapse,

it seemed probable that in most industries, except where wages were definitely regulated by sliding scales, the Trade Unions would make a serious attempt to stand out for the retention of war-time rates of wages. As soon, however, as the prospect of a general coördinated resistance disappeared with the withdrawal of the railwaymen and transport workers from the field of conflict, other Trade Unions made haste, wherever they could, to settle their differences with the employers. There were, indeed, limits to the extent of the concessions they were prepared to make, and, as long as the coal dispute went on, employers, who could not get coal to restart their works, had no incentive to compromise. As soon, however, as a speedy return to work in the mines was seen to be inevitable, the employers in other industries were hardly less anxious to restart than the Trade Unions were to settle, and compromises, involving substantial wage reductions at least corresponding to the fall in prices and sometimes going beyond it, were speedily concluded. In the cotton industry there was a brief general stoppage; but this ended as soon as the coal supply was assured, very heavy wage reductions being accepted.

The effect of the coal dispute on the general industrial situation can thus be easily apprehended. This, however, is by no means the limit of its significance. As soon as the Armistice was signed in 1918, every big Trade Union bethought itself of the claims which it had held in suspense during the war, and made haste to revise and bring forward its "National Programme" of demands. These programmes, of course, varied widely from industry to industry; but almost all of them involved considerable changes of economic structure. The miners and the railwaymen had, as the central features of their programmes, the demand for public ownership, combined with an effective share in the "control", of the services in which they worked. In many other industries, the demand for a share in control was combined with the claim for "industrial maintenance", that is, for the guarantee of full-time work or wages and the abolition of casual labor and underemployment.

During the year 1919, these and similar claims were brought forward in one industry after another. The Trade Unions were definitely in possession of the initiative; and their demands were

met for the most part in a conciliatory spirit. The moment was favorable, from the standpoint of the Trade Unions; and the Government and the employers were alike anxious to avoid a premature conflict. This, as everyone would now admit, was the reason why during the first half of 1919 the Trade Unions appeared to be gaining important victories. The Government averted a coal stoppage in February, 1919, by the appointment of the Coal Commission, and staved off many disputes which were threatening in other industries by the summoning of the National Industrial Conference of employers and Trade Unionists. The Coal Commission produced its reports, decisively condemning the existing system in the mining industry. The representative employers and Trade Unionists at the Industrial Conference unanimously agreed on certain important measures of reform, including both the universal enforcement by law of the forty-eight hours' maximum working week, further minimum wage legislation, better provision for unemployment, and the establishment of a permanent National Industrial Council, to be consulted by the Government on all industrial issues.

The measures staved off the immediate crisis, at the cost of committing the Government and the employers to large measures of reform which they were most unwilling to carry into effect. There began, therefore, a long campaign of delay, in which the Government again and again postponed the execution of its pledges, without positively refusing to carry them out. Meanwhile, the position was gradually changing to the disadvantage of the Trade Unions. The first force of the post-war impulse towards better conditions was gradually slackening, and the delay was serving to diminish the expectation of "better times" and a "new industrial order" which the lavish war-time promises of the Government had aroused. On the other hand, the forces antagonistic to change had been fully mobilized as a result of the dangerous attack levelled against them through the Coal Commission, and the first premonitions of the coming slump were beginning to be heard in business circles.

The first definite proof of the changed situation was the increasingly definite opposition of the Government to the demands for public ownership and democratic control of the coal industry,

in accordance with the recommendations of the majority of the Sankey Commission. By the autumn of 1919, it was plain that the Government would not, of its own will, carry out the recommendations, and the miners accordingly considered what action they should take. They decided to appeal to the rest of the Labor movement to help them; but a propagandist campaign—the "Mines for the Nation" campaign—failed to arouse public interest, and at the end of the year the Unions decided against "direct action" to enforce public ownership and democratic control, and in favor of the adoption of political methods.

This in effect amounted to a recognition by the Trade Unions that the carrying out of their policy involved a change of Government. There was, however, no method by which such a change could constitutionally be brought about; for the House of Commons, elected in December, 1918, for five years, was not near its termination, and, although the Government was faring ill at by-elections, the process of attrition, in face of the huge majority, was far too slow to be effective. It therefore became clear that, insofar as the Trade Union demands involved a change in industrial system or ownership, they were not immediately realizable. There were many who considered that they might still have been forced upon the Government by a drastic policy of "direct action"; but the majority shrank back before the dangers and possible revolutionary implications of such a course.

What was true of the mines was true also, in much the same measure, of the railways. The Government was understood to have promised, in 1918, to nationalize the railways; but it became clear that this promise too would remain unfulfilled. Hence the Unions were compelled to accept a construction of their immediate aims, and to concentrate on those which there was some hope of attaining without any drastic change of industrial system. Nevertheless, the larger demands remained in the background as an influence affecting the attitude of both employers and workers towards the lesser questions at issue; and the very sense of frustration caused by the setbacks of 1919 stimulated the demand for a more aggressive policy which was urged by a considerable minority within the Trade Unions.

Until the mining dispute which has recently ended, the idea of

"direct action," or industrial action as a means of securing concessions, was still in the ascendant. It was waning as the economic position became worse; but it was not until the defeat of the miners was seen that the limitations on effective industrial action under adverse economic conditions were brought fully home. Almost every industry, however, had cause to find out this truth for itself during the first half of 1921; for almost every industry was confronted with big demands from the employers, and had the alternatives before it of making large concessions or of striking or being locked-out under circumstances manifestly unfavorable to resistance. In most cases, after more or less delay, the Trade Unions reached their conclusion, and accepted the inevitable.

Great Britain, in common with some other great industrial countries, has thus witnessed, since 1918, a startling turn of the wheel of industrial fortune. The initiative has passed from the Trade Unions to the employers' associations, and the counter-offensive of the latter has already secured on most points at least a temporary decision in their favor. Not only have the Unions failed to make good any of their important post-war demands: many of the concessions gained during the war period are also being swept away. The agricultural workers are being deprived of their legal minimum wage: standard wage rates are being cut down by more than the amount corresponding to the fall in prices: such concessions as the guaranteed week and the eight hour day, gained by many trades, are being seriously menaced, if they have not already been lost; and it is becoming an accepted principle that pledges given no longer hold good in face of "changed economic conditions."

According both to the Government and to the employers, the reversals of policy and withdrawals of concessions which are taking place, and still more the disappointment of Labor's larger hopes, are the inevitable outcome of the industrial situation. Employers must withdraw concessions and reduce wages because they cannot afford to pay the sums demanded in view of the decline of trade; and the Government too must cut down expenditure to the minimum, wherever the pretensions of commercial imperialism, which is still strong enough to dominate policy, do

not require continued extravagance. There is obviously no answer to these contentions, on the basis of the assumptions which the Government and the employers accept as being correct; and, this being so, Labor is once more driven to the conclusion that hardly one of its aspirations can be satisfied, and that even its present position cannot possibly be maintained, without a change of Government. The close alliance between the Coalition Government now in power and the big employers' associations has, of course, immensely facilitated the counter-offensive of capital during the past year; and Labor has come to realize that, if it desires to carry out big industrial changes, it is indispensable that it should have the Government of the country on its side.

The pendulum, therefore, has swung from industrial to political action. There are, indeed, two possible morals of the recent set-backs; and each of them is drawn by a section. The Communists, a small and recently established but growing party, draw the moral that nothing short of revolution will achieve the results desired by the Labor movement. The constitutionalists of the Labor Party, on the other hand, see the need for intensive Parliamentary activity, with a view to a coming General Election, as the moral of the hour. The great bulk of the British Trade Union movement is certainly not Communist, though the persecution of Communists by the Government, and the demonstrated inadequacy of constitutional industrial action, have recently swung a good deal of sympathy in that direction. Nor is the bulk of the Labor movement strictly constitutionalist, as most of the Labor Party leaders are. It is swayed by contemporary events and emotions, and will follow the leaders whose policy seems to promise best at a particular moment. Just now, the Labor Party, which suffered some eclipse during the period when industrial action was in the forefront, is again making great headway, and would undoubtedly command the support of the great mass of the organized workers.

The set-back to the policy of "direct action" clearly does not mean that strong Trade Unions are less necessary to the workers. They are indeed more necessary, in proportion as their functions are less spectacular. Their rôle for the present, from the Labor standpoint, is twofold. They have, first, to fight a rearguard

action, if possible without actual strikes or lock-outs, against the attempts of the employers to cut down wages and worsen conditions. Secondly, they have to prepare, and to train their members, against the day when a forward move towards the establishment of democratic conditions in industry becomes possible. With these objects, Trade Unions are busily consolidating their forces by amalgamation of rival and overlapping Societies, reforming their methods of internal administration, and initiating schemes of education for their members. A very important plan for the development of Trade Union educational work, submitted by a special committee of Trade Union leaders, is now before the delegates to the coming Trade Union Congress.

Action on these lines, and an intensification of political activity, are clearly indicated as the policy of British Trade Unionism in the immediate future. In one sense, they seem a sad contraction from the ambitious plans and demands of 1918 and 1919, when momentous changes in the industrial system appeared to be in immediate prospect. Labor has produced its plan for a "New Social Order," and has marched once or twice with it round the walls of the city of Capitalism. The walls have not fallen, and it is now understood that the struggle will be longer and far more arduous than was at first imagined. But the aspirations themselves are still there, and have gained a far deeper hold on the British working-class than they had when they were first brought forward. The next phase of the struggle, to be begun with the first favorable turn of economic and political conditions, is likely to bring the forces of the Labor movement far more fully into the field, because there is now a clearer and deeper insight into the issues on which the contest turns.

G. D. H. Cole.

WHERE ROCKS WAIT

BY HENRY BELLAMANN

I go gallantly enough
Through great empty hours,
Through the heroic loneliness
Of afternoons along the mountain sides:
The dreaming peaks are kin,
And the clouds,
And the grape-blue shadows
Musing through green tree-waves
Like floating islands.

I can watch the marching fires of the days
Sink in blue smoke-smother
Or rise again in far ranging red—
Trampling the stars.

But in the little unexpected minutes
Of familiar needs,
When I turn toward you with unthinking talk,
Or questions—

Then is there instant wildness
In my heart,
As when an even current
Leaps suddenly upon black rocks
And cries,
And breaks its mirrored heaven
In a shrieking pit.

JOHN SYNGE AND HIS OLD FRENCH FARCE

BY GERTRUDE SCHOEPPERLE

If the plots of Shakespeare and Molière are not original, it would seem unnecessary to require originality of plot from lesser men. But there is a feeling among critics of John Synge that his fame is smirched by the charge that his plots were drawn from books as well as life. The question of Synge's originality is not thus easily disposed of. It lies not in how much he has taken from others, but in how much he has modified what he has taken. An original writer, even when he makes a definite effort faithfully to reproduce another's thought, gives always something less or more, by word or comma or cadence, than that other. Shelley's and Browning's translations of Aeschylus are as much Shelley and Browning as they are Aeschylus.

Especially is it true of Synge that his personality is color where an imitator's is transparency, is sound where an imitator's is silence. A story which has passed into his mind is as water that has flowed into a still pool shut in by brooding, heather-flushed hills. A story woven into one of his plays is like a strain of some old folk story in the work of an ultra-modern musician. Although I shall show how *The Well of the Saints* was fed by a certain hidden spring, I am far from ascribing the virtues of that well to another source. On the contrary, this study serves to discover with extraordinary clearness how transforming a thing was Synge's genius, how entirely original with himself was his ironic vision and the miraculous power of phrase and image.

M. Bourgeois in his admirable book on Synge ranges himself with those Irish admirers who consider it necessary to defend their author against the charge of plagiarism. But although he rejects all previously suggested sources for *The Well of the Saints*, he cannot resist bringing forward one of his own: a story called

The Maid of Malines which forms the fourth chapter of Lord Lytton's *The Pilgrims of the Rhine* (1832).

M. Bourgeois admits that Synge himself, when questioned on the subject, said he had never read or heard of *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*. Indeed, the characters, the situations (except one), and the *milieu* have little in them to suggest his play. On the contrary, he told Padraic Colum and William Butler Yeats that he had got the idea of *The Well of the Saints* from a pre-Molière French farce, the name of which he had forgotten.

The number of pre-Molière French farces is so limited that a systematic search through them is not a difficult task. But one looks in vain for a plot resembling *The Well of the Saints*.

Surprisingly enough, it is in the religious drama of the Middle Ages that Synge's "farce" is to be found. The *Mystère de Saint Martin*, composed in the fifteenth century, ends with a miracle performed by the dead body of the saint: Two comrades, Jolestru, a blind man, and Haustebet, a cripple, well satisfied with infirmities which yield them an easy living, have heard tell of the marvellous cures brought about by the remains of Saint Martin. They are both in terror of coming inadvertently upon the procession bearing his body. They know it is to pass somewhere in the vicinity before long. How can they avoid the unlucky train? The miracle is imminent. How escape it? They take themselves off, the blind man carrying the cripple, the cripple using his eyes to direct the blind man. But in vain. They stumble straight into the path of the procession and are healed in spite of themselves. The blind man sees; the cripple walks. After a moment of rebellion they resign themselves to the miracle and join in thanksgiving.

The anonymous *mystère* was reprinted in 1841, and Synge might perhaps have found a copy of it in Paris. But although his biographers have much to say of his fondness for Old French farces, they say nothing of any inclination toward mystery plays, which have indeed a well-established reputation for dulness. Synge did not read Old French, or indeed any foreign language, with great ease, and we can hardly believe he would have labored through the long, edifying life of Saint Martin in black letter, in order to find the rather diverting beggars at the end. Fortu-

nately this was not the only form in which their story was accessible.

Already in 1496 a certain Andrieu de la Vigne of La Rochelle had been struck by the dramatic possibilities of the posthumous miracle and had had the happy idea of treating it as an independent drama. It had come about in this way: de la Vigne had undertaken to provide a three-day dramatic entertainment for the people of Seurre near Dijon, in honor of Saint Martin, whose abbey had long been the ornament of the town. He had chosen to dramatize the life from the Latin *Vita Sancti Martini* of Sulpicius Severus (365–425). He seems also to have been acquainted with the anonymous *mystère* which we have mentioned. But whether because he disdained its rather wooden style, or because he had almost completed the work before he had access to it, he made use of little more than the incident of the blind man and the cripple. This he detached from the *mystère* and treated as a separate play, with the title: *Moralité de l'aveugle et du boiteux.* To the *mystère* and the *moralité* he added a *Farce du munyer de qui le diable emporte l'ame en enfer*, modeled on the fabliau *Le Pet au Vilain* by Rutebeuf. The three constituted a characteristic medieval trilogy: *mystère, moralité et farce.* The poet's purpose was to give the spectators a due amount of edification in the *mystère*, to follow it by a piece in which the corpse of St. Martin played a secondary rôle, and, finally, breaking loose altogether from the restraint of the good man's presence, to send his audience home laughing over a bit of low comedy in which the only figures not altogether secular were a little devil and an intriguing priest. It is impossible to read de la Vigne without being struck by his likeness to Synge. This court poet of Charles VIII had the same peculiar combination of verve and satire, the same delight in scenes from low life, the same surface laughter, and the same underlying violence and bitterness that we find in *The Well of the Saints.*

De la Vigne called *L'aveugle et le boiteux* a *moralité.* The term was used in the Middle Ages to designate a didactic piece in verse, inspired by an edifying intention or simply a philosophical idea. Although the notion of allegory is frequently associated with the term *moralité*, its use was really not an essential characteristic:

it was the intention of moralizing that marked the *genre*. Certain *moralités* which dealt with historical personages are little different from the *mystères*. Others, among them our *L'aveugle et le boiteux*, are scarcely discernible from farces except by their didactic intention, always persistent, but often concealed beneath their other purpose, that of amusing the spectators. It is curious that the form which seems to us characteristically Synge's should have been so common in the Middle Ages as to constitute a *genre*. *The Shadow of the Glen*, *The Tinker's Wedding*, *The Playboy of the Western World* are just that hybrid thing which the fifteenth century called *moralité joyeuse* or *farce morale*.

De la Vigne's *mystère* has not yet found an editor, but his *moralité* and his farce have enjoyed more favor. Francisque Michel published them among his *Poésies du XV^e^ et XVI^e^ siecle*, Edouard Fournier in his *Théâtre avant la Renaissance*, and Paul La Croix in his *Recueil des farces de la Bibliothèque Gauloise*. The last named volume contains only one other play besides the Pathelin pieces and de la Vigne's *moralité* and farce. It was probably in this collection that Synge made the acquaintance of *L'aveugle et le boiteux*, since he referred to the piece as a "pre-Molière farce."

A short time after reading de la Vigne's *moralité*, my idea that it was the piece that had suggested *The Well of the Saints* received interesting confirmation. Without saying anything of the medieval play, I asked Mr. Padraic Colum to tell me what he remembered of Synge's remarks about the farce that had suggested to him *The Well of the Saints*. "What I remember distinctly," he replied, "is the picture Synge gave me, the man being carried on to the stage on the shoulders of someone." It is an interesting case of visual memory that the image of *L'aveugle et le boiteux* should have lingered for some twenty years in the poet's mind, when he had forgotten, if indeed Synge had ever told him, that, of the two beggars, the one was blind and the other a cripple, and that the blind man carried the cripple on his back.

The incident of *L'aveugle et le boiteux* in the anonymous *mystère* is not well enough told to interest a modern reader. The only dramatic moment is when the two comrades run to avoid

the saint. In de la Vigne's play, however, the scene is made to yield a good deal of dramatic suspense. The two beggars, strangers to each other when the play begins, are coming from opposite directions whining for alms. They discover each other's presence and compare their infirmities. When the blind man falls to lamenting the loss of the boy who had served him as guide, the cripple suggests a partnership. With many mishaps the blind man gropes his way toward him, and the cripple mounts on his back. A bit of unsavory business, less likely to be found humorous by a modern audience than by a fifteenth century one, brings them again on their separate feet, and at this moment they hear the trumpets announcing the procession which bears the body of the saint.

In the older *mystère* the partnership has been formed in the hope, cherished by both, of avoiding just this encounter. Once cured, however, both had united in praising God, and the *mystère* had come to an edifying conclusion with this incident, the archdeacon and Bricet calling upon the spectators to learn from the miracle to put themselves in Saint Martin's charge.

Andrieu de la Vigne's *moralité*, not bearing the burden of furnishing a conclusion for the *mystère*, can afford to end on a less edifying note. The author takes advantage of this freedom in order to differentiate his two beggars, and, by the contrast, to heighten the dramatic effect. The blind man is a simple fellow, eager to learn more of the saint, and get healing. The cripple, however, knows the world, and opens the other's eyes to the market value of his infirmity. The blind man is thus persuaded to join his fellow in the effort to avoid the miracle. When, however, they are overtaken by the procession, and are made whole, the air is rent by the thanksgiving of the one and the curses of the other.

The sudden and unexpected sound of the approaching procession, the frantic efforts of the two beggars stumbling about in various directions to avoid it, the blind man's confusion of mind before the miracle, and their opposite emotions after it—all these in de la Vigne's play are presented with much dramatic art. It was these scenes, no doubt, that appealed to Synge, for he has used all of them in *The Well of the Saints*. With what added effect we shall now briefly indicate.

L'aveugle et le boiteux and *The Well of the Saints* have the same opening scene of the two beggars in the road, crying for alms.

THE BLIND MAN. Alms for one penniless and blind,
Who never yet hath seen at all!
THE CRIPPLE. Pray, to the poor lame man be kind
With gout he cannot trudge or crawl!

In Synge the two beggars, Martin Doul and his wife Mary, are both blind.

MARTIN DOUL. Leave a bit of silver for blind Martin, your honor. Leave a bit of silver, or a penny copper itself, and we'll be praying the Lord to bless you and you going the way.

In both plays, when the blind man has first been healed, he cries out with thanksgiving and joy. The words of the medieval beggar are the phrases of conventional piety, with a platitude added on the value of good eyesight:

THE BLIND MAN. I'm henceforth in this good saint's debt.
I see as never I saw before.
What a great fool I was to let
Myself be cozened into fleeing,
There's nothing, search the wide world o'er
That to my mind's as good as seeing.

It seems to be very good eyesight that he has gained, for his first glance embraces two provinces or more:

THE BLIND MAN. I was a very dunderhead
To leave the good safe road, and tread
The doubtful by-path, wandering.
Alas, full little had I guessed
That clear sight was so great a thing
Now I can look on fair Savoy,
And Burgundy and France the blest.
Humbly I thank God for this joy.

But Martin Doul's thanksgiving is vivid with green fern and blue sky. His words are touched with the extravagant fancy native to Ireland's peasants, fed on tales of Padraic and Brigit and Columcille in their gold and silver and crystal chairs in heaven, and the Kings of the East making pilgrimages with boxes of gold and frankincense and myrrh. And it is not only the beauty of the visible world that the miracle is to bring Martin

Doul, but the first sight of his wife, "the beautiful dark woman" whom he has heard called "the great wonder of the West":

MARTIN DOUL (ecstatically). O, glory be to God, I see now surely . . . I see the walls of the church, and the green bits of ferns in them, and yourself, holy father, and the green width of the sky.

He runs out, half-foolish with joy, and comes past Mary Doul (his wife) as she scrambles to her feet, drawing a little away from her as he goes by.

TIMMY (*to the others*). He doesn't know her at all.

MARTIN DOUL (*crying out joyfully*). That's Timmy, I know Timmy by the black of his head. . . . That's Mat Simon, I know Mat Simon by the length of his legs. (*He sees Molly Byrne on Mary Doul's seat, and his voice changes completely.*) O, it was no lie they told me, Mary Doul, O, glory be to God and the seven saints I didn't die and not see you at all. The blessing of God on the water and the feet carried it round through the land. The blessing of God on this day, and them that brought me the Saint, for its grand hair you have (*she lowers her head, a little confused*) and soft skin, and eyes would make the saints, if they were dark awhile and seeing again, fall down out of the sky. (*He goes nearer to her.*) Hold up your head, Mary, the way I'll see it's richer I am than the great kings of the east.

The medieval beggar had foreseen the disadvantages which the miracle would entail. A sound man must toil and be glad of a bit of bread, where the beggar gets dainties; he must carry an empty purse where the beggar can count his coins.

THE CRIPPLE. Why, when I'm cured I'll waste away
Of hunger. Everyone will shout
"Be off and do some honest labor."
No, you'll not find one that saint's neighbor;
For if he fixed me up, they'd call
Me vagabond, and one would bawl:
"That brazen rascal, sound of limb,
The galleys are the place for him."

. . .

I tell you I care not a straw
To go and have the saint remove
My malady. . . .

. . .

I dare pledge if he cured you wholly
In a short time you'd feel regret.
Folk would not give you anything
But bread, and never would you get
A tasty bit.

THE BLIND MAN. May Heaven bring
Some great doom on my head or let
Them strip from off my skin
Enough for two belts ere I'd set
My eyes on him.
THE CRIPPLE. Think, too, how thin
Your purse would be.

Although Synge's beggar is also a shrewd fellow in his way, he has to learn by experience what he loses with his blindness. Healed of it, he must sweat and toil long days in the shop of Timmy the Smith:

MARTIN DOUL. It's more I got a while since, and I sitting blinded in Grianan, than I get in this place, working hard, and destroying myself, the length of the day.

But what Martin most bitterly regrets is the loss of his illusions about life. His fancied world of beauty must give way now to the ugliness that makes up too large a part of the world he sees:

MARTIN DOUL. I do be thinking it's well for the blind don't be seeing the gray clouds driving on the hill, and don't be looking on people with their noses red, the like of your nose, and their eyes weeping and watering the like of your eyes, God help you, Timmy the Smith.

. . .

. . . and it should be a hard thing for the Almighty God to be looking on the world, bad days, and on men the like of yourself walking round on it, and they slipping each way in the muck.

Bitterest of all the bitter things that blindness had spared him is the sight of his wife. They had mocked him, he finds, when they called her "the great wonder of the West." The poor "old wizendy hag" that he had drawn away from as he passed is his mate, and they are both a "pair of pitiful shows." In his horror he cries out cruelly:

Go on now to be seeking a lonesome place where the earth can hide you away; go on now, I'm saying, or you'll be having men and women with their knees bled, and they screaming to God for a holy water would darken their sight, for there's no man but would liefer be blind a hundred years, or a thousand itself, than to be looking on your like.

The plight of the medieval beggar deprived of his trade is farce; but this "little old shabby stump of a man," "with fat

legs on him and the little neck like a ram," is a tragic figure. He is tragic because of the terrible intensity of his vision, because he is stung to madness by the sight of age rotting for the grave and "youth shining . . . like a high lamp would drag in the ships out of the sea." In *The Well of the Saints*, Synge has found words to make us feel the anguish which has haunted poets from the beginning of time, the anguish of watching beauty fade, and all things decay, and standing helpless to see youth "running toward the sod of his death."

In the medieval play, when the cripple has been healed in spite of his efforts to escape, he curses the saint.

In Synge's play also the beggars fail to avoid their would-be benefactors, but when the saint is lifting the can to drop the holy water upon Martin Doul, the blind man dashes it from his hand and sets it rocketing across the stage.

In the medieval play, when the body of the saint approaches, there is a great scurry to get away. The beggars seek frantically for some place to hide. The comedy is entirely in the action. The dialogue serves only to punctuate it:

THE BLIND MAN. Listen, I say.
THE LAME MAN. Listen to what?
THE BLIND MAN. Whatever's making that to-do?
THE LAME MAN. Perhaps the saint!
THE BLIND MAN. Horrible thought
No longer we'd be catered to.
Hark?
THE LAME MAN. After it the whole town chases.
THE BLIND MAN. Go, look, what's making all the pother.
THE LAME MAN. Bad luck is close upon our traces.
Good master, it's the saint, no other.
THE BLIND MAN. Quick, let's be off, we must not bide
I fear he'll catch us after all.
THE LAME MAN. Under some window let us hide
Or in the corner of a wall.
Look out, don't trip.
THE BLIND MAN. The devil's in it,—
To fall at such an awkward minute.
THE LAME MAN. Pray God he do not spy us here
Too cruel would be our estate.

THE BLIND MAN. My heart is bitten through with fear
We've fallen upon an evil fate.
THE LAME MAN. Lie low, my master, take good care,
And we'll crawl off beneath some stair.

In the third act of Synge's play blindness is again mercifully falling upon Martin and Mary Doul, and their sight has again grown dim. They draw together from old habit, delighted to return to their old differences of opinion and the familiar roadside life of dreams. They have found a new illusion to cherish: Mary, the beauty of the soft white hair she will have soon; and Martin "the beautiful long, white, silken, streamy beard" that she will envy him. Suddenly they hear a sound. They are terrified at the prospect of being healed again, and, like the French beggars, use all their wits and agility to escape. But here there is more than the rough comedy of action. There is wit, and there is pathos; for the Irish beggars distinguish between the protection of God and the meddling of saints, and know the worthlessness of their novitiate in ways of seeing:

A faint sound of a bell is heard.

MARY DOUL. It's not the churches, for the wind is blowing from the sea.

MARTIN DOUL (with dismay). It's the old saint, I'm thinking, ringing his bell.

MARY DOUL. The Lord protect us from the saints of God! (*They listen.*) He's coming this road surely.

MARTIN DOUL (tentatively). Will we be running off, Mary Doul?

MARY DOUL. What place would we run?

MARTIN DOUL. There's the little path going up through the sloughs. . . . If we reached the bank above, where the elders do be growing, no person would see a sight of us, if it was a hundred yeomen were passing itself; but I'm afeared after the time we were with our sight we'll not find our way to it at all.

They grope about the gap, stumbling amid the roots of a fallen tree. With much difficulty they make their way to an elder bush behind the church, and with many precautions crouch in it, unconscious that they are plainly visible.

The Well of the Saints, in all it has of poignancy and poetry, in all it has of joy in the beauty of the sensible world, in all its richness of imagery and intensity of passion, is Synge's and Synge's alone. The story of a blind man's partnership with a cripple, however, is as old as Confucius, and has been retold in every

generation, no doubt, from his time to ours. We have an account of the healing of two beggars by Saint Martin, which was written down as early as the tenth century. In *The Golden Legend* (1298) the miracle is performed by Saint Martin upon a blind man and a cripple who had been aiding each other to escape it. The story is retold again and again in the Middle Ages, in vernacular verse as well as in medieval drama and Latin hagiography.

Andrieu de la Vigne was the first, it seems, to envisage it as satire. It is striking to see how closely Synge holds, in dramatic essentials, to the treatment of the Burgundian poet. In both plays the characters are a composite of *naïveté*, superstition, and shrewdness. The situations, as we have just seen, although their sequence is different, are strikingly similar. The *milieu* is the same: low life in a community in which the doctrines of the medieval Church are accepted with whole heart and literal mind. In both there is the intention of satire. Behind both there is the spirit of bitter rebellion. In a world such as this, they say, it is better to be blind than to see, better to be still than to move, better not to be than to be.

GERTRUDE SCHOEPPERLE.

PERSONALITY AND INDIVIDUALITY

BY FRANCIS ROGERS

THERE are in English two words that the dictionaries treat as almost, if not quite, synonymous in meaning, which to my mind symbolize two fundamentally different ideas. One of these words is *personality;* the other *individuality.* The first is derived from the Latin *persona,* mask, and signifies the mask worn by every soul on its journey through the world, through human life. It is the medium through which we are known to other human beings and communicate with them. We may say that it is a kind of shell, the external and superficial part of us. Individuality, the derivation of which from the Latin is equally clear, is our individual and indivisible part. Chesterton in his study of the life of the painter, Watts, calls Faith the irreducible minimum of Hope. So individuality may be described as the irreducible minimum of man, his immortal soul.

Individuality is, then, the real I; personality only the seeming. Personality is the incarnation of individuality. "We descend to meet." It is our personalities that greet one another when we meet, "drain the cup before the tavern fire," do business, discuss politics and the cost of living, and speculate learnedly as to the true nature of immortality. Individuality, on the contrary, is the inmost kernel of our being, is essentially isolated, and seldom, if ever, meets another individuality face to face. It is the friend that Emerson described but never knew. But it is the I that God registers in his eternal books. It is the deathless seed that under the fostering care of a wise and loving Father grows finally into the tree of a full and fruitful life.

Life is continuous and immortal, punctuated only by the phenomenon known as death. "In my Father's house are many mansions." The interruption of death is only the connecting door between one house of life and its neighbor. Human experience is a great university established for the education of our

individualities. On its books we are entered and recorded as individualities, though from matriculation to graduation we are known to our fellow students as personalities, except when, in our highest moments, we reveal our true identity to other discerning and sympathetic individualities.

Personality is individuality playing its part in the human comedy; it is "the player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and is no more." It is the make-up, costume, lines and action of the rôle for which individuality is cast. After the final curtain costume and stage setting are laid away and the impersonation becomes a thing of reminiscence only. The memory of most impersonations fades and then disappears utterly, although that of some few—wonderfully few in proportion to the total number—by reason of their words and deeds finds a more or less enduring place in the pages of written history. With the impersonation, individuality disappears from human ken, to play other parts on other stages, and to acquire little by little a technic that shall enable it finally to impersonate perfectly the rôle of a fully developed human soul.

The Why, the Whence, and the Whither of individuality are unknown and unknowable. We glimpse a little of the How; beyond that all is silence. Once in an age a mighty individuality, rich in experience and wise from the formative schooling of countless personalities, comes upon the world's stage as protagonist, shows us how a great tragic part should be played, then passes into the wings and is seen no more. To our loss and sorrow, we seldom recognize the greatness of the actor till the curtain has fallen and the lights are extinguished. The opportunity has slipped by and we are left to scrutinize the individuality that has gone on, as through a glass darkly, by means only of our memory of the personality. How quickly these memories become faraway and vague! Lincoln has been dead scarcely fifty years and he is already become to us a person of tradition. Many men still living clasped his hand, looked into his eyes, heard his voice; but how little they can tell us of the loveliness and power of the individuality that manifested itself through the medium of that uncouth personality!

Individuality, the mysterious and silent, leaves behind it few

traces describable in words, for individuality speaks to individuality only, and then by that wireless telegraphy whose code is known to highly spiritualized souls alone. Individuality has its lesson to learn, its part to play; the lesson is well learned, the part is well played—thoroughly learned and thoroughly played—for God never works in vain or fails to achieve his ends. But how little we can say about it all! The Recording Angel is the only biographer of individuality. The noblest life ever lived stands alone in having bequeathed to us the essence of its individuality, an inheritance that is the guiding star and inspiration to millions of human souls. Of the personality that clothed it we have scarcely a conception.

Personality is, of course, obvious enough. It enunciates new doctrines, accumulates vast material wealth, it sways multitudes by its eloquence and seems really to control the history of the nations. We are quick to recognize its potency. But, when all is said and done, how little of personality survives the living presence! Scarcely a score of the great figures in history have left more than a nebulous, shadowy memory of their personalities. Julius Caesar, St. Paul, St. Francis, Mahomet, Luther, Cromwell, Voltaire, Napoleon, Washington and Lincoln, whose names are household words, and about whom innumerable volumes have been written, are to us merely "cloudy symbols" of great historical movements. Hamlet, Othello and Macbeth, figments only of a poet's brain, are more real to us than the mightiest historical personalities, for in them we approach more nearly to the enduring part, the individuality of man. From the poet who can create

> Forms more real than living man,
> Nurslings of Immortality,

we derive our truest glimpses of individuality; and it is through the glass of imagination that we descry most clearly the eternal verities of our nature.

And yet, although individuality is the real and enduring part of us—what we are "worth to God"—we must not depreciate the value of personality. Personality is the only means by which individuality can perform its work and learn its lesson in this mundane life. In personality we lead our lives and communicate

and work with our fellow creatures. It is, in a sense, both play and player, scholar and teacher, the tool and the hand that wields it; without it, individuality would have no capacity for self-expression or self-development.

> Let us not always say,
> 'Spite of this flesh to-day,
> I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!
> As the bird wings and sings,
> Let us cry, "All good things
> Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul."

All human life is but a discipline, a going to school. This life of ours, which we are leading to-day with as much intensity and interest as if it had had no birth before elsewhere, and were to have no setting here, is (to use again a previous metaphor) but one brief course in an infinitely diverse curriculum, a soul-expanding experience

> Ere I be gone
> Once more on my adventure brave and new.

Whence come we? Whither go we? What is it all about, anyway? To these questions we can receive answers only in terms of pure imagination. The secret of life is unknowable. But even the records of the material world tell us "in whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind." Of God's ultimate purposes we can assert only that they are pure, but He vouchsafes us here and again hints of His methods—"echoes from beyond the grove."

> Often as the inward ear
> Catches such rebounds, beware!—
> Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
> For of God,—of God they are.

From these echoes and glimpses of the eternal purpose, which in our highest imaginative moments meet our inner senses, we can realize, each of us for himself, something of the true relation existing between individuality and personality and construct a philosophy of life of substantial value.

FRANCIS ROGERS.

SCHOOLS AND DAUGHTERS

BY EDITH HAMILTON

"SUZANNE," said Miss Coleman, as we seated ourselves at the lunch table, "has decided to go to college. She is to have two years of boarding school before she goes. To tell the truth, she's something of a puzzle. Now you know about schools," continued Suzanne's aunt; "where should you advise us to send her?"

"I may know something about schools," said I, "but please remember that I know nothing about Suzanne."

"Suzanne—well, Suzanne is confusing. She wants to go abroad and then come back here for college. She's heard of Bedale's in Hants. She likes the sound of Hants and Bateman's Burwash and Wormwood Scrubbs. To me they sound dirty. And that reminds me—the bathing arrangements at Bedale's seem odd, quite Greek, in fact. But Suzanne is interested in the classics."

"Yes," said I, "Suzanne is confusing."

The detachment with which my guest had questioned me in regard to a suitable school for her niece illustrates the attitude of the average parent or guardian. Again and again a school is chosen without regard to the needs of the girl who is to be sent to school. Whatever analysis is undertaken—and it is little enough in any case—is of the school rather than of the girl. "Oh, yes," says a mother, "that's a good school. Alice Gray went there and liked it immensely. It must be all right, because Mrs. Gray is very particular." And it was undoubtedly all right for Alice Gray; but will it, therefore, meet the needs of Helen Brown? Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Brown are fundamentally different women; good women both, I grant, but inheritance and training have produced for each of them fundamentally different daughters. For one automatically to play follow the leader to the other may result in a mistake for the daughter that can never be eradicated. The first requirement, then, for anyone who is trying to direct

the education of a young girl, is to understand the needs of the girl herself, in so far as it is possible for one fallible human being to perceive the needs of another.

Courage is necessary for the impartial analysis of a daughter. A mother hesitates partly for fear of playing the intruder, conscious as "crabbed age" has always been of an impassible barrier between itself and youth; partly for fear of discovering qualities that may prove a challenging problem to cope with, partly from the dread of ensuing disappointment. She would vehemently insist that she is scrupulous in the matter of health: she would quote dentist's bills for the straightening of recalcitrant teeth; she would tell you of the latest corrective exercises for stooped shoulders; she would assure you of the unconscionable sums necessary to fill the prescriptions for her daughter's Oxford glasses. But before mental and moral examinations she quails. It is not an exhilarating experience to acknowledge that in mental capacity her daughter does not, seemingly, measure up to the standard of someone else's daughter. There is humiliation, undoubtedly, in confessing that a daughter has failed to pass essential examinations. But were the examinations essential? Had not the girl been placed where she did not belong? Very probably her failure was due less to general mental inferiority than to lack of opportunity to exercise her power in lines where she would have shown real proficiency. Her unhappy position may be traced directly to the parents' disinclination to gauge their child's capacities. It is true that a girl may possess a very real lack of high intellectual quality; yet she may develop into a happy and useful woman. But if the parents, unwilling to acknowledge even to themselves that their child has not the expertness in grasping facts and in formulating ideas that their neighbor's daughter possesses, and pridefully force her to tasks that are not only uncongenial but impossible, pain and even tragedy may result.

Not for a moment do I mean that any child should be told that her abilities are second rate; I would have her encouraged and required to do her best. But to place her in a school where the competition runs high, where she is straining at tasks that are impossible for her, where she is embarrassed and perhaps shamed

by successive failures, is to run the risk of making her encase herself in a covering of defiance through which it is hard to break, or of making her weakly suspicious that she is one of the inefficient for whom the world has no need.

I recall the case of a girl whose father, unwilling to make an honest estimate of his daughter's intellect, placed her in a school that made a specialty of college preparatory work. There, he said, she was to stay until she was ready for college; and there she stayed for seven years, loathing her Latin and mathematics, and, worse still, finally loathing the father who selfishly refused to understand her. To him the school authorities had to confess that his daughter's classmates had long since passed their entrance examinations and were launched on their college course. Then the school opened a department that offered domestic science and handicrafts, and the girl came into her own. In defiance of the father's wishes, her teachers flung aside the Latin and algebra, turned her loose amid the shining new kitchen appointments, made her secretary of the school chapter of the Red Cross, and proved to the father that his daughter had already become a serviceable woman without the aid of a college education.

But if it is necessary to know one's daughter, it is also necessary to know her school. I speak especially of the need to know the boarding school, to the influences of which she may be subjected for her most impressionable years. That many parents think it advisable to send their daughters away from home for college preparatory or finishing courses is evidenced by the large number of flourishing boarding schools throughout the country, more especially in the North Atlantic States. The principals are prosperous, even rich, women, who are able to pay their teachers salaries far beyond those paid to college teachers. Such conditions exist because parents keep the schools full at prices sometimes incommensurate with the benefit their children receive. But, someone says, how are parents to know whether a school will meet their child's requirements? Granted that the parents have had the daring to formulate those requirements, should they not have the wisdom to examine various schools until they make discovery of the one that seems most likely to meet their

daughter's needs? Hundreds of mothers and daughters take long journeys to Chicago every spring and fall merely that they may have a choicer selection of millinery than that afforded by their own small mining or lumbering or oil town. Yet they are reluctant to add a few hours to their journey in order to investigate the school in which it is proposed to leave a daughter for three years. A telegram that reserves a vacancy in a school is dispatched with an indifference equal to that with which the father wires to his hotel for a room during a hurried business trip.

But not all parents show this naïve faith, or lack of interest, or plain unintelligence, or whatever it may be. They desire conscientiously, even with nervous anxiety, to select the school that shall best meet the peculiar needs of their child. Undoubtedly the curriculum is important, but of vastly greater importance is that intangible something called tone, and the tone of a school emanates from the principal. Therefore acquaintance with her is of prime importance. Now such acquaintance is, I am aware, in some cases well nigh impossible. Nevertheless it should be undertaken. Correspondence will do something; personal interviews will do more. If the correspondence looks one way with golden promises reinforced in a carefully phrased prospectus, and the principal herself seems to look another way, the chances are that the tone of the school will be neither equable nor robust.

I recall once going to visit a school charming to the eye with its green turf sloping gently to the sea, its beautiful swimming pool, its well-stocked library, its brasses and good mahogany in the drawing-room—where the principal's office, the big artery of the school life, was a maudlin confusion. The head of the school sat at a desk littered with soiled gloves, telegrams, proof sheets, a vase of unsavory lilacs, and endeavored to carry on with me a conversation that was broken by annoyed orders to a nervous boy-in-buttons and irritated answers to telephone calls. I sat by the window, glancing when I could across the green at a quiet half-moon of sand. Later my experience as a member of the staff of that school consistently bore out my first impression. The poise which it is imperative that every girl should acquire, and which she will most easily acquire by imitation, was lacking in our principal. All the teachers and the more sensitive

girls worked under a strain. To be sure casual visitors of not too analytical intentions were delighted by the prettily managed social life; they did not suspect the subterfuges that women will almost certainly develop in an attempt to eradicate daily friction. In such surroundings the uncalculating freedom that is the prerogative of youth was impossible.

The adolescent years are too prone to nervous irritability for any parent to run the risk of increasing the less pleasant phenomena of development. All youth is naturally imitative and girls will of their own accord model themselves upon a woman whom they admire. The morale of a school depends upon its leader. Of comparative insignificance are oddities in dress, speech, or manner; of high importance are graciousness and mental poise. Happily there are many principals who possess these desirable qualities. The curriculum is, to be sure, important. One reason why parents should completely understand their daughter is to prevent their sending her where the school curriculum does not offer opportunities for the development of her peculiar mentality: she should not be placed where college preparatory work is stressed if she has shown special aptitude for household arts; nor where everyone is playing prettily at devising novel salads and bonbons if she has a mind that grows rebellious unless it is busied with the niceties of mathematical problems and Latin grammar. Fads in courses suggest that the head mistress lacks a sense of proportion, that she has failed to see big things large and little things small; whereas a well-balanced curriculum suggests that sanity is likely to pervade the entire school life. No parent, through indifference or poor judgment, should run the risk of placing a daughter where steadying influences do not emanate from the principal. Impressionable youth will recognize and make her own the beautiful balance that a wise parent has enabled her to touch in the daily life of her school.

Only second in importance to the qualities of the principal are the characters of the teachers associated with her. Often, indeed nearly always, a girl comes into closer personal contact with teachers than with principal. To the latter everyone looks for general guidance; to the former the individual girl often owes the direct supervision of intimate personal matters. The selection

of clothes, the choice of reading, gossip over teacups in a pretty study, bedtime talks, belong more especially to teacher and pupil. The members of a community made up entirely of women live under artificial conditions. Since this is so, there is need of additional caution to keep the atmosphere wholesome.

To find teachers who are stimulating without being sensational is not easy. Some principals deliberately cater to the sentimentalism of girlhood and do not hesitate to retain in their schools women who take advantage of plastic youth to obtain for themselves gifts and attentions that they crave. Such women are often expert in attracting girls and help to keep them entertained, but whether the relationship is for the pupil's ultimate good may be questioned. A girl of seventeen wrote to me:

"I'm going to tell you about a Person. She came to my prep school to teach either English or Latin, but they were out a math teacher so she took that place. She lives in a Settlement House that *stinks* with straw the blind people in the basement are making brooms with—but her room is a small oasis of brown rugs and nasturtiums in a brown vase. And she always wears one-piece things—brown or green. And she knows how impossibly good-looking she is. She's the mental Grasshopper. She's the kind that leaves you leaning against the door, trying to break away—your face stiff with a forced leer. She's insultingly clever. She has no respect and no enthusiasm and no morals. Life for her is a game to outwit the rest of the world. She likes Max Eastman and Vachel Lindsay and Russian Jews—her latest is that chap who charges thirty dollars an hour to teach you how to Radiate and Be. She's read everything new in manuscript. And when you're with her, she invariably talks about *you* with the most consummate egotism in the world. *And*—her name is Smith. But she isn't hateful."

Fascinating or amusing or really informative as such a women may be, one has to ask whether she is, perhaps, the healthiest companion for one's daughter's intimate moments. The well-balanced young person who has already acquired a certain sense of values will take Miss Smith not too seriously; but the unpoised girl, oscillating among half a dozen fads, will be swept off her feet and will adore her goddess, usually not from a distance, grow madly jealous of rival worshippers, and altogether manage to waste upon such a friendship a vast deal of time, money, and nervous energy. A principal recognizes the decorative value of Miss Smith and the serviceableness of her clever talk. But a

mother may well demur about whether this is just the influence she most desires for her young daughter. A school where fads, sensationalism, extremes of any sort, preponderate is not what the mother wants; she is, rather, searching for a school that shall offer less caviare and more plain food, wholesome but at the same time palatable.

Choice of a college as well as choice of a school must be regulated by the needs of the girl in question. Only last summer I heard the head mistress of a prosperous Pittsburg school remark, "Oh, it doesn't make any difference where girls go to college; they all love their colleges no matter where you send them." This I know to be untrue, for my own years of teaching college girls have proved that students after an experimental year or two in one college frequently transfer to another. The selecting of a college may in two respects seem to a parent easier than the selecting of a school: the field is more restricted and the daughter oftener makes the decision for herself. But if the choice of a college is sometimes less arduous, it is more far-reaching in its consequences. Boarding school experience often lasts for only two years, but college lasts for twice that time and is more vitally related to a girl's life work. Opportunities and aims are not the same in all colleges. One has only to glance over Alice Freeman Palmer's *Three Types of Women's Colleges*, already quaintly out of date though some of it is, to discover that the fundamental differences among the colleges there described—the co-educational institution, the independent college for women and the annex of a great university—remain as they were in 1890. A parent who thinks that any college will fit the needs of any girl will do well to disabuse himself immediately of that idea.

With some girls physical considerations must come first. If a girl is none too robust, the college course is going to put her health to a rigorous test. Why, therefore, should she be sent where the requirements are superlatively severe and where the opportunities for outdoor life are curtailed by city surroundings? For such a girl a college in the country may offer rarely beautiful surroundings that invite to every form of outdoor activity. Here there is less chance of her growing fagged than there would be if, in her free moments, she had no place but

city streets in which to pass her time. On the other hand, a girl with rugged health that flourishes anywhere could without harm be subjected to four years of hard work in the more restricted physical surroundings of a city college.

Physical needs are, perhaps, more easily determined than mental needs. The over-conventional girl, the girl who has somehow managed, even at eighteen, to get herself into ruts of thought and action, who is priggish and scared to think, needs to be tumbled into an atmosphere where ideas are flung about without too much caution, where her own ideas are bumped about with everybody else's ideas, where she is sometimes regarded and oftener disregarded, where the expected thing is seldom said, where she strangles and gasps and—somehow survives. On the contrary, the girl who is over-inquisitive but not wisely curious, who hates restraint but who has not yet learned to distinguish between the ephemeral and the permanent, who is, for the moment, finding Greenwich Village important, will perhaps be benefited by a college where the thought is less experimental and follows somewhat cautiously paths that have already been tested and found to lead somewhere.

Special mental aptitudes need consideration. Recently there came to me a college girl whose family was soon, because of the father's business, to transfer itself from East Orange to London. Where was the daughter to finish her college course? Knowing, as I did, her interest in English literature, I named at once Oxford, St. Margaret's, St. Hilda's, thinking all the while of her beautiful opportunity to listen, in those rare surroundings, to scholars whose names she already knew in books. A few days later she came to me again. "Mother," she said, "has been talking with one of her friends who's been abroad a good deal, and this friend advises Cambridge on account of health conditions, —the buildings aren't so old as those at Oxford." As little discrimination as this good lady showed is evidenced by many parents. Their daughter possesses, for example, a lively interest in dramatic composition: she has already written two or three successful little plays for children. With this work she is eager to proceed, yet she is sent to a college where, to her surprise, she finds no opportunity to pursue her special interest, when she

might have gone to another where such opportunity would be abundant. Or if the dearest experience in her high school course has been the editing of her school magazine and she longs to study journalism, as likely as not she travels from Honolulu to an eastern college, only to find that the course she longed for was to be had at a western university. It is amazing and pitiful that the names of the greatest scholars in America are unfamiliar to our college-going public, and that parents will not take pains to bring their daughters into contact with the minds that could best minister to their needs.

I daresay that all our women's colleges have in the main the same general ideal of education; yet their specific ideals are not the same and their methods of achieving their ends are amazingly different. Everyone knows that the slogan of one college has always been "We turn out intelligent gentlewomen!" Another college aims to create scholars; another still, breadwinners. I talked recently with a woman who had been visiting two important eastern colleges for women. In one college it seemed to her that a group of conscientious instructors was arranging the class period with scrupulous care. Every word was planned with a view to the greatest economy of time and thought. The line of action was meticulously formulated. The thoughts of the students marched in good order between two carefully erected fences. March they did for fifty minutes; stragglers were not tolerated. In the other, beautiful roadways were pointed out, scores of them; students strolled down them a little way and caught glimpses of whither the roads led; they longed sometimes to follow those roads far, oh, very far; perhaps the multiplicity of roads seemed confusing at the moment, yet one knew they stretched on purposefully. During the hour some students never strolled at all, but remained stuck at the beginning; their inertia was their own business: if they did not care to stray down the fair paths pointed out, no one minded that they chose to stay behind. There are advantages in each method. Part of the parents' problem is to discover which one meets their daughter's needs.

EDITH HAMILTON.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS

G. K. CHESTERTON

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

I

THERE is a legend, much beholden to Shakespeare, that learning and leanness are akin to each other, while dull wits flourish in company with obesity. The curious submission sometimes made by Shakespeare to common prejudices and ignorance, glorified by the name of legend, caused him too often to forget the obligation of the aristocrat to think for himself, and remember only to think with the mob; and the singular fact about this forgetfulness of his is that when he chose to think with the mob, he nearly always did so when the mob was in the wrong. He preferred the judgment of the street to the judgment of informed minds when he wrote *Richard the Third*, and allowed himself to malign that excellent and most capable prince and monarch. Richard was one of the ablest of the kings of England, but Shakespeare, forgetting his obligations to his own genius, portrays him as a pervert with a mania for blood. He yields to the common view in his references to fat men. Falstaff is fat and flighty and a coward, a drunkard, a braggart and a misleader of young princes, although the prototype of Sir John was himself a man of known courage. Cassius was deemed to think too much because he had a lean and hungry look. Julius Caesar desired the society of fat men who, presumably, indulged but seldom in thought and never in any that could be called dangerous. Fat men are endowed with but one tolerable virtue: that of good nature; and if any fat man ever enters heaven, it will be because of his equable temper and in spite of his corpulence.

Mr. Chesterton is a fat man. There is a rumor in England that many Americans felt they had been defrauded of their money when they went to hear him lecture lately because he was hardly

so fat as they had been led to believe! He certainly is not so bulky now, because of a serious illness, as he was when I first knew him, but in those days he was undeniably an enormous man. And in himself he is a complete refutation of the legend that fat men are dull men. Dr. Johnson was another fat man whose large flesh covered a large intellect. Dr. Johnson, indeed, was so able a man that, in spite of an incorrigibly lazy character, which kept him abed of mornings when he ought to have been improving the shining hour, he compiled a dictionary with little assistance which, so Frenchmen said, would have engaged the labors of forty French scholars for a long time.

These legends about men of wit and dull men need to be revised. There have been as many fat men of genius as there have been lean men of genius. There have been as many epicurean geniuses as there have been ascetic geniuses—indeed, my experience is that men of great mental energy are fonder of their food than many men with torpid minds; and some of the ablest men I know are excessively addicted to the pleasures of the table. Mr. Shaw is a fastidious feeder, with odd likes and dislikes, but no one could say that he is indifferent to what he eats. It is, I think, an ironic commentary on the legend that fat men are lacking in cleverness, that much the cleverest of those who oppose the opinions of the lean Mr. Shaw is the fat Mr. Chesterton.

Mr. Chesterton, indeed, was sent into the world by an All-Just God for the exclusive purpose of saying the opposite to Mr. Shaw. With the most complimentary intention I say that Mr. Chesterton's job in the world is, when Mr. Shaw speaks, to reply, "On the contrary! . . ." He has to restore the balance which Mr. Shaw very vigorously disturbs. Mr. Chesterton is considerably younger than Mr. Shaw, much younger than most people, on seeing him, imagine him to be. He was born in London in 1874, and therefore is still three years short of fifty. His book on Browning was published when he was twenty-nine, and *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* when he was thirty. The bulk of his work, and certainly the best of it, with the exception of the *Short History of England*, was published before he was forty. The bulk, and certainly the best, of Mr. Shaw's work was published after he had passed his fortieth year. A critic comparing the two

writers ought to remember that Mr. Shaw's work is mainly that of a mature man, whereas that of Mr. Chesterton is mainly the work of a young man.

II

Gilbert Keith Chesterton is commonly known as a writer of paradox. He is something of a paradox himself, for he is half-Scotch, half-French, and wholly English. This paradox is not any more startling than the fact that yellow and blue, when mixed together, become green. England is half-way between Scotland and France! He handles paradox very skilfully, but there are times when he imagines he is making a paradox and is only making a pun; and there are other times when he is merely making nonsense. He states in a book called *What's Wrong With the World* that "the prime truth of woman, the universal mother" is "that if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing badly." That is a singular paradox! I can understand a prime truth which declares that a thing is worth doing, even if it be done badly, but I cannot understand a prime truth which seems to make a merit of bad workmanship.

Elsewhere in the same book, he says that "submission to a weak man is discipline. Submission to a strong man is servility." The proper commentary on that paradox can only be made by a soldier. I can assure Mr. Chesterton that the discipline of a weak man is the nearest approach to tyranny I know, and it flies to pieces in times of great distress. Your strong man can hold thoroughly frightened men to their manhood with a word and a wave of the hand, but your weak man demoralizes them with the fretful tyranny which he calls strength. The submission of strong men to a weak man may be called discipline, but it would be better named self-assurance. But in the field itself, when authority and strength are needed, that weak man is quietly pushed into the background, and the really strong man, although he may be a private soldier, takes command. One can, of course, pick holes in many of Mr. Chesterton's paradoxes in that manner, but it is profitless to do so. Our work now is to discover what is of value in his doctrine and to describe what is unsound in it.

Roughly, one may say that Mr. Chesterton stands for the

common man against the very clever man. He believes more in the People than he believes in Particular Persons. As he himself would say, he trusts Man more than he trusts any man, a statement which reads better than it sounds. He believes in tradition, even in legend, which is the wisdom accumulated by Man, not out of his mind so much as out of his experience. He believes in the institution of private property, provided that the property is widely distributed. In other words, he believes in what is called Peasant Proprietorship. He does not believe in Progress as Mr. Wells, for example, believes in it, and he will tell you very emphatically that the common man was happier in the Middle Ages than he is to-day. There are times when it seems to me that Mr. Chesterton's "common man" is as mythical as the "average man" of the newspapers and the "economic man" of the economists; and I am very dubious about the happiness of the poor people of the Middle Ages. It would be foolish to carry one's doctrine too far, but if there is anything in this theory of Man deriving wisdom from experience, surely it is reasonable to suppose that human beings, having discovered a means of living which ensures some comfort and security to them, will not easily be deprived of it. Mr. Chesterton asks us to believe that the "common" man permitted the rich lord to rob him of his rights almost in ignorance of the fact that he was being robbed of them. It is just as probable that he was ignorant of them because he never had them.

Mr. Chesterton believes, too, in what he calls "the ancient and universal things" as against what he calls "the modern and specialist things." He has invented a theory which establishes man as the great specialist and woman as the great amateur, and he would keep woman out of the polling-booth, not because the vote is too good for her, but because it is not good enough. He demands that the woman shall stay in the home, not for the Teutonic reason that she is inferior to man and must work in a narrow area, but for the Chestertonic reason that she is capable of more varied work than man and can only find adequate range for her variety in the broad dominions of the home. "Women were not kept at home," he says, "in order to keep them narrow; on the contrary, they were kept at home in order to keep them broad."

The effort must seem to many persons to have been a singularly unsuccessful one, but Mr. Chesterton will have none of this sophistry. "I do not even pause to deny that woman was a servant; but at least she was a general servant," he asserts; discovering in her "generalness" a virtue where others would discover only a certainty of incompetence and muddle.

> If drudgery only means dreadfully hard work, I admit the woman drudges in the home, as a man might drudge at the Cathedral of Amiens or drudge behind a gun at Trafalgar. But if it means that the hard work is more heavy because it is trifling, colorless and of small import to the soul, then, as I say, I give it up; I do not know what the words mean. To be Queen Elizabeth within a definite area, deciding sales, banquets, labors and holidays; to be Whiteley within a certain area, providing toys, boots, sheets, cakes and books; to be Aristotle within a certain area, teaching morals, manners, theology and hygiene—I can understand how this might exhaust the mind, but I cannot imagine how it could narrow it. How can it be a large career to tell other people's children about the Rule of Three, and a small career to tell one's own children about the universe? How can it be broad to be the same thing to everyone, and narrow to be everything to someone? No; a woman's function is laborious, but because it is gigantic, not because it is minute. I will pity Mrs. Jones for the hugeness of her task; I will never pity her for its smallness.

I have quoted that extensive passage because it is a good example of Mr. Chesterton's style and his thought. It is a mixture of soundness and unsoundness, in which the two things merge so imperceptibly that there is difficulty in distinguishing the one from the other. It is not easy to see why the stenographer, travelling to an office every morning at the same hour by the same underground railway, and typing more or less the same sort of letter for a specified number of hours before she returns every evening by the same underground railway to the home from which she set out in the morning, should be more broad-minded than the woman who stays at home performing a variety of jobs; and perhaps Mr. Chesterton is justified in his faith by the fact that the stenographer is most eager to escape from the office to the home by the way of marriage.

Nevertheless, I suspect that the home is not quite the broadening influence Mr. Chesterton declares it to be, and Mr. Chesterton himself provides me with the ground for my suspicion. To be Queen Elizabeth within a certain area may be enlarging for the

mind. To be Whiteley (or Marshall Field, in America) within a certain area may be enlarging for the mind. To be Aristotle within a certain area may be enlarging for the mind. But to be Queen Elizabeth *and* Whiteley *and* Aristotle within a certain area is paralyzing for the mind. The stenographer who does one thing every day, has time to think of many things: the wife and mother who does many things every day has time to think of nothing. I do not believe that the stenographer, who accepts the responsibilities of marriage and motherhood, regards the drudgery of them as an unparalleled opportunity for exhibiting her versatility; and I have observed that the people who are most keen on such "modern and specialist things" as labor-saving devices, are just those women who, in Mr. Chesterton's judgment, should be most reluctant to accept them.

III

His praise of the "ancient and universal things" at the expense of the "modern and specialist things" leads him to say that

> If a man found a coil of rope in a desert he could at least think of all the things that can be done with a coil of rope; and some of them might be practical. He could tow a boat or lasso a horse. He could play cat's cradle or pick oakum. He could construct a rope-ladder for an eloping heiress, or cord her boxes for a travelling maiden aunt. He could learn to tie a bow, or he could hang himself. Far otherwise with the unfortunate traveller who should find a telephone in the desert. You can telephone with a telephone: you cannot do anything else with it.

He disparages the hot-water pipe in order to exalt the open fire. He argues that "the ancient and universal things" can be turned to many uses, but that the "modern and specialist things" are strictly limited to one purpose.

There may be much in his argument, though his examples hardly support him, but how much is not apparent. Take the case of the man in the desert who finds a coil of rope, and compare him with the man in the desert who finds a telephone. Mr. Chesterton begs us to observe how happy is the former compared with the latter, but is he one-half so happy? The absorbing passion of a man's life in a desert would be the desire to get out of the desert as quickly as possible. How far would a rope help

him to realize his desire? He could not tow a boat or lasso a horse because there would not be any water on which to tow the boat or any horse to lasso. If there were a horse to lasso it would either be wild and unrideable or private property. He could play at cat's cradle with the rope if it were not a rope at all—if, that is to say, it were twine; and perhaps this would help to pass away the time before he died of starvation. He could pick oakum if he wished to un-rope the rope and had never been to prison to discover what a loathsome job oakum-picking is. But he could not construct a rope-ladder for an eloping heiress or cord her boxes for his travelling maiden aunt, because the eloping heiress would not be eloping in a desert, and his maiden aunt would hardly be packing her trunk in the Sahara. He might be able to tie a bow. He might even be able to hang himself, though that is doubtful, for trees are not prolific in deserts. But I cannot see what comfort he would derive from either of these accomplishments.

To sum up, a man in a desert with nothing but a coil of rope between him and civilization would be in as complete a state of isolation as it would be possible for a man to imagine. How different would be the case of the man in a desert with the despised "modern and specialist" telephone! For he, finding a telephone, would instantly be able to communicate with other people and to direct them to his rescue. If he were anxious to hang himself, he could more effectively do so in the neighborhood of a telephone than in the neighborhood of a coil of rope, for where there are telephones there are generally telegraph-poles!

Even in the case of the open fire and the hot-water pipe, as much can be said for the "modern and specialist thing" as can be said for the "ancient and universal thing," and in some instances, more can be said for it. We get a cheerful glow from an open fire that certainly is not to be got from a hot-water pipe; but Mr. Chesterton must have noticed on many occasions that whereas one gets tolerably toasted on one side by an open fire, it usually leaves the other side cold. Thus a man, on a wintry night, sitting before a fire, may be too warm in front, and half-frozen behind. But a hot-water pipe creates an equable temperature in a room and leaves a man warm on all sides.

IV

He is a nationalist and therefore opposed to imperialism. His belief in peasant proprietorship flows naturally from his belief in nationalism. He defends peasant proprietorship in *Irish Impressions* because he believes that a country controlled by peasants will survive long after more majestically-governed nations have declined and fallen:—

> I do not know how far modern Europe really shows a menace of Bolshevism, or how far merely a panic of Capitalism. But I know that if any honest resistance has to be offered to mere robbery, the resistance of Ireland will be the most honest and probably the most important. . . . It is where property is well distributed that it will be well defended. The post of honor will be with those who fight in very truth for their own land.

Now, here we are on very debateable ground, as debateable as his statement that "honor is a luxury for aristocrats, but it is a necessity for hall-porters," which is surely an obscure rendering of the entirely commercial statement that "honesty is the best policy." Honor is not honor when a man uses it merely because it is profitable to him, and I cannot see much virtue in him who fights for his land simply because he owns it. Honor is admirable when it brings not profit but loss to the man who wears it. Virtue is in the man who fights for his country though he does not own an inch of it. And here I come to my objection to Mr. Chesterton's beloved peasant proprietorship, the cause of my dismay at the thought that my own country of Ireland may soon be controlled by small farmers.

It is true that a peasant will fight desperately for his own piece of land, but he manifests a sturdy reluctance to fight for another man's land; and I cannot understand why Mr. Chesterton regards his determination to hold on to his property as more "honest" or more "honorable" than the determination of a Victory bondholder to get the last cent of interest out of the taxpayers. Peasants, no less than other men, in fact more than other men, have itching palms, and it is sheer sentimentalism to describe as "honest" or "honorable" behavior in them which is denounced as dishonest and dishonorable in a stockbroker. It is true that Lenin's schemes collapsed completely before the resistance of the Russian

peasants, and that his plans for the nationalization of everything failed to include the principal thing of all, namely, the land; but Mr. Chesterton will hardly maintain that the Russian peasants had disinterested motives in offering this resistance to Lenin. He may, indeed, insist that their motives were entirely interested and base his case for the Distributive State, as Mr. Belloc named it, on that very interest. But a nation should be something more than a crowd of peasants digging in the earth for their personal profit, and when Mr. Chesterton commends his peasant proprietors to me, I ask not for the signs of their interested behavior, but for the signs of their disinterested behavior. When he tells me that the peasant will fight for his own land, I ask him whether the peasant will fight for his neighbor's land? When he tells me that the Irish peasant will resist the attempts of the Bolshevist to communalize his land, I ask him whether the Irish peasant is equally ready to defend the French peasant from Russian aggression? Mr. Chesterton declares that France had claims on the gratitude of Ireland. Did the Irish peasant farmer remember those claims on his gratitude? Or did he find it more convenient and profitable to ejaculate, "Yah, dirty atheist, go and fight your own battles!" In deriding the idea of empire, Mr. Chesterton says in this book of *Irish Impressions* that "the British combination" is "more lax and liable to schism" than a combination of peasants. I do not believe there is any truth in this statement, particularly when I remember that "the British combination" held together for five years in circumstances that might have been expected to shake it to pieces. Let me give an example, out of my experience during the War, of the way in which the Imperial idea rallies men to its support to their own loss. While I was being trained to be an officer, I shared a hut with twenty-five other men. Between us, we represented every part of the British Empire. The twenty-six men in that hut included Englishmen, Scotsmen, Welshmen and two Irishmen (one of whom was an Orangeman, and the other, myself, a Home Ruler). In addition to these, there were two Australians, a man from New Zealand, two men from Canada, two from South Africa and a couple of men from South America, one a Spaniard and the other the son of English parents. Many of these men had travelled for thou-

sands of miles at their own expense in order to join the British Army. They were volunteers. I would like to see the community of peasants that would travel ten yards to defend anything but their own personal property, except under compulsion.

When I cited this case to Mr. Chesterton some time ago, in controversy with him, he replied with characteristic amiability that Serbia was a community of peasants, and that Serbia had fought in the War. When I asked whether Serbia would have fought for Montenegro, he replied that she had done more than that, she had fought for "the wholly invisible bond of all Christendom." But Serbia did nothing of the sort. She fought for herself because she was invaded. That was a perfectly proper thing to do, but there is no comparison between it and the behavior of men responding at their own cost to the Imperial idea, although many hundreds of miles away from the place of argument and under no compulsion to go to it.

The truth about a peasant civilization is that it is a mean civilization, in which mean virtues compete with mean vices, and the small and local thing is esteemed above the big and world-wide thing. There are many defects in empires, even in one so loosely-bound as the British Empire, but although those who control an empire are often guilty of cruel deeds, there is at least this to be said in their defense, that they honestly believe themselves to be possessed of greater wisdom than those whom they oppress, and do desire in their stupid fashion to govern them for their good.

On the whole, freedom may be defined as the right to choose; but that definition must obviously be subject to limitations. There is a sort of wild and woolly democrat who believes in the right of uninstructed persons to choose wrong. It is not a right in which I believe. Mr. Chesterton thinks, not without justification, that the common man can choose in a right manner. If his creed were confined to that clause we could accept it with heartiness, but there are times when he seems to think that the common man chooses aright because he is a common man, and he leaves us with the impression that he can never quite forgive Magna Charta because it was won by peers, and not by peasants. He seems not to realize that if Magna Charta had depended upon peasants, it would never have been won.

V

But he helps us to keep a balance. His service to us is that when we are inclined to run frantically after the superman, he reminds us of the existence of the common man. If he were not so well-padded with flesh, I should describe him as the skeleton at a feast of supermen, reminding them that even a superman can be a fool.

There are times, indeed, when his faith in the common man undergoes a sea-change, and he utters sentiments that might be spoken by Mr. H. L. Mencken, who cannot abide the common mind. In one of his essays, Mr. Chesterton says, "I certainly would much rather share my apartments with a gentleman who thought he was God than with a gentleman who thought he was a grasshopper." So would Nietzsche. But I doubt whether the Early Christians would have approved his preference. They, who were ready to pronounce all flesh to be grass, would not have found anything incompatible with their faith in a gentleman who regarded himself as a grasshopper. They would certainly have considered his rival in misapprehension to be a blasphemer. And if Mr. Chesterton would fail to find pleasure in the company of a man who believed himself to be that fairly attractive, though monotonous, insect, how much less pleasure would he derive from sharing his apartments with a man who believed not only himself, but all men, to be worms?

He is personally the most kindly and agreeable of men, in whom the one virtue commonly ascribed to fat men, that of good nature, is most highly developed. His anger is almost completely impersonal. His pardon is on the heels of his condemnation. The sins of jealousy and hatred are unknown to him, and he seems to be without the power of resenting things done to himself. It is a tribute to the charm of his character and the equability of his temper that his stoutest admirers are those who most vigorously combat his views, and that most of his friends are men who do not share any of his views, except perhaps the only view that matters, the view that an ill deed must be exposed and a wrong put right. He is Don Quixote in the body of Sancho Panza.

St. John Ervine.

THE MEXICAN AS HE IS

BY CARLETON BEALS

"FRIENDS, let us follow the cross; and if we have faith we shall conquer."

Such was the motto of the black and crimson banner, emblazoned with the cross and the coat of arms of Carlos Quinto, King of Spain, which Cortez and his little band of five hundred soldiers planted upon the ramparts of Chapultepec Palace in the capital of the mighty Aztec Empire. That hour began the domination in Mexico of the Roman-Spanish Church and State, and the decadence of all that was great and good in native Indian civilization. That hour came into being in Mexico "the red man's burden," a burden which has become heavier during the many centuries of foreign occupation, foreign intrigue, and devastating civil wars.

Ultimately the future of Mexico will depend upon the future of that eighty-five per cent of the population that can neither read nor write; of that thirty-eight per cent of pure Indian population, 2,000,000 of which cannot even understand Spanish; and the almost fifty per cent of mestizos with mixed Indian and foreign blood. The solution of "the Mexican problem" must include the regeneration of this great mass of ignorant, starving and disintegrated humanity.

The Mexican is a composite of Indian, Oriental and White: small-boned, spare-limbed, short of stature,—rarely more than five feet six,—with straight black hair, round face, prominent cheek bones, black or deep brown eyes, and a stringy moustache drooping over a somewhat sad, sensitive, full-lipped mouth and weak chin. He is furtive, evasive, distrustful, especially before a person of the higher class or a foreigner; but warm-hearted, impulsive, expansive, and childishly generous if he finds that such a person is *simpático*.

His dress is a synthesis of the Spanish and Indian. He wears a Brobdingnagian sombrero as broad as a baobab tree, on the brim

of which he carries his immediate necessities and more treasured worldly possessions. This hat he will have if he has to pay twenty or thirty pesos, wear *huaraches* or sandals, and go hungry. Next in importance are his tight-fitting trousers, preferably of leather, otherwise of cotton. How he gets them on or off is a mystery. The chances are that they stay cleaved to his body until necessity requires their replacement.

To this general make-up is always added a touch of color by a bright kerchief triangled about the neck, and a flaming red serape flung across the shoulder—one of the most picturesque ensembles to be found among the world's costumes.

The poorer women of Mexico are rarely decently clad; their cotton dresses are ragged and dirty. Black is the color affected, accentuating the sorrow of the land in which they live. Even their scarfs or *tapalos* are black, although one occasionally sees a dull blue or brown *rebozo*. Generally they plod along barefooted and dejected. Always the best goes to her "man," her husband, her lord, her master.

The dress of the Mexican is a reflection of his economic status. Under the various régimes that have so quickly "flourished and faded" in Mexico, the peón has discovered that he can live as comfortably in idleness as by toiling long, soul-deadening hours. He will be as likely to be hungry and in rags when he labors as when he does not. He is not the first in the world to have discovered that fact, and in his case it is a happy discovery in that it corresponds to his racial temperament.

For from ten to fifteen hours of work he would earn under the Díaz régime about fifteen cents. When I left Mexico some months ago, the laborers in the government parks received but seventy-five cents a day; less than the fifteen cents in the time of Díaz, for the prices are as high in Mexico as in the United States, if not higher. With good luck a Mexican can steal as much as that in a day, and certainly can make as much peddling fruit or papers. Even trade workers, such as painters, carpenters, etc., receive but a dollar and a half a day. I talked with a *cargador*, who for twenty-five cents had carried my two-hundred pound trunk on his back some twenty city blocks, asking him how he found life. He told me he had been a tailor under the Díaz

régime, but that he could make more now, carrying such heavy loads, than at his trade. The bakers work fourteen hours, although the Constitution says that night workers shall work only seven hours, and receive but seventy-five cents to a dollar a day. Girls in cafés have told me that they work from fourteen to seventeen hours a day and receive but the equivalent of $7.50 a month. Knowing these conditions, one has more respect for the lazy man and the bandit—they are both economic products.

And yet, where the peón has a patch of ground to call his own, —and that is all he asks,—he becomes a hard worker. Wherever I have traveled among the people of Mexico who have their own lands to till, I have always witnessed the greatest industry. The husbandman is off before daybreak, takes his meal of cold tortillas and cheese in the fields, and does not return until long after sundown.

The home of the Mexican, where such economic standards are the rule, can readily be imagined. Usually but one room for an immense brood of dirty, half-naked children—a dark, windowless, unfloored, damp room, where one or two faded prints of the Virgin and the Christ are usually the only decorations. The furniture consists of a few broken stools, a rickety table, some home-woven mats for beds, and blocks of wood for pillows—nothing more. For dishes, a few crudely-made earthen bowls and pitchers; for cooking, a tin charcoal brazier, and its inevitable partner, the stone *metate* for pounding out the maize. Food and bones are thrown on the floor to the mangy, flea-bitten dogs; the place is infested with lice and rodents; and disease reaches out its scrawny hand of death from every corner.

His diet is a starvation diet, the diet of his Indian ancestors before him, but less in quantity: corn *tortillas*, flat, unsalted cakes of half-baked, mashed corn; *frijoles*, or Mexican beans; and *pulque*, the drink given to him by his ancient Indian gods. This is his diet, meal in and meal out, year in and year out. Occasionally he has a cup of coffee, usually without milk or sugar; occasionally he substitutes, if he is in the country, meat or cheese for the *frijoles*. The amounts of each are insufficient. The Mexican is chronically underfed, chronically suffering from malnutrition, and constantly the prey of disease. The death rate of Mexico

City, climatically the healthiest spot to be found anywhere, is 42 per thousand, the highest in any large city in the world.

His family life, however, is usually happy—perhaps because of its care-free and irresponsible hand-to-mouth character. Yet his wife is virtually his slave. She must do his bidding without question, and she prides herself on her submissiveness and subjection. He may curse her, beat her, have open relations with three or four other women, and she not only has no legal redress, but would not for a moment think of seeking any. The marriage tie, at best, is loose; few peóns ever have enough money to pay for a wedding ceremony. Getting married is living together, and is quite the moral thing to do. Yet the man may leave his wife in the lurch with half a dozen children, and return after many years of absence, and she will take him unquestioningly back to her heart! She has no independence and no importance, except to serve as man's slave and minister to his desires.

Thus the Mexican peón's life, aside from the bare facts of animal existence, is limited. Yet his few moments of relaxation, his amusements, are important factors in determining his character and outlook upon the world.

In a great measure, the spiritual, social, and recreational life of the peón revolves about the church. Nearly all his holidays are church *fiestas*. These hark back to the old Church holy days of feasting and jollity.

On such a day, José goes first to mass, wedging his way in with a huge, eager, ragamuffin throng. If it is Guadelupe day, the day of *the* Virgin of Mexico, the roads for miles will be converted into endless rivers of bobbing sombreros. From every side pour in the crowds of rollicking peasants, some on burro-back, some on foot, some on their knees; all converging towards Guadelupe, the religious Mecca of the country, hurrying to the lofty cathedral that pierces the tropic, turquoise sky above the green, mountain-rimmed bowl of the Valley of Mexico.

Once inside the cathedral, our José faces the symbols of Aztec glory and Spanish power, for the Church of Mexico is a synthesis of both. The stone arches swell to majestic height above the massive columns, impressing the poor peón with his insignificance and impotence, and the awfulness of God. In the dim light the

solid gold and silver balustrades and glistening chandeliers gleam with a heavy, barbaric splendor; great dull copper tablets engraved with Bible verses line the walls; old saints peer down with a sad, paternal look from rich, faded paintings. About a Mexican cathedral one senses a certain Oriental richness and mysticism, a certain Egyptian massiveness.

Before the awe of the greatest Church of the world, and the grandeur and grotesqueness of its Aztec antecedents, poor, torn José cringes, with a shaking taper, on his knees before the gorgeousness of the high-flung altar. With real and honest worship he watches the tall, but fat, heavy-set, big-jowled priest, in his robes of ermine and purple velvet, pass among his tatterdemalion fellows, collecting hand-kisses and pennies; past a poor woman who, without the least sense of embarrassment, nurses her babe at her naked breast; past the boy who munches peanuts as religiously as he recites his prayers; past the great unwashed that knows more of catechism than of soap.

With the drone of the chants, the swelling tones of the full-voiced organ, the sonorous surge of the litany, the peón's emotion masters him, and he bursts into tears. Finally he places his taper beneath his favorite saint, drops two or three days' wages into the pittance-box, and passes with his shaken soul into the sunlight of God.

Outside he thrusts his way through the rotting, blear-eyed beggars, and past the hundreds of clamoring street-venders. A new feeling possesses him—he sheds his emotions easily. The rest of the day is for pleasure.

Most conspicuous are the gambling joints. They announce their presence garishly to eye and ear. From their interiors bursts the rollicking thrum of marimbas. Within may be discovered any number of skin-game contrivances, arranged to appeal to the imagination and the deep-rooted gambling instincts of the Mexican. In such a place, José will spend the remainder of the morning, feverishly watching the ebb and flow of his coppers.

At noon he will probably buy his dinner from one of the tag-rag women, squatting by the curb, cooking over a low charcoal fire, her hands and arms streaked with soot and dripping with yellow grease. Crouching down in the gutter, his back to the swirling

eddies of dust, a little earthenware bowl of *frijoles* or some greasy, brick-colored stew, he hastily devours the contents with the aid of a corn *tortilla*, fashioned in the shape of a trowel.

In some *pulquería*, some festively painted saloon, bearing the name of "The Dance of the Gipsies," or "The Promenade of Venus," he will take his place in the midst of the hilarious throng of men, women and children, happy and dirty. Here José will dance and play the afternoon away over a floor slippery-wet with spilled *pulque* in an atmosphere sweetishly sickening from its stale smell, heavy with tobacco smoke, and foul with vile talk. As the day lengthens into night the fun grows more hilarious, the licentiousness more unrestrained, and then the drinks go around faster. And our José drinks; drinks until he has absorbed his share of the 375,000 litres of *pulque* that are sold on just an ordinary day in the Mexican capital; drinks until he can assure himself that all's well with the world.

On another day, however, he will probably attend a bull-fight, where he will witness three or four horses gutted and a bull baited into madness and rage. You will hear him shout: "*Que bonia!*" —"How fine!"—or "*Mire, mire!*"—"Look, look!"—at each most bloody lunge of the horns or the matador's blade. Indeed killing in its various manifestations must be enumerated among the Mexican's amusements—or at least the telling of killings. Start any Mexican upon such a theme and you will soon become convinced that somewhere he has a private graveyard of dead enemies. For there is a bloodthirstiness about the enjoyments of all classes, a delight in the over-sensuality of emotions—a heritage from Spaniard and Aztec.

The Aztecs and other tribes had their bloody, religious human sacrifices, sacrifices witnessed by tens of thousands of frenzied people. One need but recall the terrible sacrifice that took place during the reign of Ahuizotl at the completion of the lofty teocalli of Mexico City. At the first streaks of dawn a long, sacerdotal procession wound slowly, and in state, up and up the steep sides of the temple to the huge sacrificial stone, a mammoth convex block of jasper, where six priests with long matted locks, flowing Medusa-like over their black, hieroglyphic-covered robes, awaited the wretched victims. One by one these were

sacrificed before the eyes of the breathless multitude below. Five priests held the head and limbs, while the sixth, clad in a blood-red cape, slit open the breast with a sharp razor of *itztli*, a flint-like lava, and, thrusting his hand into the body, tore out the palpitating heart. With a mighty gesture it was held up towards the sun, and then flung smoking at the feet of the terrible war-god, Huitzilopochtli, whose repulsive shape towered above the prostrated masses. Every day until dark, for four long days, every day until priests and the stones on which they stood were reeking with blood, the sacrifice continued. The Spanish abolished these practices, but replaced them with massacre, inquisition, and bull-fights. Thus Mexican bloodthirstiness is the product of Aztec and Spanish character.

Yet the Mexican is fundamentally a weak, inoffensive person. This is one of the contradictory traits of his inexplicable character. His cruelty, his love of violence, flashes up, like powder in a pan, as an atavistic trait, in reaction to his continued passivity during hundreds of years of oppression and tame submission. In most parts of Mexico, depending upon the race and historic circumstances, this cruelty and bloodthirstiness is not an integral part of the Mexican's character. Far more pronounced is his air of long-suffering endurance, his meek, furtive aspect, as he apologetically treads the plains of his ancient patrimony, his ancient empire, his Mexico.

This then is the Mexican lower class at work, in its homes, in its temples, and at play. The picture is not a pleasant one, but is at no point overdrawn. José has inherited most of the evil traits of two races, and few of the better traits except in a latent form.

These last, in spite of the Mexican's historic degradation, in spite of his ignorance, his terribly low economic standards of living, still find chance expression, and are the most admirable traits of man. At present he is a child in thought and action, a savage in civilization; but though he may never respond to the slogan of efficiency, his southern emotionalism, romanticism, and sensuousness can be turned into good channels just as readily as they can be perverted. That his temperament has produced strong leaders, thinkers and artists, has already been proved in the history of the world and his own country; but it will rarely produce them under

a system of exploitation that degrades the individual and harshens his life until it issues forth in deeds of moral perversion.

But in spite of all, the Mexican has a love of poetry and a love of music that ought to be the envy of the average American. He has an abiding, almost religious sense of beauty. However humble his circumstances he will try to find room for a few flowering plants, even if he has to build a garden in the air. Traveling the full length of the Tamazula River, I saw, along its rocky banks, at nearly every peasant's door a rude flower-box, elevated on stilts to prevent its destruction by stray pigs and chickens. These poor peasants had gone to this effort although they had to eke out a starvation existence by cultivating corn on the sides of mountains so steep that they have been known to fall off into the valley below. The Mexican has a deep love for color. I once heard a little bare-foot Indian girl speak of the colors she liked best. It was a treat to watch her enraptured face as she rolled the words, "*azul, azul, azul,*" lispingly over her tongue in luscious memory of some shade of blue that had taken her fancy.

Above all the Mexican is generous, and he is very sympathetic. Where an out-of-the-way village still retains its early Indian customs and still possesses its *ejidos* or commons, you find the people industrious, as I have said, but also careful and thoughtful, ingenious, and of true coöperative spirit. What one *vecino* has, the other shares. No man goes hungry, no man lords it over the others. This trait of generosity is widespread. I have seen a poor, tattered soldier, earning sixty cents a day, out of which sum he had to feed himself and perhaps wife and children, give a shivering old woman ten *centavos* with which to buy coffee. These are the nobler human virtues.

The Mexican, peón or aristocrat, is invariably courteous and gentle, especially to strangers and foreigners. Once sitting in the plaza of a small mountain town, I was honored by the leading citizen coming forth to offer his assistance, his house, and fund of local information—because I was a stranger. Passing villagers stopped and asked me from whence I came, where I was going, how long I intended to remain in town, and always their questions were accompanied by an offer of friendship and assistance,

an invitation to a meal, a proffer of a cigarette, a flower, or an orange—because I was a stranger in their midst.

But people that are starving, people that are broken by war, cannot continue to love poetry, to love music, to love beauty; they cannot continue to be generous, courteous, sympathetic or loyal. Yet somehow the nobler traits of the Mexican José must be salvaged, redirected and made a creative power for the rescue of himself and his country. His future is the future of Mexico—that richest, most gorgeous, most charming and colorful land of time, wrapped in the romance of tears, of history, of the South; to-day, brooding Sphinx-like, lazily . . . dreamily . . . hopefully . . . beneath its clear, tropic skies; tomorrow, flaming with strife and discord, its whole national life swept into the maelstrom of armed conflict, of galloping cavalry, of bivouac and battlement. Yet even the maelstrom is picturesque, even the Zapatistas clatter into the capital with flowers on their guns!

But picturesqueness, dreams, hopes, are not bread; nor are these, or armed revolution, remedies for alleviating the misery of the peón; for ending his centuries of abasement; for elevating his social and economic standards to the level of those of the civilized nations.

CARLETON BEALS.

CULTURE AT DINNER

BY STARK YOUNG

It was early twilight just before the dinner hour when I went into the garden and saw him there. He was standing by the wall, with one hand resting on it, looking out across the Fontebranda at the Duomo, whose black and white spaces now were buried in shadow and golden light. He was a young man, twenty perhaps, almost tall, fair, with a white, sensitive face that had long been beautiful with an intense ideal of living. I could see that as I stood in the doorway looking at him. And I could see also a hint of confusion somewhere about the eyes, a kind of glorious blur, a touch of the vagueness that might be in the face of a sort of academic young saint. He looked strong, athletic; but one of those strong Anglo-Saxon bodies that any fine dream can blow away. Plato, Francis Thompson, I figured, and perhaps the choruses of Aeschylus, would be his favorite reading.

He told me, when we fell into a conversation, that he had finished college, Yale, great old place, that spring. And now travelling? Yes, with rather a definite purpose. He had felt the limitations of his education; he felt that he needed more horizon. That he had talked and studied and been lectured to about so many things that were still all in his head and meant nothing as a part of his real development. He wanted an international quality added to what he had. Not so much study and art perhaps, but seeing people, social contacts. And to see the things of Europe through the eyes of people, of men and women. And so he thought it would be a good thing to come to a pension like this, where he might be on more direct terms with a group of people that hailed from all parts of the world. In a hotel it might take longer or never happen. He meant to visit in this way a number of pensions.

He had what he meant clear at least. I stood there listening

with a sinking heart, for I was going over the list of guests who sat at our board just then. Perhaps this young seeker after culture had his own vision that he had brought with him and was ready to throw it over anything. But in case he had not, what then? The people who were to be at the table began to pass before me in the light of those young eyes I looked into.

The best of the lot was Signorina dell'Orto, and even at that my young friend would have to learn to know her. She was a new note ahead of him, that was true, but he would have to stretch for it. Signorina dell'Orto was a short little woman of fifty, who wore a short plain skirt, a man's collar and coat and cravat, and pulled her hair straight back. After meals in the drawing-room she smoked a cheroot. She was very intelligent, and had been the tutor for the Czarina and for German and aristocratic families for twenty years before the war. She had been interned in Italy for a year on account of her free speech on the subject of the Allies. And for a Florentine she was unusually abrupt.

With her was her friend, a Miss Holtz, of twenty years' standing, as Miss Holtz loved to say, very German, long, tall, with prominent teeth. Between forty and fifty. Musical, rather maidenly, and flat.

At the head of the table sat a New York artist, with clear sharp features and white hair, alert, cool, like a cameo steeped in vinegar. Besides her were two Englishwomen in shirt waists who never said anything. Next to them came the young scion of a very old Roman house, but though he dressed very smartly, he had at the time a cracked head in a bandage, where a *Socialista* had hit him with a stone during the last riot. He too said nothing, but ate in silence. At the Roman's right sat Miss Ross from Birmingham, who ate almost nothing but biscuits which she brought with her to the table. She was one of those English daughters who have been slaves to noble, aged fathers; but he was dead now and she was left with an income, a dozen photographs of him, and several rings that he had given her on occasions. If she had been a little less simple and dull and crochety one might have blamed the father more for having blotted her out so completely. But she was a gentle creature who was al-

ways trying to divide her English jam and tea with someone whether it was wanted or not. There was besides an Italian doctor who was about to marry, and who had such strict views on the position of women that he had engaged an extra room upstairs where he and his wife were to dine apart from the men at the table. He believed on the whole in the harem system more or less, and said that women should be locked in, which enraged the New York artist and the English ladies to outbursts that were fortunately beyond their supply of Italian.

And finally, all the way round the table, at the artist's left, came Professor and Mrs. Jurden, from one of the two great universities of England. Professor Jurden was a very tall man, sallow, and very hesitant in his speech. He spoke so slowly in fact that his wife used to tap him on the back to get him through it, in spite of his saying always, "Darling, how often have I asked you not to do that?" He had served in India in some sort of forestry work, and during the war in South France hospitals, where he had won a number of small bronze medals, but had completely ruined his health. He spoke in a smothered voice with very impure vowels, and always as if his teeth were sagging and he feared to lose them if he left off holding down his upper lip. His wife was tall, thin, and wore her hair with a front of curls. She spoke in a voice that she considered to be very soft and elegant, though as a matter of fact it had lost all its bottom tone and sounded all breath. She and her husband disapproved of Italian cooking, exactly as they regarded Italians as cheats and liars, and went in for a vegetarian diet. At every meal she appeared at the table bringing cheese and a quantity of green stuff, lettuce, parsley, cress and so on. Outside their rooms I used to see sometimes in the morning a waste paper basket filled with strange leaves and stalks for the maid to carry away, as if they kept asses or goats privately in their quarters, or were some secret creatures that browsed at night on plants and herbs.

I passed these guests of the pension through my mind in review as I stood listening to that boy from Yale with his beautiful face and fine dreams. I wondered what the dinner might be as I thought of what it had too often been.

A long golden shaft of light was falling on the wall of the room

when we took our seats at the table. It struck the old faded walls and touched the yellow hair of the new-comer, who had been assigned a place between Miss Ross and the Roman. But the golden sunbeam proved no good augury, as I had hoped; for the dinner began impossibly from the first course. Spinach and eggs, but not enough of it. There was never quite enough of anything, which was the incentive that kept us all exact in our knowledge of what everyone there ate. The artist, out of pure vexation at the sight of the small quantity of food, took twice as much as she wanted. The Roman when his turn came emptied the dish. Was there more? Mrs. Jurden asked. Maria, the maid, who was stupid and afraid of her mistress too, said that she did not know. Complaints arose. Maria returned with another platter one-fourth full. She brought a dish of sliced salami to patch out. Dell'Orto said scathing things, for she knew the padrona's wiles. To change the tone of the occasion, for my countryman's sake, I asked Professor Jurden how his Italian lessons were coming.

"But I am not taking lessons," he replied. "My wife is having them. I have a method I have devised for myself."

"What is that?" I asked, for I was having strenuous discipline under a priest, the author of a grammar.

"I am translating Shakespeare into Italian. I figure that way I'll get a good vocabulary as well as learning the language in my own way."

"To begin with Shakespeare without knowing any Italian!" I exclaimed, astonished. I asked only, "And are you putting it into verse also?"

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, are you trying to reproduce the verse of the original?"

Professor Jurden looked at me puzzled for a moment. His wife tapped his back.

"Darling, I asked you not to do that. Why, is the original in verse?" he asked, turning to me.

"Why, yes," I answered, "how do you mean?" I thought that there must be something that I had missed in his question.

"I didn't know that Shakespeare's plays were in verse."

"But of course not *all* of it is in verse," I helped out, like a

foolish, good American; "a good many of the speeches are in prose."

"Ah, that's probably why I never noticed it."

I looked at my idealist; he kept his eyes on his plate.

"I find Italian exceedingly easy," Mrs. Jurden observed; "I regard my progress as most encouraging."

At this the Signorina dell'Orto, who hated the Jurdens, turned to them. She understood some English but could not speak a word.

"*Cosa dice?*" she asked encouragingly.

Mrs. Jurden undertook to put into Italian her ideas about the easy progress one made in the language. Her remarks were, in the main, pauses and incredible mistakes, but the Signorina was able to gather the general idea. Her face flushed red.

"Oh yes," she began in a great, man's voice, "the Italians will tell you that you are speaking very well. Don't believe them. I am always bored at these lies. A foreigner murders our language, but an Italian will say, 'Ah, you speak very well; you speak very well.'" She imitated the tone. "Well, I don't do it, I assure you. You just let an Italian go to England or Germany and you'll see. If he tries to ask a question in English they're so stupid they don't understand a word of it. They just look and say Baa, like fools." The Signorina made a sound like a sheep and twisted her head to one side. "Italians are too polite. It makes me furious."

"What a temper they have!" Mrs. Jurden said to the New Yorker.

"Well," I thought, with my young dreamer in my heart, "he is learning. So much for cosmopolitan culture and politeness."

The Signorina dell'Orto was cooling somewhat now, for Mrs. Jurden began to make conciliations and to smile down from under that front of faded curls, but the Signorina had not yet finished what she had to say.

"The difficulty in English is the pronunciation, which is so unintelligent. There is no way of learning it except as one does in a nursery, by hearing it. No rules, no anything but individual cases. How does one use one's mind in such an affair? And the grammar, well, it's simple enough for a child in arms. Italian

has a grammar. Difficult, yes; but intelligent. It demands intelligence to create and to use Italian grammar. You have no grammar in English."

Miss Ross looked up with no little asperity, for her.

"I'm sure I don't know what she means by that," she said sharply, "I had a very good grammar."

The nature of this remark was so weak that even Mrs. Jurden saw it. A silence fell and lasted through the salad. Finally the New York artist, to improve the quality of the occasion, spoke to the young man.

"I'm sure you will find many delightful walks around Siena," she said. "Only this morning I was at San Francesco. The altar piece there is very interesting."

"I expect to find Siena very interesting," he replied in a conventional tone.

"And," Miss Ross added, gently, "there are two charming walks, one near Fontebranda and one toward Girasole. They are quite my favorites. I always take them. They are so like English lanes. Really Italy is lovely, isn't it?"

I had no wish to look into the eyes of the Yale lad; but I stole a glance as we rose from the table. He was smiling bravely, trying to find his way through this new cosmopolitan world that he had been dreaming such fine things about. The Signorina had taken out her cheroot and led the way to the drawing-room. I lingered a moment over my Vin Santo and then stole away up the little side stair to my room.

Through the closed shutters I could see the boy standing again by the wall. His hand rested on it and his face was turned toward the Cathedral, on which one last light rested now, at the very top. I had not enough courage to join him. But I stood there hoping that he was one of those impenetrable idealists on whom the world makes no dents, who are never willing to believe that the actual can be true. Still the fact remained that the international culture at that dinner-table had been rather actual. But, I thought, with Francis Thompson in my mind, the chambers in the house of dreams are filled with so divine an air that it would be a pity for these moths, however cosmopolitan, to get in. Or at least the first lesson might have been less stringent and whole-

sale. *L'idéal n'est que la vérité à distance*, I knew from Lamartine. But how far? At how far distant must the ideal be?

But as I stood there with my head against the shutter, meditating, I saw Mrs. Jurden appear and engage him in conversation.

"Look, just look, do you see?" she said. "The light on the Duomo, how charming it is. I should call it yellow, would you? No, not exactly yellow. Well, orange. A sort of greyish orange. There, just at the top, do you see? How romantic Italy is! Are you going to stay long? Of course one longs for England. But we must have the change of climate. Look, do you see? I can't say I like the stripes in the Duomo, do you?"

Mrs. Jurden had fallen into that particular brand of scenic monologue that English ladies sometimes indulge. I saw the face of the boy turned quietly toward the Cathedral above the shadows of the Fontebranda. He was getting architecture through her eyes.

STARK YOUNG.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

REFLECTIONS OF A VISITING BRITISHER[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

When Mr. W. L. George, the distinguished British novelist, author of *The Second Blooming*, *A Bed of Roses*, and other admirable fictions, was stopped on the stairs Somewhere in America (he does not say exactly where) by a colored chambermaid who bluntly asked him a rather searching personal question, Mr. George was charmed. The occurrence seemed to him both picturesque and delightful, and an evidence of the existence of true democracy in the United States. The mere American, reading of this edifying event in Mr. George's new book,—a sheaf of "random impressions of a conservative English radical," as his sub-title describes it,—is entitled to feel some degree of perplexity. Presumably Mr. George was stopping in a hotel. It must have been somewhere in the East, the South, or the Middle West—for Mr. George kept away from Wyoming, Colorado, and other such negligible parishes. So his democratically curious chambermaid may have stopped him on the stairs of any hostelry in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Hartford, Worcester, Atlantic City, Savannah, Dayton ("that little city so monumental for its size"), Pittsburgh ("smoky, sullen"), Columbus ("spacious and gray"), "little Evansville, so elderly and quiet," Omaha ("big, grim, and wedded to utility"), Chicago ("savage, vainglorious, where, in the short space of 22 months, 16 policemen were murdered on duty," where "there were 200 more divorces in one year than in the whole of England and Wales"—Mr. George did not care for Chicago), or in a dozen other communities. It is very tantalizing not to know more. It seems unlikely that Mr. George, an eminent visiting Englishman, who, as he tells us himself, was entertained with "lavish magnificence" in

[1] *Hail, Columbia!* By W. L. George. Harper and Brothers. New York: 1921.

America,—taken about in motors to the opera, to the theatre, to country clubs, shown "the famous view over the valley," offered a choice of casaba melon or honeydew,—it seems unlikely, we say, that a visiting foreigner moving upon so hedonistic a plane should have found it necessary to stop at the kind of hotel where democratic colored chambermaids stop you on the stairs and question you about your affairs. It is really extraordinary. Why should the colored chambermaid have cared? It seems to us that the kind of person who asks you such blunt and imperative questions betrays an autocratic and regal, rather than a democratic, temper. We do not believe, in fact, that Mr. George knows a democratic chambermaid when he sees one.

Mr. George made an equally egregious error, it seems to us, in appraising the American woman, and the American attitude toward love. Mr. George gazed upon the countenance of female America, and concluded that her features are "more marked" than they are in Europe—"that seems to me," he says, "the definition": "the eyes are larger, the lips much thicker or thinner, the chin and jaw lines more pronounced"; everything, in short, is "more emphatic." This cheerful generalization presumably takes into account the American woman who is the granddaughter of a Polish Jew as well as the one who is the granddaughter of an Adams; the American who is the granddaughter of a Dublin emigrant, as well as the American who is the granddaughter of a Swede; the American whose ancestors occupied deck-chairs on the *Mayflower* and the American whose mother milked goats in the Pyrenees.

Mr. George in his modest and persuasive preface disclaims generalization; yet that is, it often appears, his favorite method of estimation and comparison, Hear him, now, upon the exciting theme of Love among the Americans. How do Americans love? Very differently, you find, from the way Europeans love. Le Bon Dieu, when, on some off-day, he created the Americans, equipped them, it seems, with instincts, imaginations, anatomies, quite different from the European model. Mr. George's theory postulates an American whose emigrating grandmother, a Kilkenny milkmaid, looked upon love as "a natural desire for intimacy with a person of the other sex"; then, somewhere between Queens-

town and Ellis Island, this notion of love suffered a sea-change; and, forty years later, the granddaughter, keeping company in Rahway, N. J., with Llewellyn Smith, the local druggist, exhibits "certain peculiarities in the conception of love." She does not, we learn, regard love, as did her enlightened grandmother, as "a natural desire for intimacy with the other sex": she has built her conception of love upon a phrase—a phrase that is distasteful to Mr. George: "the Divinity of Sex." He says it is a phrase that he cannot understand. Neither can we. Moreover, we have been in Rahway; we have met druggists; we have met granddaughters of Irishwomen; we have heard much talk about Sex, and a little (not much) about Divinity: but we have yet to hear such a phrase as "the Divinity of Sex." We have known love to be regarded as "Divine," of course; but that is a peculiarity not of American lovers, but of all lovers in the first flush of lyric exaltation—a spontaneous expression of their quaintly generous tendency to impute to God whatever seems too wonderful to have originated in the heart of man. If Mr. George really discovered here a wide use of the phrase, "Divinity of Sex," (which we refuse to believe), we are disposed to agree with him in regarding it as a foolish phrase; though we know less about the operations and the limitations of Divinity than Mr. George does, and less about the nature and origin of the emotion of Sex; though it seems to us that if Divinity had or has anything to do with human life, there is no valid reason for supposing that it has no mandate over sex,—sex being, as even Mr. George would admit, a valid function of human life. If it could be proved to us that the lovers of Rahway actually do talk about "the Divinity of Sex," we should still deny that the fact sets them apart from the lovers of Kilkenny; and we think it a bit thick on Mr. George's part to assume that the operations of the instinct of sex, and the way people feel about it (as distinct from the nonsense they talk about it), are one thing in Europe, and a different thing in America.

We find Mr. George, indeed, rather naïve in most of his reporting. He listened to some yeasty suburban chatter from a "young lady" at "a small but high-browed gathering" who, as quoted by Mr. George, discoursed as follows:

YOUNG LADY: "Mr. George, I'm just crazy to know what you think of Miss May Sinclair."

MR. GEORGE: "Well . . . "

YOUNG LADY: "What I like about Miss Sinclair is—her sense of the universal cosmos. Now in my home town in Oregon they want to know just what you think."

MR. GEORGE: "From the—"

YOUNG LADY: "If you think she coördinates the analyses of the psyche of her characters, then what I want to know is how she correlates the theory of the moron with that of the urning. . . ."

[*She continues.* MR. GEORGE *is later discovered concealed in the refrigerator.*]

Perhaps Mr. George really supposed that such crude and disingenuous satire would entertain the readers of *Harper's Magazine*, wherein his "random impressions" were first published. But if the audience of that excellent periodical, who were brought up on the writing of Thomas Hardy and Henry James and W. D. Howells, were amused by Mr. George's heavy burlesque, we renounce our respect for them. If, however, Mr. George really believed that he was faithfully reporting the kind of talk that is characteristic of what he calls "literary circles" in America, he is not only more naïve than we had supposed, but he causes one to wonder who it was in America that took Mr. George around, and where they took him, and why? He refers somewhere else in his book to "the well-educated American woman" whose conversation "runs more than is comfortable on French literature, Claudel, Marcel Proust, Paul Fort." But this sort of American woman, says Mr. George, "embarrasses the Englishman for two reasons: one of them is that he is accustomed to talking to women about plays, games, holiday resorts, etc., or, if he belongs to a more evolved type, of love. The second reason is that he is not accustomed to being told what the woman thinks; he is accustomed to tell her what *he* thinks." Therefore, the American woman who talks to him of Claudel and Paul Fort seems to him a disconcerting freak, and the one who talks gibberish about "correlating the theory of the moron with that of the urning" is "an instance of what can happen to a woman who has taken in her culture in too large doses and too fast." Upon which one can only comment: Is it then so strange a thing in England to meet women who read and think, and can discuss Claudel and

Paul Fort? And are words like "moron" and "cosmic" and "coördinate" and "correlate" and "psyche" terms so strange and abstruse that they suggest merely parody and guffaws to Englishmen as remote from illiteracy as Mr. George? Or is all this simply Mr. George's response to his conception of the requirements of magazine humor?

Many other oddities of American civilization impressed Mr. George. He was surprised to find that in clubrooms and at parties men call each other "Tommy" and "Ogden" and "Jake." This struck him as "superficial," though he is "sure that the American male friendships are very strong,—strong, at least, so far as male friendships go." (Are "male friendships," you wonder, uncommon in England? We did not know it.) Mr. George was also amused by the fact that in America "a dentist is called 'doctor,'" and that corporations have "presidents" and "vice-presidents." But he was confronted by American peculiarities more gravely arresting. A woman's club which had applied to him for a lecture date refused to engage him because his photograph exhibited him in a dressing-gown which exposed his neck. Mr. George should have known better than to send an obscene photograph to a woman's club. Where did he think he was: in ancient Pompeii or Alexandria or Gomorrah? And what should an Englishman talk about to an American woman who possesses "an active, prehensive mind within an attractive form"? The poor perplexed devil meets "a woman in the middle twenties"; her skin is clear and beautiful; she is well-manicured; she wears "an attractive frock of chiffon, which is not crumpled"; she is "a woman with whom he feels he ought to exchange some sentimentalities, this being the thing to do." Only he does not know how to begin. She is too serious, too interested; she seems too aloof from these natural things—including "the better employment" of "those well-cut lips that are wasting their time in discussing psychoanalysis." Should he begin with an epigram of Bernard Shaw's? Or with Bergson? Or Pragmatism? Or should he "plunge, and talk of love," getting back to "the firm ground of his intersexual concept"? One's heart goes out to Mr. George. What, you will ask, *did* he do? Well, he asked an American man for advice, having concluded that there he would

find knowledge concerning "the emotional temperament of the American man's country women." But the American male, "being on that day in a cynical mood instead of in his normal state of rhapsody," gave Mr. George (he tells us) "advice which I cannot reproduce here." We call that a shabby trick on the part of Mr. George. The male American knew the answer to that engrossing question, and he told the answer to Mr. George: yet Mr. George (warned, perhaps, by the memory of that over-exposed negative from the woman's club) secretes the answer beneath his licentious dressing-gown.

Many things in America, however, gave pleasure and satisfaction to Mr. George. He liked the "immersion heater" which enables you to warm your cup of coffee by dipping a stick of metal into the fluid; he liked the electric warming-pad which will relieve an ache in "any part of yourself"; he liked the mail-chute outside your bedroom door on the thirty-sixth floor of your hotel, the dropper that comes attached to the cork in the bottle of eye-lotion, the electric potato-peeler, the protective cardboard in the newly-laundered shirts, the barber-shop that is "a Mohammedan paradise," the hotels with their drug-stores, stockbrokers, osteopaths, candy-stores, notary publics, doctors, safe-deposits; he liked the night-shift of stenographers, enabling you to get out of bed at three in the morning and summon "a cool, tidy girl" who will take down your letters. This perfection of mechanical civilization solaced Mr. George. He is willing, apparently, to find compensation for the lady who had swallowed too much "culture" and was impervious to aphrodisiacs, by contemplating the satisfactions of the stenographic night-shift. "O Lady, we receive but what we give!" said Coleridge; and that is still disheartenningly true.

All in all, Mr. George is gracious, tolerant, benign, sympathetic. He is even embarrassing in certain of his tributes—as when he assures his own countrymen, in a passage full of nobly indignant protest against the bigotry of the more stupid type of English visitor, that "a few dinner-parties or week-ends in American homes would show the Englishman that America has a gentleman class akin to his own,—in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Virginia, even New York,—which did not come over last week,

which does *not* struggle for money, does *not* ask personal questions, does *not* boast." Undeserved rewards, as Meredith remarked, are exquisite. But this is overwhelming. Mr. George is alive, of course, to our deficiencies. The American male, as a type, struck him as being, where women are concerned, both forward and backward—aggressive in trifling ways, timorous "when the situation grows intense." For example, "he will use a chance opportunity in an elevator, but will not create one in the street, as if he were afraid of something." But Mr. George says nothing which leaves us to infer that he is pessimistic about the future growth in the sexual predaceousness of the American male. We are still a young people, and there is hope.

Mr. George likes us, but he will not come to live among us. He is too old, he says, to change—too set, too European. But what could be more generous than his peroration?—If, he says, "I had to be born again (as I was born) of a family that had no influence worth anything, no money, no lineage—if I had to make my way again (as I had to) against difficulties such that at the age of twenty-five all I possessed was a hundred dollars of debts, well . . . in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations I should have felt that there was only one place for a young man who wanted to tear from life full value for his efforts; in spite of all temptations I should have been born an American."

What could be handsomer?

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

WHATEVER may be the ultimate solution of the Irish problem, one striking feature of it is impregnably established for the consideration of the world, which will doubtless have much weight with all impartial observers. That is, the significant part taken by General Smuts. It seems only a few years ago that he was perhaps the most implacable foe of the British Empire then living. To-day he is one of its foremost champions and supporters. Having led and confirmed in loyalty to that Empire the people whom he once led in hostility to it, he has lent his commanding prestige and diplomatic genius to the task of intervening similarly to confirm in imperial loyalty another people, alien to him, whose conflict with Great Britain was ancient before the Boer States were founded. Yet nobody in the world regards him as inconstant or inconsistent. We should search far in the world's history to find a comparable example of courageous and enlightened statesmanship.

The unusual character of the weather during much of this year's spring and summer, coinciding with the appearance of exceptionally large sun spots, has given rise to renewed speculation upon the presumptive relation between the two phenomena, and upon the influence, other than mechanical, of the sun upon human life. It is one of the commonplaces of science that we receive light, heat and power from the sun. But we have now come to realize that solar radiation is much more than mere illumination, and that the much-ridiculed "blue glass" fad of a generation ago was in fact the adumbration of great scientific truths. Every photographer knows the striking difference between red rays and blue rays, in their effect upon various chemicals, and physiologists and therapeutists are now pretty well agreed that certain rays, notably violet and ultra-violet, have

specific effects upon the nerves and other tissues and organs of the human body. It is rational to suppose, then, that the occurrence of the stupendous phenomena known as sun spots, by materially changing the composition of sunlight and increasing the component proportion of certain actinic or other rays, may powerfully affect human health and life; and that thus instead of being merely the mechanical source of light, heat and power, the sun may be the source of vital influences, making for physical life or death, and even of influences profoundly affecting the mental and moral activities of man. It was not through mere chance and guess-work that "solar myths" were made the basis of so many religious systems and beliefs in ancient times.

No appointment to the Governorship of the Philippines would have commanded or deserved more general or more unqualified approval than that of General Leonard Wood, who in that place will have an opportunity to do a work comparable at once in difficulty and in importance with that which he so successfully performed twenty years ago in Cuba. It will, however, in an essential respect differ from that earlier work, and will resemble rather the doings of Lord Durham in Canada and Lord Cromer in Egypt, with which his Cuban labors have often been compared, not to his discredit. He went to Cuba to prepare that island for the independence which had been irrevocably pledged to it in the very act of war which set it free from Spain. He will go to the Philippines to govern lands to which in that same act of war no promise of independence was made, but which were on the contrary understood to be perpetually brought under the possession and sovereignty of the United States. The same wise, firm, sympathetic statesmanship which triumphed in the one case may well prove equally successful in the other.

The long notorious and unfragrant case of Bergdoll the slacker reveals new elements of the sordid and humiliating at every new step. The worst of it, as revealed by the report of the Congressional investigation, is not that American citizenry should have comprised such a creature as Bergdoll himself, but that a former Acting Judge-Advocate-General and two Colonels of the United

States Army should be not only suspected but officially charged with conspiracy to aid and abet him in his disgraceful crime. It is a reminder that a service generally so true and noble is after all composed of common mortals, not always exempt from the turpitude of an Arnold or a Wilkinson.

The ill fortune which attended the first appearance in this country of the French lawn tennis champion, Mlle. Lenglen, was of course most unwelcome to her countrymen, and has provoked comment upon the extraordinary series of defeats which French contestants have this year suffered. It is recalled that the grand prizes of horse-racing and of motor-cycle racing were won by Britons, that a Belgian bicyclist won the Tour de France, that an Italian won the swimming championship on the Seine, and that Americans won in rifle shooting, in the dog show, and in the prize fight, preceding this latest victory in the tennis courts. Yet is France not without consolation. At least she won the Verdun Handicap and the Grand Prix of the Marne.

The movement for a radical revision of the British House of Lords is again to the fore, with a prospect that presently that historic Chamber, to which the Anglo-Saxon world on both sides of the Atlantic owes Magna Charta, will be transformed from an hereditary to an elective basis. The important point in the whole matter is, however, not so much the constitution of the House as the fact that a Second Chamber is to be retained. Indeed, the logic of the change will be that the House of Lords will be confirmed in its status with increased authority. That, from the American and democratic point of view, is sound policy. We have recently had in our own political history an impressive example of the value of a Second Chamber in the National Legislature, and the need and value of such a body are no less in the United Kingdom than in the United States. Never, indeed, was the need of it there greater than at the present time, and never, happily, were the character and ability of that Chamber of the British Parliament higher than at the present time. Indeed, considering the large proportion of its members who have been appointed to it for sheer merit, regardless of birth or wealth, we

may question whether there is another legislative body in the world quite comparable with it; or at least comparable with what it may become through a judicious winnowing of its membership.

The application of our new law for the restriction of immigration has provided another strong argument for the transfer to the other side of the ocean of a large part of the work of the Immigration Bureau. It has long seemed desirable, for many reasons, that the examination of would-be immigrants, as to their physical, mental and moral fitness, should be conducted at the ports of embarkation, rather than at those of entry to this country. It is obvious that in many respects such examination would be more easy and at the same time more effective there than here. Now it also seems desirable that the restriction of numbers should be applied over there rather than here. Recently it was announced that several hundred aliens who had arrived at New York might be forbidden to land, and be sent back to Europe, for the reason that the legal quota of immigrants from their countries had already been filled for the current month. It seems to be a clumsy, costly and unjust system, to let aliens flock hither, only to be turned back again, either because of unfitness or because there are too many of them. It would be cheaper and better for us, and very much better for them, to have them stopped at the ports of embarkation.

The new revenue bill adopted by the House of Representatives is expected to decrease the burden of taxation by about $800,000,000, to shift much of the remainding burden so as to make it easier to bear, and to provide a revenue of $3,200,000,000. Such a measure is stupendous; almost comparable with those of our late allies in the Great War. Its satisfactory working and its fulfilment of its expectations must of course be earnestly desired. Unfortunately it is not free from imputations of having in part been inspired by political rather than by purely economic considerations. For some of these there may be some foundation. It would be a miracle if so elaborate a measure, prepared by a political body, were entirely free from such reproach. But it is probable that it is or will be charged with far more political bias than

it really contains. When a writer of national prominence in one of the most widely circulated of periodicals makes the unqualified assertion that all tariff laws are necessarily political and not economic, we need not be surprised at any other stupid brutality of partisan criticism.

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Scott has provoked not a little discussion of his merits as a novelist, or as a writer of historical romances; and has elicited from various criticasters a flood of flippant flings at the "Great Wizard of the North." It is recalled, too, that Mark Twain, who was assuredly no mere criticaster, in one of his ebullient fantasies suggested that Scott wrote no English that was not slovenly, involved, poor, thin or commonplace, that he showed no real fire, that he had no heroes and heroines who were not cads and "caddesses", that it was "impossible to feel an interest in these bloodless shams, these milk-and-water humbugs", and that no one could now read him and keep respect for him—which for all the world reminds us of Swinburne on Byron, or of G. B. Shaw on Shakespeare. The fact stands, however, that several of Scott's novels rank to-day, as indeed they always have, in the very forefront of the "best sellers", and that many of his characters and incidents have become a part of the intellectual furniture of the race.

The Joint International Commission on the St. Lawrence River improvement scheme reports that at a cost of $252,000,000 a thirty-foot ship channel can be constructed from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, from the dams along which 1,464,000 horse power of electrical energy can be developed. Much opposition to the scheme has been aroused and expressed, however, on the ground that such a waterway would divert traffic from the Erie Canal, from the port of New York, and from other ports on our North Atlantic coast. It is possible that it would have such effect. But the proper and most effective opposition to it would be expressed not in mere words but in the enlargement of the Erie Canal to similar proportions and the development along it of a similar volume of energy. It would be discreditable in the extreme, to our own business acumen, for us to refuse to go into

the international project, and yet neglect to execute a similar project of our own, and incidentally to let a million horse-power run to waste while we are burning millions of tons of coal to do work which would actually be better done by waterpower.

Mr. Hoover's insistence upon his own conditions under which aid would be sent to the starving Russians, has happily been quite inflexible, as it had need to be. It is one of the most damning indictments of the Soviet system that, having consciously and unquestionably brought upon Russia the most appalling economic disaster in the history of the world, it strove to prevent the giving of relief to the millions threatened with death, unless it were permitted to pervert the beneficent act into propaganda for bolstering up the infamous system which was the cause of all the trouble. History records no more inhuman proposal than that the relief sent to the starving Russians should be distributed on political lines, given to Bolshevists and withheld from anti-Bolshevists; unless it was that the food should be given to the strong and well, and withheld from the weak and sick, who should be left to perish as not worth saving. There is encouraging ground for hope that the catastrophe which has befallen Russia will prove to be the inevitable Nemesis of those who have precipitated it, and that with the relief of the famine Sovietism will be overthrown.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

CLERAMBAULT. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Katharine Miller. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

To Romain Rolland, the inflamed patriotism caused, in France and elsewhere, by the Great War is nothing more or less than a terrifying symptom of the submergence of the individual in the herd. Under the influence of the herd spirit, primitive passions take on a false spirituality which leads men to their destruction through a fanatical heroism. In his own poignant fashion, the author describes the inner experiences of Clerambault, idealist, humanitarian, poet, who is swept away in the current of popular hatred of the common enemy, Germany. Clerambault's warlike mood is, however, merely one of the ever-recurring efforts of human nature to escape from its difficulties and limitations by letting itself go in some direction. "This affectionate, tender-hearted man hated, loved to hate." Apparently unable, like so many of us, to face facts dispassionately, and to act or think vigorously without the stimulus of emotion, he could not find a way of resisting brutality without becoming (mentally) brutalized. It is a sad fact that we cannot have fighting—even in a just cause—without hatred. "His intelligence, which had always been thoroughly straightforward, tried now to trick itself secretly, to justify its instincts of hatred by inverted reasoning. He learned to be passionately unjust and false, for he wanted to persuade himself that he could accept the fact of war, and participate in it, without renouncing his pacifism of yesterday, his humanitarianism of the day before, and his constant optimism." All this was the insidious and poisonous effect of the prevalent crowd spirit.

Clerambault, in this aspect, is surely pitiable enough, and it cannot be doubted that the general inference which the author means to have us draw from his plight is correct. The worship of a community is just a perversion of religion, to which certain minds turn in despair of finding God. The community is at least a living reality! But the community is worshipful only when it is right, and it is right only when it embodies the will of God. The community is obviously not the final reality, and the final reality is what we must worship if we worship anything. In this day of mingled realism and humanitarianism, it does not seem in the least clear to many persons that altruism without spirituality is an idle and insipid thing, and that the deification of a half-spiritual, half "real" thing like a nation, a cause, or a society, is a dangerous folly.

At least two profoundly ethical thinkers, while in a measure recognizing and patronizing the popular desire to find God or the Kingdom of Heaven in the

community, have attempted to spiritualize the community-concept. In order to justify his ideal of the "Beloved Community," Josiah Royce was constrained to attempt an interpretation of all reality in terms of some sort of social relationship. Felix Adler, in his system of ethics, makes the *interdependence* of souls the basis of right action. Both these conceptions get rid of the notion of a personal God and substitute a relationship between personalities. Whether either is finally more intelligible than the older religious "mythology," is questionable; but both are comparatively safe, because they recognize a spiritual element in human life. Not so the creeds and social theories which in some form or other idolize the group. Group mysticism as applied to government is obviously dangerous, and, curiously enough, it appears to have misled even those more or less cloistered thinkers who have insisted on finding the origin of poetic inspiration in the "festive throng."

But is individualism (on the other hand) anything more than an extreme protest against the herd instinct? Is it not clear that individualism, even the most sincere and disinterested individualism, may be baneful? The way of salvation discovered by Clerambault is the way of the individual conscience—the way of the Puritans. But, according to the Puritans, conscience was a sure guide to the will of God, and the sole interpreter of the will of God was the conscientious mind of the individual Puritan. The results were not altogether happy. Clerambault's way is different, inasmuch as in temperament he is by no means Puritanical; but his principle is the same. He finds "freedom"—that great good—in preaching his courageous, sincere, pathetic pacifism, and he is made a martyr to his convictions.

May one have the hardihood to question, with Mark Twain, whether what we call conscience is a really comprehensive guide? What conscience says has to be filtered through the mind, and the mind is fallible. This is true of conscience in the most abstract sense of the word. What we *mean* by conscience may often be merely the demand to know what is absolutely right in order that we may be quite happy. Thus Clerambault seems never to doubt that there must, in the nature of things, be some course of action which will enable him to be at peace and to think well of himself in the midst of the most trying situations, the most heart-rending perplexities. Naturally he assumes that felicity is to be found through expressing and acting out his sincerest beliefs—those beliefs which it is most painful for him to check.

It may be suggested, nevertheless, that every person, however conscientious, is responsible for his own thinking. Sincerity does not excuse loose thinking except upon the assumption that a person does not know his thinking to be bad and cannot make it better. Whether this assumption is ever justified is doubtful. Conscientious behavior may not always make a man happy, but at least it saves him from the worst unhappiness and keeps fresh within him the hope of final happiness. Just so, conscientious thinking may not result in conclusions the rightness of which satisfies the soul, but it can preserve us from the worst errors even if the resulting action be tame and unheroic or merely

conventional. One cannot help thinking that it may be only a higher kind of selfishness to want to feel "free" or "saved" or wholly at peace in a wicked world. It is a commonplace that the sincere fanatic may be more dangerous than the knave, and it remains true, as Socrates said, that the wisest man is he who knows that he knows nothing.

But it is not only the herd-spirit that M. Rolland dislikes. A grave danger, he thinks, lurks in our worship of abstract ideas. "Humanity does not dare to massacre itself from interested motives. It is not proud of its interests, but it does pride itself upon its ideas, which are a thousand times more deadly. Man sees his own superiority in his ideas, and will fight for them; but herein I perceive his folly, for this warlike idealism is a disease peculiar to him, and its effects are similar to those of alcoholism; they add enormously to wickedness and criminality. This sort of intoxication deteriorates the brain, filling it with hallucinations, to which the living are sacrificed."

Very true, if we mean by *justice*, for example, something absolute—"Justice" with a capital letter. It is true that the question, What is just? does not always answer itself; that the pursuit of the absolute ideal of justice may result in a kind of fanaticism—an unwillingness to compromise, even in the smallest particular, which is sometimes as deadly as hypocrisy. But does this show that *relative* justice is not to be maintained? Does it show, for example, that France ought to have submitted to German aggression?

It seems scarcely credible that M. Rolland's eloquent and searching study of the human heart in war-time is intended as an attack upon so vulnerable an idol as Militarism or Jingoism. If it has any larger significance, it is as a defence of pacifism. In this view, one cannot acquit M. Rolland of over-emphasizing half truths. This does not alter the fact that, as a novelist, he has depicted an individual soul struggle with a sympathy and with a ruthless penetration that hardly another modern writer could match. Who but Romain Rolland could have brought to light so gently yet so unsparingly the pitiable truth about those who, having given son or husband or brother to their country, cannot bear to have the idol of Country scratched, lest the sacrifice of their loved ones should seem to have been in vain? On the whole there is more real heart-stuff if not more mind-stuff in M. Rolland's book than in *Mr. Britling Sees it Through.*

MEN AND MANNER IN PARLIAMENT. By Sir Henry Lucy. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

It is a noteworthy and pleasing circumstance, of which both author and publisher naturally make much, that Sir Henry Lucy's comments on men in Parliament, originally published nearly half a century ago, gave Woodrow Wilson, then a student in Princeton University, his "first serious stimulus to political thought and investigation." This statement may, however, prove a trifle misleading so far as the generality of readers are concerned. One can

conceive that a mind predestined for politics might absorb with avidity Sir Henry's Parliamentary personalities, finding in their very atmosphere a subtle stimulus. But when we are told that Sir Henry's resurrected book influenced Woodrow Wilson, we naturally think of Wilson the historian, Wilson the President, Wilson the defender of the League of Nations. Such a man, one supposes, would have been most affected by profound discussions of political philosophy; and the point is that this is just what Sir Henry's book is not. The title is accurately descriptive. It is not a discussion of principles, measures, or methods, but purely of men and manners.

Really, the book is not even, as one might suppose from a superficial description, a series of character studies. It is both less and more than this. Its unusual value lies in this: that it is in its final effect a portrait of Parliament rather than of men in Parliament. Its interest lies in the true Parliamentary and political flavor of the scenes and persons it portrays: the zest of the game is in it, and it is written by a connoisseur of things Parliamentary.

Those parts of the book which deal with Gladstone and Disraeli are in a broader sense critical and, if you please, instructive. But it is not here that the real charm lies. Does one weary of the rather slap-dash satirical style in which so many of these sketches are written? Not at all, for it is refreshing and doubtless it is good for the soul to get rid of the idea that political acts are, to quote Colonel Higginson, performed by a number of "dignified machines." Is one disappointed because a good deal of space is given to the analysis of men who in process of time have come to seem, relatively speaking, nobodies? By no means; for political types endure, and it is both gratifying and profitable to know that a man may be quite an egregious ass and a queer stick in several respects and yet at the same time be a respectable character and a useful member of society, as usefulness goes in this world of ours.

But as a result of these frank and unconventional sketches is not one unpleasantly disillusioned about the real character of Parliament and similar deliberative assemblies? It is true that Parliament, as Sir Henry describes it, appears to be made up largely of men seeking to make an impression, of men having an exaggerated self-esteem, of men possessed by fixed ideas. It is also true that the leading characteristic of Parliament as a whole would seem to be its extreme sensitiveness to boredom. But, no; one is not unpleasantly disillusioned. Sir Henry's observations are shrewd and apparently just—true at any rate to human nature. The real Parliament, as he shows it, is ever so much more stimulating a place than any ideal or Utopian assembly. It is a place in which men are tested, find themselves, appear finally in their true colors. It thus has the same sort of interest for us that life has. It is a place where personality counts, and by personality one means the whole man, his physique, his manners, his brains, and his morals. From the standpoint of historical study or literary pleasure it may be difficult to discover a pretext for finding Sir Henry's volume delightful and instructive, but delightful and instructive, too, it will undoubtedly prove to many readers.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AT PARIS. Edited by Edward Mandell House, United States Commissioner Plenipotentiary, and Charles Seymour, Litt.D., Professor of History in Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"We may take the partisan view," writes Isaiah Bowman, in his chapter on Constantinople and the Balkans, "that idealism faded and died, or we may take the view that here and there something was accomplished that was far better than the world had known hitherto." Perhaps the two views are not mutually exclusive. At Paris there was, it is generally felt, a shocking breakdown of idealism, and the world has not altogether recovered from the shock. But what was accomplished may prove of value. The latter, of course, is the view of the highly qualified experts who have contributed to the book, *What Really Happened at Paris.*

These writers naturally emphasize the difficulties inherent in the whole situation. In the opinion of the competent military authorities, it would have been unsafe to postpone the armistice. For all anyone knew in November, 1918, Germany might have held out for months, and continuance of the war might have meant a political revolution in every one of the Allied countries except the United States. The basis of the Peace was therefore virtually what it had to be. When the negotiations began, "each little country that had associated itself with the Allies against the Central Powers, demanded a place for its representatives in a scene adequate in dignity and impressiveness to the World War." Something had to be done for show and for the satisfaction of public opinion. But obviously business could not well be transacted in a huge debating society, and so the Council of Ten was inevitable. Inevitably, too, the Council of Ten was virtually shelved and replaced by the Council of Four. Japan, on account of its practical political importance, had to be given recognition while other Powers were denied it—there was no other way. When the actual question of boundaries came up for discussion, it was found practically impossible to draw these on truly national lines. What are national lines? Political considerations had to weigh with the leaders who necessarily decided the major questions. They decided them in secret, for "an attempt to realize at this time the ideal of 'open covenants openly arrived at' might readily have started another war, and would certainly have delayed interminably the agreement on terms of peace." Secret treaties stood in the way of ideally just solutions, yet something was accomplished in spite of them, largely through the work of President Wilson. All in all, it proved virtually impossible "to make a clear-cut distinction between what is right from the standpoint of ethnography, nationalistic sentiment, and abstract justice, and what is fair from the standpoint of economic advantage." As a result there were arbitrary decisions and unsatisfactory compromises—no end of them.

But it is unfair to suppose that no question was thoroughly sifted. The numerous special commissions of well-trusted experts labored hard, and much of their thought was embodied fully in the treaty. In dealing with this phase of the story, the authors have shown excellent good sense, and they have pro-

duced a book that is informing, non-controversial, and well proportioned. They have told enough to convince, enough to disillusion, not enough to confuse. As might be expected, they stress the thought that under the circumstances no inconsiderable results were accomplished. If there is on the part of experts actually engaged in the work of peace-making a certain disposition to see results as large because their labors were large, nothing of this appears in their statements of facts.

It cannot be said that *What Really Happened at Paris* is an optimistic book. It is simply a statement of facts, embodying a common-sense view of the treaty. It is not an enlightening book in the sense that it anticipates or tries to anticipate the verdicts of history. There is in it no criticism of peoples, very little criticism of the leaders. All this is as it should be, for it enables the book to perform its true function—not that of enabling the man in the street to make head or tail of the peace problems, for that neither he nor his intellectual superiors can really do, but that of steadying public opinion and abashing hasty and over-confident criticism. Sometime, we feel, we must have the whole philosophy of the Peace—not yet. Meanwhile *What Really Happened at Paris* is perhaps as good a book as could be written on the subject. The names of its authors—including such names as Hoover, Lamont, Scott, Young, Mayo, and Bliss—are guarantees of knowledge, honesty, and sanity.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

M. BRIAND AND FREEMASONS

SIR:

In the September issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW Stéphane Lauzanne writes: "There is something unheard of for a Government, composed sometimes of atheists or freemasons, to decide whether the merits of a priest do or do not fit him to become a bishop."

The impression conveyed by this sentence is as misleading as it is untrue. No atheist can be a freemason, and history does not furnish an instance when freemasons have ever attempted or desired "to decide whether the merits of a priest do or do not fit him to become a bishop." Freemasonry is too big a thing to concern itself with the promotions of politicians and ecclesiastics.

F. A. HALLENBECK.

Norfolk, Virginia.

[It is quite inconceivable that either M. Briand, who made the remark quoted, or M. Lauzanne, who reported it, or yet this REVIEW, which published it, had any thought of conveying the impression which our correspondent has strangely derived from it. Atheists and freemasons were mentioned not for identification with each other, but for contrast, as representing two opposite extremes of non-Catholicism. Precisely so in the very next sentence M. Briand spoke of "a Protestant or a freethinker," with no thought of suggesting that the two are the same. If we spoke of "summer or winter," would our correspondent think that we meant that they were one and the same season? —EDITOR.]

CANADA'S IMMIGRATION POLICY

SIR:

Mr. Hall's article in a recent number of the REVIEW will, I am sure, appeal to Canadians who are interested in the building up of their own country, one of the most important and vital factors of which is a sane immigration policy. You have your difficulties in this connection, as we in Canada have ours. As Mr. Hall points out, for years your flow of immigration was stimulated by the steamship companies. Nevertheless the immigrants were quite anxious to be so influenced, and gladly availed themselves of the opportunity which was provided by these companies. These latter only thought, and do so still, in terms of dollars and cents.

The same policy was adopted for a number of years by this country, and a

concern was paid $5 a head for all immigrants. Our population was increased, and the party in power boasted of it. Unfortunately there arose problems that could not be settled in a moment, and these demonstrated the necessity of exercising discrimination, in allowing the entry of those who wish to settle here.

Within the past two or three years, our Immigration Department has formulated what might be termed a "policy." There are no hard and fast rules, and a great deal is left to the discretion of the Minister and his staff of advisers and assistants. While the acts relating to immigration in both countries have certain common features, the form of government does of course influence the nature of the legislation. Our act is by no means as voluminous as yours. Yet it contains all that is required for an effective administration of the law. There is one provision which invests the responsible Minister with very large powers. This is Section 38, in virtue of which what is known as "Orders in Council" may be issued, which are nothing more or less than extra-parliamentary legislation. For instance, an Order in Council was issued on November 29, 1920, whereby immigrants of the mechanic, artisan and labor classes, skilled or unskilled, were compelled to be in possession of $250 each as a condition of landing in Canada. Under ordinary circumstances, the amount required was only $25 during the summer months, and $50 during the winter months. Unemployment still being prevalent, this Order was on March 19 of this year continued indefinitely.

A very rigid discrimination is at present being exercised by the Immigration Department of this country. I think that the average Canadian would agree with Mr. Hall in his statement, that due allowance must be made for racial differences. Both the United States and Canada must endeavor, in pursuance of a sound immigration policy, to admit or give the preference to the races that will rapidly assimilate and become part of their respective peoples. The recent war demonstrated in Canada, at any rate, that those who jumped to its defense were men of the same stock who built up and made the United States what it is to-day.

One of the greatest perils confronting the United States, and Canada for that matter, is in the segregation of the foreign elements, that become the prey of the agitators and the unscrupulous politicians. These little colonies become hot-beds of sedition and discontent. It is impossible for those who belong to such groups or colonies properly to appreciate democratic institutions.

From what I have personally heard and seen of the enforcement of our own immigration laws, I have come to the conclusion that it depends not so much upon the law itself, as the tact, ability, patriotism and discretion of those who administer it. Canada is fortunate in having an immigration staff that possesses all these qualifications. The whole question of immigration was recently debated at great length in the House of Commons, and the Act was amended in several particulars, but its general principle remained untouched. Notwithstanding the criticisms directed at the Department, it came out with

flying colors, and will continue the work it has done, which in the language of an American official is to hand-pick its immigrants.

BERNARD ROSE.

Montreal, Canada.

TRADE REPRESENTATIVES IN GOVERNMENT

SIR:

Mr. George Sabine's recent article on "What is the Matter with Representative Government?" develops his thesis thoroughly, but fails of remedial suggestion.

This same subject has provided me many an hour's thought and the best answer I have found is to legalize this lobby form of government by creating a body composed of men frankly representing the trades. In this way our representatives would actually get some idea of the desirability or effect of proposed legislation.

I believe also that such a body could go a long way toward industrial peace. At first it would be best if such a body had no voting power. When I speak of representatives of the trades, I mean all in each trade, employers and employees.

H. L. HEPBURN.

Bloomfield, New Jersey.

THE COURT AND THE PEOPLE

SIR:

In the September issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in an editorial relating to the appointment of Ex-President Taft as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, occur these words at the close: . . . "Yet we can recall no other Chief Justice who was so likely to apply the rules of reason and common sense to questions of legal interpretation, or to take into account the intent and the desires of the people."

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is a great magazine, and justly wields a wide influence, and it is unfortunate that it should by inference promulgate the doctrine that the Supreme Court, or its Chief Justice, could be influenced in the decision of a legal question by the "intent and the desires of the people." I am willing to admit that Justices of the Supreme Court may, and not infrequently do, in judicial decisions, take into account the intent of the law-making body; but it cannot be too often, nor too emphatically, declared, that in our system of government the "people" are not a law-making body.

When I write the word "people" I, of course, refer to the "people" of the United States.

In some states—Oklahoma for instance—the people have partial law-making power, by process of initiation, but the people of the United States have never asserted such power.

The first Article of our Constitution recites that "All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress," etc. These legislative powers of the Congress have at various times been enlarged, but never resumed by the people. So, it can be distinctly and definitely declared that the people of the United States have no law-making power of which the Supreme Court can take judicial notice.

I take it to be a fair presumption, from all the evidence at hand, that the makers of the Constitution in creating a Supreme Court intended placing it in an atmosphere beyond the reach of the waves of public sentiment, or public opinion, if you please.

If not, why were its judges to be appointed by the President and fortified by the advice and consent of the Senate? Why was the tenure of office to continue during the life of the incumbent? All of these things point to a court of law, divorced wholly and entirely from the ever changing currents of public opinion. Our Supreme Court, like Caesar's wife, must forever be beyond suspicion.

H. L. TRISLER.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

[We might take issue with our correspondent as to the law-making powers of the people of the United States. The Constitution was certainly "ordained and established" by them. Its very first Article and first Section, as quoted by our correspondent, is a grant of legislative powers by and from the people to the Congress. But it is not an omnibus grant of all conceivable or of all existing legislative powers, but only of certain specified powers. Obviously, all other legislative powers must have been retained by and must still be retained by the people.

The point of our paragraph was, however, that Chief Justice Taft was likely to be influenced in the making of interpretation not entirely by the apparent prescriptions of statute law but largely by broad and fundamental principles of equity—to regard the spirit as well as the letter of the law.—EDITOR.]

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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"MORE PERFECT PEACE"

BY MAJOR SHERMAN MILES, U. S. A.

An American soldier once said: "War's legitimate object is more perfect peace". What an odd idea in this funny old world of ours, squabbling away merrily and arming to the teeth just after the greatest of wars! And the discrepancy between war's object and its present effect has its counterpart in the psychology of the nations now enjoying this "more perfect peace". They group themselves into those who concur with General Sherman about war's legitimate object, and those who would write it "a more perfect piece."

In the first group there are a few strong and fairly prosperous nations. They have done well by themselves in the race for power and place in the past century. They fought the last war in defense of their possessions and their conception of life. They emerged somewhat battered, perhaps, but with those things in their hands for which, to have or to hold, they waged that war. Their great aim in life is now, and generally has been for some time past, to hold what they have. They have reached the point in civilization and national development at which international war becomes a horror and peace almost a prime necessity. They have all the potential sources of prosperous development which they need for some generations to come. Their desire for peace may be selfish; but after all someone must be on top, and at least they mean to be benevolent in their selfishness.

There are also a few smaller states which, in their degree, have

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gone as far along the path of modern progress as any. In general, they managed to keep clear of the World War, and they have reached the point of being willing to forswear the brigandage idea in their national development. They want peace; but they are not Great Powers, and they cannot do much toward securing it.

Finally we have the rest of our pleasant Society of Nations—all kinds and conditions of men. There are those who have tried war and failed. They regret not so much the methods by which they tried to climb to power, as that their feet slipped. In their minds there can be no international coöperation with the sword laid aside. There are also those sad wrecks of modern war who are struggling through the slough of Bolshevism. They have sunk to the conception of elemental, brutal force as the sole agent of government, and they are bucking the current of the world. The rest of the group consists of a variety of peoples who still look on war as an international institution by means of which either they or their rivals will be aggrandized. There is a distinct connection between their ambitions and the swords at their sides.

The nations of this last group cannot be expected to make sacrifices for the suppression of war. They are either steeped in narrow nationalism or they are Bolshevik, which amounts to the same thing from the point of view of permanent peace. But they are neither to be scorned nor condemned. They live as we live, each according to his own lights. They are not all consciously predatory, perhaps; but they have seen great nations expand and prosper by the use of force, and they have seen war used to crush a rival in the bitter economic struggle. To them the sword means either conquest or the final arbiter in the struggle for life. We have what we want, and we can afford to develop peacefully and to trade. They want more in their hands before they settle down to that shrewd game. We arm to hold, they arm to get. We should recognize, but we should not condemn their chauvinism. For while our broader commercialism benefits the world, its motive force, like theirs, is self advancement.

Not a pleasant survey, this? Well, the world does move: and at least we should be thankful that there are a few strong, progressive states which have reached a degree of civilization that brings their interests and their inclinations in accord on the mat-

ter of suppressing international war, if they can but find a sure way. They see that the forces liberated by war may soon be powerful enough to wreck society, and that there is need to control war. A new idea is abroad in the world, grappling with new forces. And these leaders are backed by a few more nations, willing enough to subscribe to war-suppression, even though they are unable to render much aid. Let us admit frankly that the rest of the map is covered by those peoples who think that international peace is an idle dream, and that the one great game is still successful brigandage.

What is to come of it all? America has learned what modern war and modern supremacy mean. How will she play her part? Obviously we must improve on any pre-war system; do something better than drift along in the old way, each for himself and the devil take the hindmost—or the foremost, if he can be caught off his guard. Of course there are optimists who say that we are not drifting, but educating the world towards coöperation, peaceful competition and the suppression of war. It may be so. No one can say how rapidly or how slowly man can be educated along a given line. But to the soldier the time allotted for this education seems short. An enormous amount of progress must be made within the next generation. For each generation forgets the preceding one's disgust for war, and plunges into "that mad game the world so loves to play". Another great war, breaking out within the next thirty years, will go a long way towards destroying not only pacific education but civilization as well. Civilization just pulled through that last war. It was not that so many millions were killed, but that the violent disruption of all the activities of peace, coupled with the destruction of life and property, was quite sufficient to shake civilization to its foundations.

Since practically all the industries and an ever increasing proportion of the population are now usable in war, it follows that the present enormous acceleration in the progress of mechanics, chemistry and transportation has a double effect. Both the possibilities of destruction and the masses employable are being increased in an accelerated tempo. The increase in destructive power was clearly shown in the improvement in weapons in the

World War. As to the masses employable, it is also clear that improved transportation means more men at the front, and more men at the front means more men and women working for them in the mines and munition shops and on the farms in the rear. Defense against increased destruction generally takes the form of counter-destruction, and increase in the masses employable leads to increased disruption of all normal activities. So on both counts any existing social order must bear an ever-increasing shock.

Modern war, the war of modern nations in arms, bears about the same relation to the warfare which preceded it that the locomotive bears to the one-horse shay. The disruptive effect of its mass and of its velocity is already terrific. In the last war it brought Europe to the verge of disintegration and shattered the Russian Empire. By the time the next great war comes along the present acceleration in progress will enable it to produce a disruption in society which will dwarf the world's present troubles.

The soldier, seeing the application to war of the progress which is being made in the apparently peaceful shops of chemical, electrical and mechanical industry, cannot persuade himself that man will be educated out of his old itch to battle before these new forces reach a degree of disintegrating power which may destroy our present civilization. Science is intertwining more and more the forces of peaceful progress and of destructive disintegration. We want to use the one and to avoid the other; but have we the will to do it? Can we set ourselves to learn "the tricks of the tool's true play"? Can we "lead who will be led, and drive the rest"? The pacific education of mankind is too slow. The *homo sapiens* who was so stupid only a few years ago as to allow a petty Balkan quarrel to set his whole house on fire, and who has been doing much this same sort of thing for as far back as history runs, may attain wisdom in the next generation; but it is not likely. How can we lay a sure foundation of national safety and of international peace? We would prefer not to do it by means of overbearing armaments. We could, of course, build up armaments so formidable that no combination of Powers would dare to make war on us. But we do not altogether trust great armaments; they sometimes bring about their own wars. And they are very expensive.

Nor do we much like the idea of securing international peace by military commitments with foreign nations, in the form proposed in the Versailles League Covenant. Practically all the nations are, or may be, in the Versailles League—the good, the bad and the indifferent from the point of view of war suppression. It is one thing to coöperate with them all in the suppression of opium, or the white slave traffic, or even in the supervision of mandates over backward people, and quite another thing to commit ourselves to take active military measures when one of our less stable friends gets into trouble. We might go in with them all on trade agreements, but there are some of them who do not look like good peace partners.

Then again the Versailles Covenant is vague about war suppression. We want to know exactly how far we are committing ourselves before we promise to go in again and make the world safe for democracy. The aftermath of the last war has been almost as involved as the war itself. We were in the war a little over a year and a half, and we have so far spent rather more than two and a half years trying to clear ourselves of the wreckage. We can not quite see that "more perfect peace" for which we thought we were legitimately fighting.

But it would seem that a possible solution of the problem might lie in coöperation with those few states which apparently are set on the paths of peace, and which have the power to effect it. After all, the great need is for some sort of organization capable of preventing the terribly destructive and disruptive wars which only a few nations are capable of waging. The little wars of little states, fought with cruder weapons and more local effect, can be stamped out later. And it happens that those very people whose arsenals contain and whose workshops produce the most destructive munitions are (with possibly one or two exceptions) those who would prefer to blast their fortunes from nature rather than from foreign states. In this age the ingenuity and industry which makes for higher civilization is inseparable from that which produces the most destructive weapons and which is capable of using the greatest masses in war.

Furthermore, in the suppression of war, a small group has a distinct advantage over a large one. For the addition of any

nation to an international group complicates the coöperation within the group by bringing in its own national ideals, interests and prejudices. A few progressive nations which really want peace might successfully coöperate, each having the desire for peace and very real peace-compelling strength. But half a dozen of them are probably strong enough to throttle any war which might involve any one of them. Beyond that half dozen, any further additions to the group would bring along their own complications, but no needed strength. And the farther down the line you went the less strength would you get with each prospective recruit, and the more complications. You would not have to go very far before you reached people who could not possibly help, because they are not yet educated up to it, and who would certainly bring in most explosive complications. It seems obvious, therefore, that the smaller the group and the more its members were in thorough accord on a single task, the easier and the more effectively could it function.

The problem is difficult, and all unnecessary complications should be eliminated from its solution if it is to be workable. And we may eliminate complications not only in the choice of associates but also in the degree of our responsibility to them. We might limit our war-suppressing commitments to certain definite measures, to be taken in only a certain definite eventuality. We might agree to act only when we or one of our associates became involved in war as a belligerent—no international politics, no balancing of power, no foreign meddling, no sitting in judgment on any nation, but just an agreement for clean cut, direct action to throttle war when it involved one of us. And after it was throttled, no reparations, adjustments or punishments. We might simply agree to stop the fight and then go on about our own business. For the only possible way to prevent war is to make successful military aggression impossible. Make it impossible to gain anything whatever by winning a war, and war cannot be waged. This can be done, given the will to do it, if the inherent nature of modern war is understood and if that knowledge is utilized.

Modern war means the employment for war purposes of a very large (and ever-increasing) part of a nation's energy and resources.

Hence it is enormously expensive, not only in money but also in irreplaceable life, labor and materials. Being enormously expensive, it must be brought to a successful conclusion in a comparatively short (and ever-decreasing) space of time. Now if you increase that time factor by bringing in other Powers which must be subdued before the war can be won, you make the winning of the war impossible. Combine your Powers so as to make it obvious to a nation that a successful war cannot be waged, because the terrific exhaustion of resources will make it impossible to overcome the resistance offered by the combination of Powers, and war is stultified.

This is just what a combination of Powers can do, always supposing that they have the will to do it. They can make the short, sharp, aggressive action essential to the winning of a modern war impossible by enlarging the field of necessary action, and consequently extending the duration of the war beyond the point of military exhaustion. In broad outline, this is what happened to the Central Powers. The Germans thoroughly understood what the attrition of modern war would mean, but they thought that they and their allies could win by a short campaign in France, followed by an easy victory in western Russia. By combination of Powers, the extent of conquest necessary to their victory was increased until it included not only France and Russia but also England and Italy, and finally America; and the attrition of the long drawn-out war broke them.

What has happened since has not been all conducive to the maintenance of peace, but the practical peace-compelling lesson of the war is unmistakable. If a few strong Powers care to do so, they can make it clear to the world that nothing whatever can be gained by war with any one of them—they can eliminate war as a practical solution of any problem touching them. And if they have the will to do this, it will rarely if ever be challenged—the risks are too gigantic.

Economic competition is ruthless. As it intensifies, war often becomes the path of least resistance, either because a competing nation has been driven to the economic wall or because the speculation of war offers possibilities of gain which outweigh the risks of loss. Make war the path of greatest resistance by eliminating

the possibilities of gain, and you block it, you close the war path as a means of egress from any situation. The struggle for existence would be none the less intense, but it would be a struggle of the plough and the mine and the factory, and not of the sword.

Wars which do not spring from economic causes can also be blocked. War now offers a means of settling matters when arbitration or mutual concessions are unacceptable. But if the sword thrown into the scales would obviously be more than balanced by military counter-weights of a combination of Powers, it would be useless as a means of settlement. Far better go to The Hague in the first place, and have done with it.

The will to suppress war is lacking now, or rather it is confused by the fog of complications which arise from national jealousies, ambitions and fears. But necessities press upon us, and may soon rouse the will to cut straight through the fog and to group together a small number of powers for the single purpose of suppressing war. If we could do this we might indeed be leaders in a new world, built not on the destruction of existing civilization but on the best that we have so far evolved. If we could coöperate with all the rest of the nations in all the humanities except the fundamental function of preserving international peace, and admit them to that function only after long probation had proved their real fitness, we might indeed educate the world.

In the meantime, what of limitation of armament? Here again we must seek coöperation. We have tried disarming all by ourselves several times. Fifteen years after the Civil War our land and naval forces had almost reached the vanishing point; and then we had to build them up again, in the most expensive way, out of almost nothing. Independent limitation of armament is a failure. It gives us either very insecure or very expensive national protection. It certainly gets us nowhere in the matter of leading the world away from armament. And it manifestly has neither kept us out of war nor helped us when we went in.

On the other hand, can limitation of armament precede war-suppression? Must we not first make war impossible, or at least highly unprofitable and improbable, and so bring about a natural and inevitable limitation of armament?

A workable agreement to check the modern race in armament

would certainly be a great economy and a great boon to a world impoverished by war. But let us be perfectly frank about it—it would not prevent war. For modern science cannot be disarmed. So long as commercial transportation is capable of throwing millions of men into the field and maintaining them there, and so long as machines can turn out the necessary munitions in quantity production, the essential weapons of war remain, no matter to what degree standing armies and navies may be cut down during periods of peace. Providing there is sufficient time in which to arm, it is the will to use the weapons, and not the weapons themselves, that makes war possible. It was the Germans' failure to understand this in 1917 which led them to make their fatal blunder about America.

Suppose we do reach a working agreement with a group of nations to limit armament, but do not devise any positive means of preventing war. We would relieve our tax burdens, as we did when we alone limited our armament. But we only relieved them temporarily, for we had to build up our armament again because war was still a probability with which we had to reckon. Now, when any one of our future associates in limiting armament becomes involved in war, or even seriously threatened, and arms hastily (as of course she must if there were no real prevention of war), would not armaments have to be built up again, all around? We might not take the risks we took when we disarmed alone, but we would have to arm again, as we did before—supposing that no effective curb were placed on the will to war.

The first essential is the most elementary coöperation with those nations whose use and whose need for arms are much the same as ours. The problem of disarmament, national security and international peace must be faced as a whole, and the first and fundamental step in its solution is to draw together those few nations which, like ourselves, arm for the maintenance of peace. It should be obvious that this coöperation would not prevent us from working at the same time towards more perfect arbitration agreements, or towards the perfection of the Permanent Court or of councils of conciliation. Nor would it prevent us from reaching reasonable understandings with other nations on limitation of armament. On the contrary, it would put a

firm foundation of will under all movements leading towards just peace and the elimination of physical force in international relations.

Nor would such coöperation constitute a superstate. We should be able to get a very fair basis of international peace long before most of us were ready to confederate the world and delegate the better part of our national sovereignty to an international body. It is true that we would have to give up our right to make war whenever we saw fit, because unfortunately no one has yet discovered any way by which we can really have peace and still reserve the right to make war independently. We cannot eat our cake and keep it, too. And since war-suppression must be coöperative if it is to improve on the present self-centred and self-sufficient régime, it is also true that we would have to coöperate with other nations in the suppression, by blockade first and by arms if necessary, of any war which involved us or one of our associates. This would probably mean placing the decision as to the fact of the existence of a state of war in the hands of an international board of some sort. But this is a long way from the establishment of a superstate.

Our pledge to make war, if necessary, for a certain principle and under a certain condition, would be but a development of the Monroe Doctrine and of the European treaties guaranteeing the neutrality of certain states. We have practically notified the world that we will go to war to protect Latin America from European aggression; as England did for Belgium. From this form of protection it is but a short step to the commitment for the suppression of war. Beyond that there are several very long steps indeed before you reach the superstate.

But would not all this be just the old game of certain strong Powers banding together in an offensive and defensive alliance? Not quite. A group of nations, each one of which renounced independent war with any nation, which acted as a group with the sole object of crushing out any war that involved any of its members, and which was prepared to deal with equal ruthlessness towards an outside bandit or towards one of its own members which broke loose on the old war path, would be something new in the world. It would be difficult to mind one's own business and to

intervene only for war-suppression, and not beyond that suppression, but at least it would be original.

Of course national pledges have been especially hard hit in the credit market since 1914. But there are some nations which might pledge themselves to coöperate in the suppression of war, and keep their pledges. For the keeping of these particular pledges would really depend, not on the sanity of any one nation under the stress of war excitement, but on the dispassionate decision of the rest of the group. It would not be a decision of any people suffering from war fever and blinded by their own conception of justice or interest, but simply the question put up to the rest of the group, outside of the heat of the quarrel, whether or not they would abide by their own pledges and suppress that war in the common interest of all. The sort of pledge which binds a nation to do what it knows to be to its own interest in the long run, is not apt to be disavowed in cold blood.

It cannot be too strongly insisted that there is a vast difference, with a man or a nation, between right decision in impartial and impersonal defense of principle, and right decision in the heat and passion of quarrel. If we had all reached the higher plane, if we could all be trusted to keep the peace and to do right even when our personal interests or passions were directly involved, many things would be quite different. But while the world is as it is, we should not build on the theory that any nation can be trusted to follow principle only through the heat and irritation of a war-fever. Those not involved in the issue, however, see matters much more sanely. The most advanced of them, at least, might well keep dispassionately their pledges.

Besides, if a small group of the most progressive nations would not put themselves out to suppress war, how is it going to be suppressed? By Versailles Leagues, with their confusion of all the world's tongues? By that system of self-seeking alliances and counter-alliances which is called the Balance of Power, and which did not balance in 1914? By painless panaceas, resting on pledges of good conduct—with certain mental reservations and no real checks? Or by the education of man to higher standards? The soldier smiles, and overhauls his field-kit.

SHERMAN MILES.

SEA POWER AND DISARMAMENT

BY CAPTAIN A. W. HINDS, U. S. N.

WHEN the Five Principal Powers gather at the Conference for Limitation of Armament, at the invitation of President Harding, there will open the most important gathering of the kind that has taken place in the history of the world. The significance of the Conference is due mainly to the fact that there is good prospect that it may bear fruit in preventing war, at least during one or more generations.

Hope that these great Powers may be able to reach an amicable arrangement, and reduce the expense of armament, is nourished by a condition which has never existed before when measures for prevention of war have been brought forward. This condition is that the world is deathly sick of war, and the people of every land are tired beyond measure of paying huge taxes for the costly armies and navies they support to-day.

To illustrate the enormous debts contracted during the World War, the following table, taken from the *World Almanac*, shows the national debts, in dollars, of the Five Principal Powers before and after the long struggle with the Central Powers:

	Pre-War Debt	Post-War Debt	National Wealth	P.c. of National Wealth Owed
United States	1,028,564,000	24,299,321,467	350 billions	7%
British Empire	3,485,818,000	39,314,000,000	120 billions	33%
Japan	1,241,997,000	1,300,000,000	23 billions	4%
Italy	1,475,272,000	18,102,000,000	35 billions	52%
France	6,346,129,000	46,025,000,000	92 billions	50%

Notwithstanding these huge debts, Japan is spending about 48% of her national income on armament, whereas Germany, when she considered herself ready to whip the rest of the world, was spending only 31% of her national income on the Army and Navy.

The probability that some practical results may be derived from the Conference is increased by the comparatively small number of nations to be represented. We need not be discouraged because the League of Nations is generally admitted to be a failure. There never was the ghost of a chance that such a great number of nations, possessing such a diversity of interests and such inequality in national power, could agree on anything.

The likelihood of reaching an agreement in such a conference is in inverse ratio to the number of Powers represented, and in direct proportion to their community of interests. On the face of it, it would appear that the original number proposed by Senator Borah gave better promise of doing practical business, in the way of reduction of armament, than the increased number now invited to the Conference; but the President, no doubt, had good reason for inviting France and Italy to join in the discussion. The reason for increasing the number at the Conference table, by these two nations, may have been the military one that France and Italy undoubtedly control the situation on land in Europe; or it may have been because Mr. Harding and his advisers estimated that the interests of France and Italy run parallel with those of America, and that, by including them, the power for enforcing peace and partial disarmament would be increased by having representatives from these two Powers—for, after all is said and done, the whole agreement must be based on the power, both moral and physical, of the conferring nations to enforce the conclusions of their representative.

That America will have a tremendous influence, in regard both to settlement of Pacific Ocean policies and to actual disarmament, can be seen from a casual glance at the preceding table of liabilities and assets. The greatest soldier that ever buckled on a sword, Napoleon, once said, in effect, that what is needed to carry on a successful war is money, money and more money. If we assume that the world's greatest strategist was correct in this statement, then by subtracting post war debts from national assets we shall see that the remaining available sinews of war are: America, 325 billions; British Empire, 80 billions; France, 46 billions; Japan, 22 billions; and Italy, 17 billions of dollars. In other words, if we, as a people, are as patriotic as those of other

countries and are willing, if need arises, to spend our last dollar in a righteous war, we have available for the purpose nearly twice as much as all the other Principal Powers combined.

Referring again to the number of Powers represented in the Conference, the strong ones, when international influence is considered, are those possessing sea power.

It takes only a little knowledge of the world's history to force home the conclusion that the international trade arteries, fed by the world's commerce, can be controlled only by those nations which possess armed sea power; and as far as naval might is concerned, the British Empire, Japan and America are in a class by themselves. Italy and France wield a great influence on European politics and, when added to the Conference on Limitation of Armament, their moral effect will unquestionably have great weight, but their power at sea and consequent influence outside of Europe for peace or war cannot be compared with the influence of the three Sea Powers.

TABLE OF NAVAL ARMAMENT

TYPE	Great Britain			United States			France			Italy			Japan		
	Built	B'l'd'g	Total	Built	B'l'd'g	Total	Built	B'l'd'g	Total	Built	B'l'd'g	Total	Built	B'l'd'g	Total
Dreadnought Battleships (14″ guns & up)	14	..	14	11	10	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	8
Dreadnought Battleships (smaller guns)	14	..	14	8	..	8	10	..	10	5	..	5	3	..	3
Pre-Dreadnought Battleships	[1]28	..	28	[1]21	..	21	6	..	6	3	..	3	12	..	12
Battle Cruisers (14″ guns & up)	4	..	4	..	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	2	6
Battle Cruisers (smaller guns)	4	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Light Cruisers	62	7	69	3	10	13	11	..	11	20	2	22	10	3	13
Destroyers	190	..	190	287	30	317	88	..	88	50	..	50	99	..	99
Submarines	98	..	98	100	66	166	36	4	40	39	..	39	13	..	13
Plane Carriers (fast)	4	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4
Plane Carriers (slow)	7	..	7	1	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	1

[1] Many of these are to be scrapped.

The list of fighting ships possessed by the Powers at the opening of the Conference will read about as above.

This table was compiled from Brassey's *Naval Annual*, and Jane's *Fighting Ships;* it is probably slightly in error now, but

it gives a very good idea of how the representatives will be armed when they enter the Conference.

While the table gives a rough measure of the comparative naval fighting power of these nations in home waters, it might easily be misleading to a Conference delegate who lacked a knowledge of naval strategy. Unfortunately there are not many of our leading statesmen who have a good foundation in the principles of sea warfare. There have been many interesting books written on this subject, and the late Admiral Mahan is probably acknowledged to be the world's greatest authority; but his books have been much more widely read in England, Germany and Japan, than in America.

It is no disparagement to our public men to state that they are not versed in naval strategy, for they have led busy lives along other lines. The case of the geographical strategic centre of the West Central Pacific Ocean, our little island of Guam, serves to show the very faulty ideas of naval warfare held by the members of the American Congress.

Suppose we assume that a modern fleet can steam 2,000 miles, fight an action, and return to its base for the repairs that all naval history has shown to be a necessity after a battle. Now take the map of the Pacific Ocean, with Guam as a centre, and describe a circle with a 2,000 mile radius. It will be seen that this circle cuts the northern island of the Japanese Empire, crosses Korea, China, Borneo and Australia, and that Guam is clearly the naval strategic centre of the Western Pacific.

From Guam, prepared as a naval base, the influence of the American fleet would be felt from Kamchatka to the Straits of Singapore. Guam is one of Nature's Gibraltars; yet, notwithstanding the fact that we have owned the island twenty-three years, Congress, in its lack of knowledge of naval strategy, has left the island in such a defenseless state that a corporal's guard could take it.

Admiral Jellicoe's worries over a base for the Grand Fleet during the recent war point out plainly that a modern fleet cannot wage war successfully unless there is a convenient base at which it can repair and rest and "gird up its loins" for battle. Congress may or may not realize the necessity for a base near

where the fleet may have to fight, but no provision has been made for naval bases elsewhere than on our own coasts and in the Hawaiian Islands.

The digression I have just made shows the necessity for the presence in the approaching Conference of American representatives who can look at the Table of Naval Armaments through the eyes of naval strategists. In the study of the table at the Conference, it is highly essential for the safety and protection of American interests that the American representatives should understand the value of a well-balanced fleet; and the advantage of strategical position must also be kept in mind. Let us assume, for instance, that an agreement will be reached by which naval armament will be reduced in a certain ratio. Then, for the sake of study of comparative armaments, let our imagination carry us further to a point where our national policy is directly opposed to the policy of a nation across the sea, and neither nation will yield in its policy. Both common sense and history teach us that the matter must be settled by force. In a case like this, if America should be forced to fight across the sea where she has no bases, then her naval force must be superior, by long odds, to that of her adversary.

While the Table of Armaments looks rather favorable to America in point of number of fighting ships, it must be kept in mind that it requires a long time to take a modern man-of-war, tied up to the dock with only caretakers aboard, and beat her into shape to join the battle-line. Estimated roughly, the personnel provided by the last appropriation bill will man about half our ships. A partial disarmament will naturally tie up more ships to rot and rust, and in a disarmed condition the other two great sea powers have an advantage over us in that a larger percentage of their population are seafaring men. On a call to arms they have ready-made seamen, while we must train our men as seamen, in addition to the much more complicated task of training them as men-o'-warsmen.

No nation can afford to send untrained men to fight its battles at sea. In 1904, Russia tried it at the Straits of Tsushima, and lost her fleet. A hundred and nine years ago Captain Lawrence, one of the most promising officers in our young Navy, sailed out

of Boston with a green crew in the *Chesapeake* to do battle against the well drilled crew of the *Shannon*. The ships began to fight at 5.50 p. m. and at 6.02 p. m. the British ship captured the *Chesapeake* by boarding. Lawrence, in his death throes, uttered those immortal words "Don't give up the ship!" but the green crew hauled down the flag just the same.

As to the handling of questions of national policy in the Conference, a naval officer has nothing to say, for these questions belong to our statesmen. If our policies can be brought into amicable agreement with those of the rest of the Five Principal Powers, it will be a splendid achievement for the Conference, and there is probably no other class of people in this land who would more gladly see the sword beaten into the plowshare than the sea-going personnel of the Navy, provided it can be done with safety. We do hope, however, that the agreements reached in council will be conservative so far as our first line of defense is concerned—for if we are ever needed at sea, with untrained crews like that of the unfortunate *Chesapeake*, it will not be the representative who makes unsound agreements at the disarmament table who shoulders the blame. The blame will be laid on the shoulders of the unhappy Commander-in-Chief defeated at sea—and his will be the court-martial.

A. W. Hinds.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE AFTER THE WAR

BY HON. CHARLES H. SHERRILL

DURING the Boer War, Mr. Lloyd George made himself unpopular in many quarters by favoring a generous policy towards those doughty foes, urging that it afforded the only sound basis for amicable relations after the victory. Recent events have strikingly vindicated the wisdom of his policy. It was chiefly to General Smuts, the former Boer leader and now Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, that Lloyd George owed the acceptance by Eamonn de Valera and the Dail Eireann of the British invitation to a conference at Number Ten Downing Street, the hub of the British Empire. It is a *secret de polichinelle* that when there assembled in London in June, 1921, the governmental chiefs of the several Dominions, among their very first recommendations was that early adjustment of the Irish problem be reached on almost any terms except the granting of absolute freedom to an Irish republic. This was especially urged by General Smuts and by Mr. Meighen, the Canadian Premier, and it does not require much Yankee guessing to conclude that it was to the former that Lloyd George turned for assistance in that crisis. It certainly was the South African General who went over to Dublin and conferred with Mr. de Valera and his friends, and was promptly followed back to London by the Irish chief, when there began the conferences which Lloyd George had thitherto been unable to arrange. Certain it is that General Smuts was the obvious man for that diplomatic task, not only as friendly recognition of the British statesman's pro-Boer attitude in the past, but also because he alone of all the Dominion leaders could say, "The British promised us, who are not British and who fought them, complete self-government, and they have kept their promise. You too are non-British, have fought them, and want self-government. Take my advice and come into conference with them for that purpose. We gained the end for which we fought

after we stopped fighting, and we believe that with our friendly coöperation, you can do the same." Lloyd George did not waste the political bread he threw upon (or across) the water during the Boer War. On the contrary, the British Empire would now seem to owe to it a possibility of composing the centuries-old Irish imbroglio.

Few statesmen's photographs depict the man so fairly as that of the stocky Boer, a leader like our own Washington—resourceful both in war and in a succeeding peace more strenuous than the fighting that gave it birth. Born in 1870 in South Africa, he completed his education begun there by taking a Double First Law Tripos at Christ's College, Cambridge. Knowing the English well, both as one who lived among them during impressionable student days and later as their foe in battle, he pays them the great compliment of trusting to their genius as Colonial administrators. As a lover of his South Africa, he realizes that interdependence with so strong an entity as the British Empire is better for the fortune of a country needing unlimited capital than an unaided independence. In 1906 he wrote, "Our strength lies not in isolation but in union." He has learned and typifies what it would be well for certain Philippine separatists, yearning to be lambs turned loose in the forest, carefully to ponder. Those who have sat with him in council, friends and foes alike, testify that he is apt to wait until the views of all the others have been advanced and the problem fully presented before offering his own suggestions thereon, which suggestions are generally so simple and effective as greatly to clarify the issue if not entirely to meet it.

A consideration of the personalities of Lloyd George and the other British Premiers who met with him between June 20 and August 5, 1921, affords as fair a way as any to envisage their handling of the great problem they there confronted: How is the after-war British Empire to do its business? It has functioned well in the past, and has recently safely weathered a dreadful crisis, but the new conditions demand new methods. Plainly, the enhanced significance within the Empire gained for the Dominions from their splendid aid to the Homeland during the war must be tangibly recognized. Not only is this felt in London,

as was proved by the invitation to assemble there addressed to those leaders of Greater Britain, but also the distant peoples themselves realize their new standing and require practical recognition thereof. No longer can a few eminent Londoners, elected to Parliament from districts in the British Isles outside as well as within London, notify the Dominions of actions taken by them upon matters affecting the entire Empire. No matter what else was settled at that conference, one thing is certain: The Dominions must hereafter be consulted before and not after decision by London upon imperial problems. It was impossible to see the Dominion Premiers, to say nothing of having speech with them, without coming to that conclusion.

As for their personalities, let us begin by noting that they are all typically Prime Ministers, obviously men who never forgot that they were responsible to their Parliaments at home, and that their leadership depended upon retaining their parliamentary majorities. In this they differed from our President and our Governors, who are elected for a definite period and therefore have so much time in which to develop a policy that may at its inception be unpopular, for they run no risk of losing office over night as does a Prime Minister under the British parliamentary system. This means that the bold stand taken at this conference by certain of those leaders was really bolder than had it been taken by leaders under our system. But, passing on from the group to the individuals, all similarity ceases, for they were as different as possible. Two men could hardly be more unlike than the thin, wiry, active Mr. Meighen, he of the vast Canadian provinces, and the older and burlier Mr. Massey of New Zealand, smallest of the Dominions in population, and the only one with restricted geographical limitations. Mr. Massey, the farmer, has been in power a longer period than most Prime Ministers enjoy, over ten years, and has had a peculiarly well-rounded experience, serving as Minister of Lands and Labor, Agriculture and Commerce. Born in Ireland in 1856, he went out to New Zealand in 1870 to join his parents, who had emigrated a few years earlier with Nonconformist settlers. Equally different in appearance is the squarely built South African Dutchman, General Smuts, ardent in his defense of Imperial unity at home

as he is of Dominion rights abroad, from the slender, gaunt Mr. Hughes, the Australian Laborite, as hard of hearing as his opinions are hard to change.

Nevertheless, differing as are their personalities, all are statesmen of one type, *i.e.*, Ministers responsible alone to representative assemblies of their own people. That is exactly what the British Prime Minister used to be before the war, when he had only the majority in his London Parliament to consider. But is it still the case with Mr. Lloyd George to-day? Has not his responsibility broadened? His personality seems to say so to the average American student of any political experience. A great national crisis would appear to have developed his high office into a sort of Presidency of Greater Britain. Certain is it that he no longer needs frequently to attend sessions of Parliament, as used to be necessary. Talking with him on the terrace of Number Ten Downing Street, his official residence, just outside the conference room in which were assembling those other British Premiers come hither to this centre of the British web from over thousands of ocean miles, one could not but feel that his relation to them had become similar to that of an American President to the Legislative and Judicial branches of our Government; that "the advice and consent" of these men has now become necessary to him, rather than that he should satisfy only his coalition majority at Westminster.

The Lloyd George one talks with is a very different man from him of whom one reads in the cabled news. The first impression is that of physical strength and alertness, a quick change of pose unusual in a Britisher, well shown in Sir William Goscombe John's admirable bust of him. As he talks, he steps away and back again, now advancing one shoulder and now the other, the in-and-out action of a trained boxer. Almost always the head leans away from you, just as Colonel Roosevelt's was apt to do, which lends an impression of greater height; but Lloyd George's head generally inclines to one side or the other, which Roosevelt's did not. Roosevelt made his points by suddenly leaning toward his man and baring his teeth, but Lloyd George makes his by leaning back and screwing up his eyes, the better to observe how you take him. His physical action in no way denotes that he is a

golfer, and yet that game is a great passion with him. America is not the only country where it is politically wise to be a golf playmate of the Executive! One of Lloyd George's most intimate friends, (the owner and editor of *The News of the World*, a weekly with 3,000,000 circulation,) was raised by him to the peerage as Lord Riddell of Walton Heath, taking his title from the links of that name where they golfed together, and thither L. G. (as he is frequently called) repairs for his favorite sport whenever cares of office permit.

He spoke to me in the highest terms of the behavior of the Boers at the close of the South African war, when in good faith they accepted the British invitation to a conference behind the lines with Kitchener and Roberts, and then thereafter "carried on" with equal loyalty, especially since the government of their country had been completely given over to them by their military conquerors. Spoken just when it was, on June 29, 1921, it seemed a background for the Irish reluctance then to accept a similar invitation to confer with him in London. He asked straightforward, significant questions about American public opinion upon different points, but it must be admitted those questions indicated that notwithstanding his gratifying interest in our views he knew little of our general desire that decent settlement be made of the Irish controversy. Indeed, Mr. Meighen, the Canadian Premier, remarked later, while giving hearty endorsement to Lloyd George's earnest desire to be informed upon American public opinion, "They have the best of intentions toward America, but London does not understand America's point of view."

None of the visiting Colonial statesmen made such an impression upon the British metropolis as this Canadian, not only upon officialdom but also upon the man in the street; "It's only because they have seen the other fellows before," was his modest disclaimer. It was generally believed that it was Mr. Meighen's insistence added to General Smuts's that the Irish question be settled, that caused Lloyd George's written invitation to Eamonn de Valera, the Sinn Fein leader of the South, and Sir James Craig, the Ulster chief, for a conference in London. Born in Anderson, Ontario, in 1874, and graduated with honors in mathe-

matics from Toronto University in 1896, Mr. Meighen farmed, taught school, and what not, for four years, when he turned to the law. In 1908, then thirty-four years old, he entered the Dominion Parliament, and proceeding upward through one political office after another, always as a friend of Sir Robert Borden, became in 1920 Canadian Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs. His face is thoughtful, and his appearance reflects itself in the happy selection of words for which his speeches are widely known.

Just as Mr. Meighen with General Smuts led the demand for an Irish settlement, so Messrs. Meighen and Hughes are believed to have led that against the renewing of the Anglo-Japanese alliance in any shape that might offend America. It is generally understood, however, that Mr. Meighen went much further than Mr. Hughes, and favored dropping that alliance altogether. In this second matter, of course, General Smuts and his people are too far distant from the Pacific Ocean to feel the effect of Japanese economic penetration, and cannot be expected to realize why Australia is perforce unanimous for the " White Australia" policy. Although Mr. Meighen is uncommunicative to a foreigner upon his official views regarding this purely Pacific question, he did not hesitate to ask if Americans did not think that America would have joined the Allies earlier in the Great War if there had been no Anglo-Japanese alliance.

Mr. Hughes, not only a lawyer at home but also a member of Gray's Inn, London, made a world-wide name for himself at the Versailles Peace Conference. He knew exactly what Australia had to have, and also just what she meant to have omitted from the conference's decisions, and in both these regards he made himself not only heard but, in the end, listened to. Born in Wales in 1864, he went out to Australia in 1884 and has been its Prime Minister since 1915. He was prepared for that leadership by many years of service in the Australian Parliament and Cabinet, so that he was excellently equipped for his successful efforts in Paris. All the Dominion Premiers have been honored not only by the English Government and municipal bodies but also by honorary degrees from the universities, of which Mr. Hughes has received five. Sometimes these distinctions prove hurtful

at home by exciting local jealousies; all politicians are not so quick as was Sir George Reid, the former Australian Prime Minister, who upon returning home after being made a K. C. M. G. replied, when asked its meaning by an Opposition newspaper reporter, "It only means, Keep Calling Me George!"

We are accustomed to speak of Prime Ministers as heads of representative governments, but perhaps without realizing how representative of their average constituents they perforce must be. If these dignitaries were not of a type approved each by his own people, they would not be where they are. For that reason we may safely say that a sight of their portraits and even a fleeting glimpse of the personalities representing the various British Dominions can usefully enlighten us upon that important international question, Whither is the British Empire tending?

In Paris one meets many people, some of them high up, who maintain that such an imperial conference as that of London can only mean the parting of the ways, that the Dominions are about to split off as did the Americans in 1776. Such people forget that the rulers of Great Britain to-day are not so narrow-minded as were Lord North and George III. It is not at a parting of the ways that these Premiers met under the Presidency of the British Prime Minister. The crossroads were passed when the Colonials rallied in men and money to the British front in Flanders and Gallipoli. They are now well beyond, proceeding along a straight highway side by side. But at those crossroads, now passed, those very Colonials, by their gallant and brotherly conduct, ceased to be Colonials and became as full brothers in government as they had been in arms; they shed their Colonial citizenship to become partners in Empire. It was significant how their Premiers flared up when a certain London newspaper suggested that Winston Churchill, Secretary of State for the Colonies, should preside at their conference! Those leaders, only Colonial Ministers before the War, have since then become real Prime Ministers.

Nor is the change come only to them. For he who before 1914 was Prime Minister of the British Empire, responsible only to a Parliament controlled by Londoners sitting in London, must now govern "by and with the advice of" the Dominion partners,

just as an American President must realize that along with the Executive our Constitution gives recognition to the Legislative and Judicial branches of our Government. One may safely conclude that one so alert-minded as Lloyd George appreciates this change. In fact it is indicated by his selection as private secretary of that gallant Guardsman, Sir Edward Grigg, especially well informed upon Colonial affairs, to succeed Philip Kerr, specialist in foreign affairs, upon the latter's resignation last spring. Britain has now time to devote to imperial adjustments which were necessarily neglected during the life-and-death war struggle that demanded intensive vigilance in external affairs. More will be heard later of Philip Kerr. Heir to the Marquis of Lothian, he founded that brilliant quarterly *The Round Table*, devoted to broadening and enlightening British public opinion upon imperial questions. His is too keen and too active a brain to remain long in idleness, greatly as he needed a vacation after his years of exacting service under Lloyd George in Downing Street during and after the war.

So much for the changed way in which the business of governing the British Empire seems to be conducted; and now for another factor without which the picture would be far from complete. It is the fashion for British public speakers the world over to describe the Crown as the golden thread that binds the Empire together. But is it not something both more and less than that? Let us follow the trend of public thought nowadays and apply the touchstone of metaphysics to the Crown's influence. More and more are we coming to realize the difference between things material and those purely spiritual. While the Crown retains the outward pomp of matter, it has lost the material power; that has passed back to the people and is wielded by their elected and selected representatives. But the Crown's hold on the spirit of the people is as strong as ever it was, and of late years it has more than once demonstrated its power of service to the country. Particularly has the personality of the Prince of Wales, through his widely won popularity, demonstrated this. The combination of his frank youth and simple directness of manner has proved irresistible. He has won the confidence of his people on the home islands and around the Seven Seas, and his well-

wishers are not all compatriots. How will he use this great asset? In what direction will the Crown develop? Time alone will show. But since it is already the fashion to remark that in many respects he is very like his grandfather, King Edward VII, it is useful to consider what sort of a sovereign the latter proved himself. The time has come to recognize that he was one of the great Kings of English history. Long kept in the background by his royal mother, and coming to the throne at the advanced age of sixty, he soon showed that he had not been wasting his years of preparation. Mr. Strachey, in his remarkable life of Queen Victoria, makes it clear that Prince Albert Edward was considered somewhat of a trial to his parents, differing so entirely from his meticulously industrious German father. When the Prince of Wales came to the throne in January, 1901, he set his wise heart upon an Anglo-French alliance as the only practical defense against the rapidly developing policy of *Deutschland über Alles*. Notwithstanding the unpopularity of his plan (because its need was not understood), he brought to pass the new international alliance, which success of his diplomacy, in the light of subsequent events, is seen to be one of the most notable contributions by an English king to his people's welfare.

A few months since, George V and Queen Mary went to Ireland and opened the Ulster Parliament, against the advice of wise counsellors who felt that they risked their lives thereby. Indeed, so general was the belief in the danger they insisted upon running that even the Sinn Fein Irish of the south admired their courage; for you can always trust an Irishman to recognize pluck. With such parents and such a grandfather, the young Prince of Wales is shown to be after all only carrying forward a tradition of service by the Crown to the British people, without which its government would not, from the standpoint of a metaphysician, be complete. The new adjustment reached by the conference of Dominion Premiers under the presidency of the British Prime Minister will materially govern the Empire, while the Crown, with its hold upon the spirit of the people, will do its part in holding them together.

CHARLES H. SHERRILL.

CAN FRANCE CARRY HER FISCAL BURDEN?

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

Editor-in-Chief of *Le Matin*

FRANCE has been condemned, since the war, to carry two budgets: the ordinary budget, comprising all national expenses, which is supported by the people of France; and the war budget, called the "budget of recoverable expenses", comprising exclusively the sums paid out in reparation to the war sufferers of the devastated regions as well as in war pensions, which, according to the Treaty of Versailles, should be paid by Germany.

Let us first consider the ordinary budget. It is of considerable proportions. In 1914 it amounted to five billion francs ($1,000,000,000). This year, 1921, it amounts to twenty-six and a half billion francs ($5,300,000,000); and next year it will amount to twenty-five billion francs ($5,000,000,000), thanks to the energetic compression of military expenses, which reached the sum of $300,000,000.

Is it necessary to remark that if France's ordinary budget is five times what it was before the war, rising from one billion to five billion dollars, it is entirely due to the war? We know to-day exactly what France spent on the war, to the very penny. From August 1, 1914, to June 30, 1919, the formidable sum of 280,658,000,000 francs ($56,131,000,000) was disbursed by the French Government. These are the official figures, recently given out. During this same period, from August 1, 1914, to June 30, 1919, France's revenue from all kinds of taxes amounted to more than sixty billion francs ($12,000,000,000). The entire difference between $12,000,000,000 and $56,131,000,000 has been made up by government loans of various kinds: perpetual loans, redeemable loans, and short term loans, which have therefore increased the public debt of France. This debt may be resolved into its two elements: the domestic debt, upon which interest is due to

the people of France, which now amounts to 230,000,000,000 francs ($46,000,000,000); and the foreign debt, the interest on which is theoretically paid to foreign nations, and which, considering the franc at par, amounts to 35,286,000,000 francs ($7,057,000,000); that is, 15,285,000,000 francs ($3,057,000,000) to the United States, 13,500,000,000 francs ($2,700,000,000) to Great Britain, and the rest, about $1,300,000,000, to the banks and financial organizations of various other foreign countries.

Very generously, the United States and Great Britain have not thus far forced France to pay the interest on her debt of $5,757,000,000 which both of these countries loaned her during the war. On the other hand, France has been obliged to pay the interest or redeem the $1,300,000,000 borrowed from the banks of other foreign countries, as well as the $46,000,000,000 of her domestic debt. This annually represents the enormous sum of thirteen billion francs ($2,600,000,000), that is, half of France's ordinary budget.

Here we have the first point, which we must stop to think over a minute or so. If France, to-day, has an ordinary budget of more than $5,000,000,000, it is because she is obliged to pay annually, before anything else, $2,500,000,000 to those who from 1914 to 1918 loaned her the money that helped to stem the German attack and invasion. These $2,500,000,000, to which we must soon add the interest on the money due the United States and Great Britain, will be paid annually by France for many generations. This amount represents France's war cost, a war that France did not desire, did not provoke, nor declare. Germany, because of the Peace Treaty, does not and will never bear a single cent of this enormous debt. It is probably the first time in the history of the world that a nation unjustly attacked, and nevertheless victorious, does not ask for a single cent from the conquered for a war which the latter instigated.

Let us continue our analysis. On her ordinary budget of $5,000,000,000, France must pay $2,500,000,000 in interest to her creditors, for expenses created by the war. We may also add, by the way, that a good part of the other $2,500,000,000 is indirectly due to the war. For example, this year (1921) it was necessary to pay $300,000,000 to cover the railroad deficit; and

this deficit is due to the lamentable condition in which the railroads were left by the war. It was also necessary to pay $200,000,000 for the purchase of wheat and other provisions, also due to the war. It was necessary to double the salaries of all office-holders in the various governmental departments because of the high cost of living, another present tendered by the war. For one reason or another, we arrive at the total expenditure mentioned above, $5,300,000,000 for this year (1921), and $5,000,000,000 in 1922.

Let us say at once that in the face of this ordinary expenditure of $5,000,000,000 France, by a considerable effort, has succeeded in finding another $5,000,000,000 for 1922 in the way of ordinary revenues. The ordinary budget is therefore, we may say, balanced. Both ingenuity and energy were necessary to establish this balance; but both were found. The railroad deficit was overcome thanks to the reorganization of the entire financial system of all the lines, and also thanks to a readjustment of rates. The purchase of wheat and other provisions was suppressed, thanks to the intensive work of the French peasants and farmers, and the splendid harvest gathered this summer. The number of office holders have either been reduced or their salaries cut. And the Minister of War has cut down military expenses to the amount of $300,000,000. For a country that has the reputation of being militaristic, a reduction such as this is not bad, and it is only to be hoped that all non-militaristic empires and democracies throughout the world will do as much!

France has often been reproached in certain countries with not having made a comprehensive effort to cause the French taxpayer to pay his quota. The reproach is made unjustly, and the legend according to which the Frenchman is not obliged to pay his taxes, or to pay very little, is entirely inexact, to say the least. The figures are indisputable. Thirty-eight million Frenchmen pay $5,000,000,000 in taxes annually. They do not pay these taxes entirely on their incomes for the very good reason that there are no very large incomes to be taxed, although there are many of modest proportions. France is not a nation of large land owners, of millionaires, and of rich capitalists; but of modest farmers, small land owners, and restricted incomes. The

official statistics of the Minister of Finance, for the year 1920, show that there are in France only 183 persons having annual incomes over $200,000 and only 493 persons having annual incomes of from $100,000 to $200,000. On the other hand there are 406,900 persons who have annual incomes of from $1,000 to $4,000, and more than 100,000 persons having incomes of from $4,000 to $12,000. This explains the perfect social balance that exists in France, which creates so much surprise and admiration in the foreigner: there is indeed no other country in the world whose wealth is so equally divided and happily shared. But this also shows that it is impossible to expect more from the French taxpayer than is expected from the taxpayers of other countries. One cannot, from a man having an annual income of from $2,000 to $3,000, take half of what he earns without crushing and ruining him. The income tax of from fifty to sixty per cent cannot be applied except on very large incomes, that is to say, incomes of about $100,000, which in France are in the great minority. It has been figured that if the tax of sixty per cent were applied to all incomes in France that pass the $100,000 mark, the most that could be obtained would hardly amount to $60,000,000, and $5,000,000,000 are necessary to balance France's ordinary budget.

France obtains the $5,000,000,000 by indirect taxes: the tax on coupons cut from personal securities, taxes on financial operations, on receipted bills, on the circulation of wine, on railroad tickets, on tobacco, sugar, salt, gasolene, etc. Some of these taxes are very productive. The tax on coupons cut from personal securities, alone, brings in something like $500,000,000 annually. The tax on wine, beer, automobiles, and railroad tickets gave France a revenue of nearly $1,000,000,000 this year. The tax on tobacco brought in as much as the income tax: approximately $200,000,000.

A new indirect tax has been instituted during the past year, regarding which it is as yet impossible to make any sort of prediction: that is, the tax on the amount of business transacted, which is paid by the merchant on each sale. The tax is small, one per cent on every sale; but one per cent multiplied indefinitely comes to a high figure. Let us take a sheep, for example. The shepherd who sells it must pay one per cent to the State. The

man who shears it and sells its wool to the weaver, pays another one per cent. The weaver who, having transformed the wool into cloth, sells it to the tailor, pays another one per cent; and the tailor who makes a suit of clothes for a customer must also pay one per cent on the price of the suit. Here we have a sheep that has done its bit for France! The application of this tax has not been accomplished without some difficulty, however, because of the complicated bookkeeping necessary, and it is still far from being in "full swing". Despite this it will bring in an estimated revenue of some $400,000,000.

At any event, it may be repeated that France's ordinary budget for 1922 has been balanced. In face of the ordinary expenditures of every kind that amount to about $5,000,000,000 (exactly 24,932,000,000 francs) the French Government can have at its disposition a permanent revenue of about $5,000,000,000 (exactly 25,019,000,000 francs). If there were therefore only the ordinary budget to look after, the result would be absolutely certain; and there would be no more necessity for anxiety regarding the solidity of France's finances than to question that of the Himalayan Mountains.

But—we still have the war budget to contend with.

This budget consists of two kinds of expenditure. It is true that they are about alike. They comprise the reparations of the devastated regions and the war pensions for the dead, the wounded and the permanently disabled. According to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, these reparations must be paid by Germany and the German people. Theoretically the German people must pay. But as the Treaty has not demanded the definitive payment, and as its application is long and paved with difficulties, it is in practice the good people of France who have been paying until now. It is the people of France who have until now entirely paid all the pensions. It is the people of France who have rebuilt at their expense the villages destroyed by the Kaiser's hordes in Northern France. They were told that it was only an advance that they were making to Germany; and that Germany would repay them some day, according to the Treaty of Versailles. That is why this war budget is called "budget of recoverable expenses".

This budget of recoverable expenses in 1920 amounted to

7,000,000,000 francs in round figures ($1,400,000,000); in 1921 it was 8,400,000,000 francs ($1,680,000,000), and in 1922 it will amount to 7,160,000,000 francs ($1,432,000,000)—that is, 3,660,000,000 francs ($732,000,000) for pensions, and 3,500,000,000 francs ($700,000,000) for reparations in the devastated regions.

Here, if you wish, we may make an addition and a remark. Let us take into account the expenditures imputable to Germany paid by France:

In 1920	$1,400,000,000
In 1921	1,680,000,000
Total	$3,080,000,000

Here we have $3,080,000,000 that should have been paid by Germany; but which were paid by France. This enormous sum was paid by means of loans contracted by the French Government, and by means of advances made to the Ministries by the banks. But how will be paid in 1922 the $1,432,000,000 necessary to balance the same budget? That is a big question. Here, let us consider the opinion of the Minister of Finance himself, M. Paul Doumer, who in a written statement addressed to the Budgetary Commission of the Chamber of Deputies, expressed himself as follows:

"The system of loans and advances has its limits: there can be no question of facing again, next year, the possibility of obtaining by means of advances and loans the necessary total of seven billion francs, which constitutes the budget of recoverable expenses for pensions and reparations. This sum of seven billion francs must be found first in the annuity that Germany must let us have next year, and again in discounting a part of the securities that Germany will give us. The amount of the annuity that Germany must verse depends on the figure of her exports for 1921: if these exports are not very different from what they were in 1920, which we know, we can figure on receiving from this four and a half billion francs. The difference, that is two and a half billion francs, may, we hope, be found in discounting abroad the securities that Germany must turn over to us. The London agreement expressly foresaw this operation."

The Minister of Finance, therefore, figures that Germany,

which has so far not paid a single cent of the $1,400,000,000 which she should have paid in 1920, and which has not paid a cent on the $1,680,000,000 she should have paid in 1921, will pay about $1,000,000,000 in 1922. He figures besides that he will be able to discount abroad—that is in America—German securities to the amount of $430,000,000. That means that he figures on the solvency of Germany and on the good will of the foreign banks in accepting German paper. If the French Minister is not mistaken, well and good! So, both of France's budgets are balanced and France has been saved financially. But if he is mistaken, if Germany does not pay, and if the German securities are considered of no value by the foreign banks—what then?

It is not without a certain amount of anguish, I must admit, that I ask this question. And I understand that the experts and the technical men with their implacable logic may reply, "So, France will neither be able to pay her reparations nor her pensions." But in the question of finance as in that of politics, we must count with the "imponderable" forces, as they were called by Bismarck. A great country like France, which has its traditions, its honor, its past, its riches, its resources, its desire to live and to work, cannot go bankrupt for the sum of $1,400,000,000. It will be found within the country itself, if it cannot be found abroad; just as during the Battle of the Marne at the most critical moment, Foch was still able to find among his depleted troops a last reserve, when no one to his right or left was able to lend him so much as a regiment.

France, arrive what may, will face her financial destiny as she has faced her military destiny. She will neither beg nor crumble. She knows that now more than ever she must not count upon others, but always upon herself. If it is necessary she will stand up once more, and despite the burden that threatens to crush her, she will find in herself the energy necessary to carry it still further, and still higher.

Some European country may perhaps go bankrupt in 1922; but it will not be France.

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE.

Paris, September 1921.

THE MENACE TO JOURNALISM

BY ROSCOE C. E. BROWN

A NEW journalism is abroad in the land. To the reading public it is often indistinguishable from the old journalism. Like some of the parasitic fungi, whose spores penetrating the cells of their host change its substance to their own tissues, but in turn shape themselves into the outward form of the original plant, the new journalism has fastened upon the old, used it for its own purposes, and masked itself in the appearance of the independent and self-determining press. This parasite is propaganda. Its instrument of infection is the press agent. Its result is an organ of public opinion more or less completely, according to the extent of the process, transformed from an unbiased, or at least autonomous, expression to a suggested and not disinterested utterance.

Twenty-five years ago, the press agent was known to newspaper men as the genial distributor of circus tickets, and as the facile chronicler of the wonders of the jungle and the romances of the fat woman. He kept reporters apprized in gorgeous fashion of the coming of new plays and took a kindly interest in recovering actresses' lost jewels. For the rest, he left the reporters to go their way unaided to get their news as best they could, and to present it with that approximation to truth that comes from the detached appraisement of conflicting statements and dug-out facts. He was the scarcely recognized poor-relation of the journalist.

To-day the press agent belongs to a numerous, well recognized and well paid profession. His handsomely furnished office is next door to that of the president of the great corporation; he is the consultant of the organizers of great philanthropies, the mouthpiece of political leaders, the window-dresser of government departments. He lays upon the desks of the leading newspapers every day enough copy to fill their pages, news, editorial and advertising, twice over. And he succeeds in getting enough of this printed to earn his salary to the satisfaction of his employer,

to establish his own importance in the eyes of publicity seekers, and to color effectually the picture of American life and its supposedly spontaneous movements presented to the American people.

The press agent commands a higher salary, strictly measured by his success in circulating propaganda disguised as news, than he could obtain in the direct service of a newspaper. Consequently trained writers that are ready to forego the journalist's ideal and give their pens to the service not of society but of a patron's ends tend in increasing numbers to forsake the editorial room for the publicity office, to the impoverishment of newspaper staffs. Their systematic and extensive preparation of predigested news is in turn changing the conditions of news gathering. They stand guard at many sources of news, fending off the too keen inquirer and leaving the newspaper the choice of letting itself be spoon-fed or going empty. The inevitable result must be the decay of reporting in its more difficult and for public purposes most important aspects, the growth of a race of mere retailers of ready-made intelligence, and the turning of the newspapers more and more to distribution, less of news than of what somebody wishes to be considered news.

The war gave a great impetus to propaganda. Surrender to it by the newspapers was a form of patriotic service. Mr. Creel's mental treatment, his suggestions of what the American people, to help win the war, should believe about fights with submarines or building airplanes, were faithfully transmitted to them by a mobilized press. For that the press need not apologize. Even public opinion must goosestep in a military movement, though it may know it is being fooled. The creation of a certain state of mind was as necessary as the equipping of an army, and the newspapers did their part to create it, without inquiring too curiously behind official statements. Nevertheless this meant an adjournment of the free play of public opinion, and unfortunately it has not reconvened. Semi-official propaganda claimed succession to the privileges of the official propaganda, and too often obtained it. Organized movements of every sort, religious, political, philanthropic, selfish, realized as never before the potentialities of the press agent, and found the newspapers habituated to unbelievable hospitality and frequently, it might seem, to unbelievable inno-

cence. For to an extent never before seen, at least since the dark era of the party newspaper dependent on politicians in the first third of the nineteenth century, the American press is taking things at second hand and allowing artificially stimulated sentiment to appear as the expression of natural public opinion.

Yet the war did not give birth to the era of the publicity agent. His sway began when some of the railroads and other large corporations awoke to the fact that unpopularity did not pay. Alexander J. Cassatt, if not the discoverer of this truth, was one of the earliest of the railroad executives to realize the consequences of the hostile feeling that was growing up against corporations. He not only tried to persuade his fellow railroad presidents to meet half way the demands for regulation, but also sought to put their aims and methods in a favorable light before the people. One of his earliest approaches was to a newspaper writer of distinction, who declined what seemed to him a princely salary, not because he did not sympathize with Mr. Cassatt's wish for better understanding between business and the public, but because, for himself, he would have no client but the public. Writers were found, however, who undertook to give newspapers information about corporation doings, and the old habits of silence gave way to positive volubility—in one tone. The newspapers welcomed this hospitality and were in turn hospitable; but before they realized it they had opened the gate to a wooden horse. They allowed the press agent to gain control of whole fields of news. Whereas the reporter formerly could gain access to corporation heads, make his own inquiries, and ask questions that gave him insight even if unanswered, now these men will rarely see reporters and screen themselves behind prepared statements. In a business crisis or industrial dispute—for the labor unions have not been slow to adopt the new method—it is almost impossible to bring a joined issue before the court of public opinion, because statements that are not responsive are frequently all that can be obtained.

In the lobby of the National Press Club in Washington, according to the *Editor and Publisher*, there is a table much like a free-lunch counter. On it are displayed every day the mimeographed copies of the hand-out articles, official and unofficial, that the press agents hope will prove bait for the correspondents. With

a paste-pot and a little rewriting a brave show of covering the Capital can be made. If that were all, it would not much matter. The conscientious and enterprising correspondent would show the difference between news and propaganda. But unfortunately the persons for whom the press agents work have learned that, if they stand on propaganda statements alone, and make no other, the newspapers will take them; and so they have shut the door on the independent investigator. Moreover, the press agents are clever enough to dress up for their own purposes matter that has real news interest, or seems to an editor to have when he sees it in a rival paper; and so the reporter, by the pressure of external circumstance and to meet the short-sighted demands of his own office, is driven to be the mere mouthpiece of biased statement. This has gone so far that Mr. Frank I. Cobb of the *New York World*, a practical editor by no means inclined to quixotic standards, declares that the newspapers are not meeting major problems and are not driving at the heart of things, but are "skimming the surface, and it is only now and then that a reporter gets under the skin of these great events."

Another sort of propaganda, not new but growing, is that which seeks free advertising. Sometimes it is plain puffery for commercial purposes. As often it is extensive free publicity for enterprises, good, bad and indifferent, from an Interchurch World Movement to the creation of a personality for a nonentity with political or social ambition. Against the advertising space-grafter the American Newspaper Publishers Association has been for some time making a campaign. The legitimate advertising men have found themselves more than once about to close a large contract when a press agent stepped in and persuaded the would-be advertiser that for a small sum advertising could be dressed up as news and circulated free to the limit of his desires. A few months ago a highly-colored story of the escape of a Turkish heiress from Constantinople filled columns of space in American newspapers, only to prove a piece of publicity for a motion picture. No paper that had not blunted its news instincts by the habitual acceptance of press-agent concoctions could have failed to scent a selfish purpose in such a tale. When a leading automobile company, after the annual shows in New York and Chicago, pub-

licly boasts that "more than twenty thousand dollars' worth of free publicity in the news columns of the New York and Chicago newspapers was the proud record obtained" by its advertising division during the shows, it is no wonder that the publishers are aghast at their own fatuity in letting columns of advertising disguised as "human interest" stories pass their desks. When a publicity agent undertakes to raise a $10,000 charity fund on a $2,500 commission, and does it with the aid of $26,000 worth of free reading matter, the newspapers may well ask themselves who are really supporting the philanthropies.

Sometimes, it is true, the editor grows suspicious that he is being used; but then the propagandist is ready for him. No more revealing exhibition of his methods of creating a false appearance of spontaneous public sentiment can be found than appears in a letter of the National One Cent Postage Association that fell into the hands of the American Newspaper Publishers Association shortly before the war. It read:

> In conjunction with the prosecution of our campaign for one cent letter postage, we find we secure invaluable assistance from the newspapers by their publishing articles in regard to one cent letter postage.
>
> We also find that if we send these articles direct they are often disregarded, while if we secure some of our friends to send the articles to them, the newspapers use them very promptly.
>
> Because of this fact, we are asking the assistance of friends of the movement to secure publicity for our work. I am taking the liberty of enclosing herewith an article which I have had prepared, and in which I have had your name inserted, and would appreciate it very much if you would place this in the hands of one of your local newspapers.
>
> Call up the city editor of your best paper, and the one most likely to use the article, and tell him to send a reporter around to your office, that you have a newspaper story for him. Don't tell him what the story is about, but simply request that the reporter call and see you. When the reporter does come tell him that to save him the trouble you have written the story out yourself. Then hand him the enclosed interview.
>
> He will be glad to get it in this shape, and will doubtless use it in about the same manner in which it is written. This will advertise our movement wonderfully in your territory and should prove of great assistance to us in the creation of public sentiment in favor of one cent letter postage.

Surely, the editor needs to be as wise as the serpent and as cynical as Satan, if he is going to safeguard himself against propa-

ganda and make his columns a chronicle of real happenings and a reflector of authentic, un-"accelerated" thought.

Shortly before the war, Mr. Cobb has said, the newspapers of New York took a census of the press agents who were regularly employed and regularly accredited, and found that there were about 1,200 of them. There are doubtless many more to-day, and they have, as he pointed out, seized control of many of the direct channels of news of business, social and political activity, and closed them, except as information is filtered through themselves. Great firms and corporations carry on publicity as a profession, and for a fee will contract to put upon the map of popular thought anything from a railroad rate campaign or a political programme to a prayer-meeting or a charity fund. The *Editor and Publisher* reports that in one day last year 189,350 words of "publicity matter" were received by the *Washington Herald*, which equals 24 newspaper pages. It came from religious and "uplift" organizations, political parties, government departments, and commercial and miscellaneous sources of every sort. This was an average day, and that paper was not exceptionally favored by the press agents. How much of this was used does not appear, but a great mass of such material is regularly used or it would not be prepared in ever increasing volume. The skilled newspaper reader can detect it in almost every paper he sees. Already the ulterior purpose behind what appears to be innocent news is frequently questioned. If the general body of readers shall be driven to share that suspicion, to look upon the newspaper record of life as artificial, and cease to find in it the mirror of their own thought and action, the old journalism will be dead and the new journalism will be bankrupt.

From one point of view all this is highly flattering to the press. It is a tribute to its power. When bank and factory, church and college, official and reformer, all systematically scheme to make the press present their interest and their version of news, not as their own, but as its own, they acknowledge in act what they so often deny in speech, that the voice of the newspaper is really the voice of the community talking to itself.

No longer can even the greatest take the attitude of the Duke of Wellington, who, when the editor of a leading London journal

asked permission to view the coronation procession of William IV from the roof of Apsley House, answered that it was of no possible interest to the Duke whether the editor saw the procession or not. The propagandist has this excuse for fastening himself as a parasite on the newspapers: It is almost his only chance to reach the ear of power. When Bolingbroke employed Nicholas Amhurst as his press agent for warfare on Walpole, he had to reach only a handful of men, who made the public opinion of England, and a small edition of a tiny sheet answered his purpose. Hamilton put the *Federalist* into the mind of America through a little paper of possibly 1,500 circulation. Anybody with the aid of a hand press could then publish a newspaper on substantially equal terms with anybody else. But all that is changed. Not only has the cost of producing anything that can possibly hold its place as a newspaper become enormous, but in a democratic society the public to be reached is so vast that nothing but the great established machinery of publicity is adequate to the task. The existing journals have a practical monopoly of public attention, and only through them can it be effectively arrested.

Of course it is easy and is much the fashion to lay the blame for the sway of propaganda upon some mysterious "system," to complain that some malevolent and super-intelligent group of men are with a common purpose seeking to control the press. But that is mere witch-hunting. It gets nowhere. The simple fact is that all movements dependent on mass sentiment must be organized. Propaganda is as old as society. Only it has come to a new intensity, dangerous to the public and to the press itself because of its parasitic nature. It has taken a leaf out of the book of business efficiency. No "system," no group, has deliberately set out to poison public opinion. The world in general, which means a great number of individuals, each seeking his own ends, has discovered the value of publicity in a democracy and has sought it with the practicality characteristic of the age. Everybody desiring access to the public mind has adopted the ideas of a commercial civilization to obtain it. The same business method inspires the bank's press agent and its cashier. The publicity bureau of a political party or a college endowment committee studies the psychology of the sales manager, adopts his slang, and

starts out to "sell" an idea to the community. And it was not long ago that a great body of religious leaders also became enamored of business efficiency and dreamed that with a large bank account, a huge office force, expert administration and unlimited drafts on newspaper publicity, they could "sell" to the world the Sermon on the Mount, if not the Apostles' Creed.

Undoubtedly a great deal of the mass of "publicity matter" that is offered by parties in interest to the newspapers and accepted by them has news value, and deals with worthy enterprises entitled to notice. But that does not make the prevailing habit of opening newspaper columns to press agents' productions less dangerous. Indeed it makes it more dangerous. Propaganda must have news value, real or apparent, to gain publication and then win attention. Its news value, disguising its insidious purpose, is the tool needed to break into the public mind. And the insidious purpose is always there. Great corporations and organizers of campaigns do not pay large salaries to able men just to save the newspapers the expense of getting their own news, benevolent as their professions of "saving the reporter trouble" may seem. What they want is free advertising, otherwise "publicity," for some scheme or opinion of their own, and the press agent's offering, either by distortion, suppression, unwarranted emphasis, or sheer invention, achieves not a judicial summing up of the facts, but an attorney's special plea for his client.

The press agent will say, perhaps with some truth, though probably no editor will admit it, that the newspaper has made him a necessity by failure of enterprise, by neglect to exploit really important matters outside of the day's concrete happenings, by an unfair attitude toward business enterprises, and by teaching public speakers that, no matter how much worth while what they have to say may be, it will receive scant attention unless it is handed out in typewritten slips. However that may be, the newspapers certainly opened the door, taught the fabricators of propaganda their trade, fell into the habit of taking things at second hand, and are now in danger of being overwhelmed by the flood.

What is the remedy? Nothing but the absolute refusal to recognize the press agent, or to publish news that is not prepared by

the editorial staff itself and its disinterested agents. Some of the leading publicity men themselves admit the present abuses and advise editors to verify more carefully press-agent offerings, and to exclude concealed advertising, or whatever seems to be unduly colored. But that does not go to the root of the evil. In many cases, especially with matter coming from a distance, verification is impossible, and the protection of advertising space against grafters, commercial or philanthropic, is not the chief concern of the public. If the newspapers want to give away thousands of dollars every week in free advertising, that is mainly their affair; though the community does have a right to read news as news and advertisements as advertisements, and not be fooled into reading one for the other. But nothing short of a rule: Exclude all "publicity," will shut up the propaganda bureaus, stop the deluge of tainted news, and once more open the closed doors to the disinterested reporter.

The essence of the mischief in propaganda is not its falsity in any particular case, but its origin. The essence of journalism is its autonomous expression of itself as an interpreter of society. The editor who is entitled to confidence, and who alone in the long run will get it, is he whose every utterance is his own. Neither the accuracy of a journal's news nor the justness of its opinions is half as important to society as certainty that whatever it publishes is the result of its own independent outlook on the world in the capacity of a public watchman. That is its profession; that is its trust.

Unless the American press rescues itself from this growing tendency to be the mouthpiece of extra-sanctum preparations of news and "accelerations" of sentiment, and by its own self-contained enterprise seeks out everything that is important for men to know and presents it as appraised and interpreted disinterestedly by itself, it will cease to be the Fourth Estate. Its claim to that distinction and influence rests on its performance of a public function, and it will not endure the abdication of trusteeship and the loaning of the instruments of current intelligence to the irresponsible agents of propaganda.

ROSCOE C. E. BROWN.

THE MOVIES AS DOPE

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

We have heard more than is endurable of the menace of the movies to our morals. Sinners for centuries managed to find a way to perdition without them, and the professional uplifter, whatever his subject, has a terrible faculty for becoming a bore. But we have not heard anything like enough of the menace of the movies to our intellect, though they threaten to deprive us of what little we already have. Men took to morality instinctively as soon as they lived in herds. They had to for self-protection. As instinctively, they shrank from thought which was less essential and more trouble. Learning to think was a slow and laborious undertaking. Learning not to think is proving a swift and congenial task and the shortest cut to success has been supplied by the movies.

If occasionally a courageous critic admits that the movies are not quite what they ought to be intellectually, he makes up for it by splendid prophesies of what they are going to be. Dr. Einstein, struggling to say something we could understand, complimented us on the wonderful "instruction in science and the presentment of artistic plays" we shall have from our movies, once they emerge from their infancy. Sir Sidney Low, more deferential, exalts the American movies as they are into models for the English cinema, if it is to realize its "possibility of great art" and "lift itself clear of vulgarity and mere profit-mongering." The modest American asks for not more than twenty-five years, millions behind him, and a free foot, to put "the American-made motion-pictures on a level with the highest products in the other arts." But only the rosiest of rose-colored glasses could reveal any reason for this optimism. Without the help of ouija or crystal, disaster may safely be predicted for the manager who thinks to secure his punch in scientific or artistic novelties. Millions and time have already been behind the movies. The

feet of everybody involved have known no fetters save those imposed by our self-appointed guardians whose pleasure is in depriving other people of theirs. The manufacture of films is a colossal industry; the building set up for their display is often the Picture Palace it calls itself; their stock has been floated in Wall Street. So far from the movies being in their infancy, they have reached full maturity and in attaining it have delivered themselves from all temptation to linger in the arid by-paths of science and art. They did yield in their irresponsible youth, and no inducement to repeat the experiment has come of it. The moving-pictures, in their first stage of innocence, as they were developing from an experiment into a fixture, were all for instruction and information and edification. Amusement did not enter into their programme. There was no Charlie Chaplin, no Mary Pickford. Audiences were expected to sit stolidly through a performance, improving their minds without one little smile in the process. Even when drama gradually crept in, it was designed to teach a lesson rather than to cheer an idle moment.

But instruction and information and edification could not have paid, for they have dwindled into side issues—except in the lecture hall and school room where they still remain, the sugar coating to help dry facts go down. In the Picture Palace amusement has the monopoly, the play is the thing. It would be hard to grudge anybody whatever amusement is to be had anywhere or anyhow in a land given over to blue laws and dryness; only the Puritan would condemn a play simply because it is a play. The individual has the right to manage his affairs for himself, so long as he does not interfere with his neighbor; even to the sacrifice of intelligence, should he be so foolish as to find it necessary to his happiness. When his morals do interfere with his neighbor, there are prisons to shut him up in, but there are none for the individual who threatens to pass his unintelligent standard of happiness on to the crowd and who is, therefore, the greater danger of the two in a democracy like ours supposed to be ruled by the crowd. Should the movies retain and strengthen their hold upon the public, the thoughtful citizen may well be alarmed for the future of his country, indeed of the world if, as Mr. Hard-

ing has told us, to the world these great United States are a warning and an example.

Further reflection must add to the alarm of the thoughtful citizen. For if the movies are the thing of the moment, the reason of their popularity has its roots deep down in human nature, dating back to the very beginning—to primeval days when man no sooner lived as man than life bored him so unutterably that, at once, he set about inventing a way to forget it. He might have forgotten in work, but work was no less a bore, or perhaps a worse one—the primeval curse. In his need, he hit with surprising swiftness upon the play, at the start as crude as himself, but still the make-believe, the something that did not exist, for which he could exchange the something that did. Whatever philosophers and ethnologists may say, it was man's colossal capacity for boredom that prompted him to fill his universe with imaginary terrors, to surround himself with disturbing spiritual beings, to allow the affairs of an unseen world to distract him from more immediate duties in his own, and, finally, as a means of communication with the unknown, the unseen, to evolve a ceremonial which was really the first dramatic form he gave to his make-believe.

Indolence long kept men in the world they knew nothing about for their make-believe. Gods and goddesses continued to be heroes and heroines for the Greek dramatist, their adventures his theme. The Miracle Play was the popular drama of the Middle Ages. The sacred dance at Seville, the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, serve as reminders of the religious origin of the theatre. But the drama, with time, drifted reluctantly away from religion, just as now it is drifting joyously away from art. Not that the people ever felt any interest in, or indeed were conscious of, the art that inspired it. But when their make-believe was to be had only from the artist, they were obliged to put up with his art if they wanted any make-believe at all, and they did want it so unquestioningly that the drama as an art became a tradition not yet quite outworn. Molière can still fill the Comédie Française, Shakespeare can still make the English actor's reputation. Goethe is still a fetish in Germany. All the same, in the greatest days of dramatic art as in the crudest and most degener-

ate, it has been not art, but the love of make-believe that has driven people to the play, the desire to throw off the boredom of the real for the enchantment of the unreal.

The drama opens the door into another life, another world. Comfortably settled in their seats, audiences can let real life slip from them as they watch on the stage the life that never was. It is the triumph of make-believe—a triumph with which art is so little concerned that people had only to be told that they did not want art in the theatre to accept its loss without a murmur. Tragedy was replaced by melodrama and, always sheep, they flocked to it. Comedy was merged into musical extravaganza called by its name, and they rejoiced. The revue succeeded to farce and they could not have enough of it. And then, crowning achievement of modern progress, photography captured the drama, and the happiness of the people was complete; and so also, incidentally, was the degradation of dramatic art.

For photography is not, never can be, art. That it may be of service to art, no one would deny. But the camera, whatever its virtues, cannot compete with the artist. It cannot create, it cannot compose or design. The photographer selects his subject, he does not arrange it. He plants his machine where he chooses, the machine does the work, and what the machine manufactures is a record of fact. Now that it can record even the fact of movement, its use is not to be exaggerated—neither, unfortunately is its abuse.

Cinematographic reports of life in motion have a practical value. But the attempt to photograph art in motion—dramatic art—is as foolish as the attempt to make Rembrandts and Whistlers out of photographs of people and places. For the dramatic artist fills the stage not with life, but with the semblance of life. The actor is the dramatist's tool as the brush is the painter's; the actor's movements and spoken words are the symbols by which the dramatist conveys his illusion, works out the well-ordered sequence of events, and expresses the character, emotion and thought which are the essentials of his art, as the painter with his brush renders the color, the form, and the line which are the essentials of his. The movements of the painter's brush on the films could suggest scarcely less of the finished

painting than the movements of the actor suggest of the written play. The life breathed into a drama by dramatist and actor eludes the camera, and the photographic version on the screen is no more than a skeleton, and a distorted skeleton at that, its offensiveness increasing in proportion to its endeavor to pass itself off as real flesh-and-blood—as the "high art product" predicted for the future. In the cheaper movies it is easy to laugh at the cowboy, smuggler and vendetta stunts, the pistols and poison, the breakneck rides and hairbreadth escapes, the wholesale massacres and sticky sentiment, for they have no more pretension to art than the spooks and murders of the old London penny gaff, or the blood and thunder of the dime novel. The screen's adaptations of second-rate plays and second-rate tales may also be dismissed lightly, so little art was there in them originally to be debased. But in the great play or the great novel there is art, and its capture by the movies is the unpardonable sin, though a sin borne with equanimity in our sorry scheme of things which makes it a crime to drink a glass of beer. Nor can any possible millennium of the movies, any miraculous improvement of the cinematograph, bring with it the grace of pardon for the unpardonable. The evil is in the prostitution of art to the machine-made, and the cinematograph might develop into the supreme mechanical marvel, the eighth wonder of the world, and in its super-perfection it would still be a machine, and a machine can only create the machine-made. It may reproduce the scene on the stage, but this is a detail, an important detail it is true, but in itself meaningless, lifeless, needing the dramatist's words in the actor's mouth to give it life. The camera has not been, could not be invented, that would photograph the rhythmical reason for the presence of the Greek Chorus, or the melancholy of Jacques, or the cynicism of Hamlet, or the faint loveliness of Pelleas and Mélisande—that would supply the clue to that inevitable sequence of events upon which the tragedy or comedy hinges, or to the character, the emotion, the thought that the actor's movements and poses of themselves alone could not express. To the man who has not read Hardy or Stevenson, the screen would convey nothing of the meaning and therefore the beauty of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* or *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

Duse, in the movies, could sadden no one with the sentiment of Dumas Fils, enchant no one with the gaiety of Goldoni. Yvette Guilbert, in the best motion picture ever made, could not let us see with her La Soularde reeling, or hear with her the horror in the bells her voice sets ringing. I know that a film of explanation is offered as a substitute for the written or spoken word, but it seldom explains anything save the illiteracy of its author and the shame of all concerned. And the second machine expected in the near future to do the talking will only make the second state of the film masterpiece worse than the first, for then there will be two machines instead of one to massacre the original. Even the play without words is too subtle for the restrictions imposed on movement, gesture and expression, and the screen would transform a pantomime as exquisite as *L'Enfant Prodigue* into burlesque.

It is not more terrible for the artist who allows his work to be vulgarized than for the people who accept its vulgarization as art. Trained by the photo-play, they lose all sense, all appreciation of dramatic art, just as the man brought up on cheap chromos is spoilt for the Louvre, or the man accustomed to the gramophone for opera, or the concert hall. The tradition of dramatic art has endured until now, if with difficulty, but it cannot endure much longer. It is being smothered, killed by the growing indifference of people whose palate has been coarsened by a surfeit of machine-made plays, until they can no longer distinguish between art and the photograph that masquerades as art. And dramatic art, when it passes away, will not go alone. Thought will fly with it. If the drama from the start has been popular because it helps men, as nothing else can, to stop thinking about real life, it has never let them off from thinking altogether. What it does is simply to transfer thought from real life to life on the stage. In its lighter forms the thought it invokes is as light. In melodramas, revues and vaudeville where art, if it does not disappear, is reduced to a minimum, thought dwindles with it, and I doubt if a drug has yet been discovered more powerful as a sedative than a London Music Hall performance. And yet, however artless and innocuous the performance, so long as the performers are flesh and blood—men and women—a gesture, an

inflection of the voice, a chance movement may rouse the least willing from his torpor to a conscious realization of meaning in the scene before him. At the movies the addict, swallowing his solid dose of the make-believe of make-believe, runs no such risk. The movies are worse than a sedative—they are dope, pure dope, the most deadly ever invented. Only shadows appear on the screen, moving with an abruptness, a haste, that leaves no time to wonder why they move at all. The films give something to look at, nothing to think about, and something to look at without thought stupefies, hypnotizes. Vacancy of mind prepares for the hypnotic state and, staring at the screen, the modern lotus-eater drifts easily and placidly into the land where it is always afternoon, achieves Nirvana far sooner than the Hindu Yogi starving and staring at his middle.

Apathy is agreeable, but of small use in a world where work must be done, no matter in how few hours or for what high wages. It is because the movies encourage this apathetic state, fast making it the national condition, that they are more demoralizing than Bolshevism to the proletariat and intellectuals alike. None save the tireless and tiresome uplifter would bother about them as a snare to innocence. The morals of humanity have not survived every trap laid by the ages to be lost in the Picture Palace. For the man led into temptation by the movies, the only safe place would be a prison or a monastery. If the boy can be so easily plunged into a life of crime, Robin Hood, or Dick Turpin, would long since have bred too many outlaws for the pictures of outlawry to have a chance. The child, now initiated into sex problems in the nursery, is not likely to be dismayed by the revelations of the photo-play. As a snare to intellect, however, the danger of the movies cannot be overdrawn. The evil they work is not in any challenge to active iniquity, but in the state of Nirvana into which they seduce their audience—in the deadening of all feeling for art, the stifling of all tendency to thought. The uneducated, without the movies, may never have known either the feeling or the tendency. But the educated are supposed to cultivate both, and if they are caught fast in the snare, then thought and art are at an end. Excuse for interest may at first have been the profitable instruction to be gained from the movies, but

interest has strengthened as profitable instruction has shrunk until now it is all but done away with. That the classes called educated are interested is a fact not to be disputed, the proofs are too obvious. The greater luxury in the large Picture Palaces and their high price of admission show where patrons are sought—and not in vain. The play that succeeds on the stage seeks second success on the films. The actors of most repute all over the world reappear as screen stars, or "silent sirens" as one lyrical admirer, who ought to know better, has lately labelled them. The most correct theatres at times open their stage doors to the movies. Academies of Music and Opera Houses give them occasional shelter that pays. The first night of a photo-play is one of the season's social events, its dress rehearsal an envied function for the privileged few. The dramatic critic notices it with portentous solemnity, the most important papers in the country spare it as much space as a new book or a new opera. The latest screen novelty rivals the latest novel or picture show as a subject for polite conversation. *Main Street* and *The Age of Innocence* are not more solemnly discussed at afternoon tea than *Down East* and *The Three Musketeers*, nor Strauss and Debussy more approved names at the polite dinner table than Fairbanks and Chaplin.

A fashion, it may be said, and fashions pass; yes, but sometimes they pass into fixed habits, and already the movies have so undermined the people's power of thinking that religion and education have begun to play down to them in the struggle for survival. Clergymen, who would retain their congregations, suggest the introduction of the movies into the church service, and seek to fill their Sunday Schools by putting on the screen the Scriptures which the Christian once studied in fear and trembling lest he might not understand, and the scholar once read and reread for sheer joy in the beauty of the language. Teachers advocate the adoption of the movies in secular schools that lessons may amuse the pupil's eye instead of exercising the pupil's mind. The old-fashioned teacher believed that the end of education was to teach the pupil how to think. But modern progress has carried us far beyond that ancient superstition, and children, whose intelligence has been already undermined by the movies

out of school, are to be further debauched by them in what should be hours of study. No wonder that the man with eyes to see is now watching with dismay the human race as it advances briskly along the highway back to illiteracy, fast drawing near to the day when the movies will deliver it even from the alphabet, and when the ultimate glory of twentieth century culture will be the return to the picture-writing in vogue before letters were invented. Then, it may be that, here and there in some remote monastic retreat, a few scholars—dry-as-dusts—will strive to save the archaic alphabet and the learning based upon it from vanishing entirely, as the monks of the Dark Ages, on their inaccessible hilltops and in their forgotten valleys, preserved the art and literature of an earlier period from crumbling away with the civilization of which they were the fairest flowering. The new monks will have a harder struggle of it than the old. For the highest ambition of the world, now made safe for democracy, is the most wholesale sweeping away ever undertaken of all and everything which the energies of centuries have been spent in perfecting and preserving as the best life has to give. It took centuries to develop the art of cookery, and to-day America lives on cold storage. It took centuries to develop the art of the musician, and to-day our pride is in canning his music. It took centuries to develop the art of the painter and the illustrator, and to-day we throw it to the camera. It took centuries to develop the art of the dramatist and the actor, and to-day we waste it on the films. It took centuries to develop the art of education, and to-day we strive to turn it into play. The small minority, however desperately it may cling to art and thought, will have but a meagre chance against the large majority hurrying along the shortest cut to that Earthly Paradise where no alphabet need be mastered for no one will read, where art and thought will be remembered only as the sad follies of the sad generations who lived before the blessing of the movies had fallen upon mankind.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

AMERICAN SPEECH AND ENGLISH LANGUAGE

BY ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

One of the most amusing minor sports to be followed by an Englishman—like myself—travelling in America is to note and discuss the differences of speech and language that have come about between us. It can be pursued with urbanity, even where opinions differ as well as language, and there is no necessity to make an international contest of it. It is seldom even a question of right or wrong, or of one side giving in to the other. Differences may be expected to remain, and to increase, as each nation develops the speech we have in common to suit its own needs and according to its own temperament. That is only to keep a language alive; for no language ceases to grow until it ceases to live, and the accident of a language being used by two great nations—both very much alive themselves—makes its growth, upon parallel lines, all the more interesting to watch.

It must be confessed, however, that the subject has not always been treated with urbanity. From the time that John Pickering published his *Vocabulary of Americanisms*, in Boston, in 1816, and Noah Webster came back at him, the battle has been raging. Pickering was an American, who foresaw the time "when Americans shall no longer be able to understand the works of Milton, Pope, Swift, Addison and other English authors justly styled classic without the aid of a translation into a language that is to be called at some future day the American tongue!" Webster retorted that he "might oppose to this supposition another, which is nearly as probable, that the rivers in America will turn their courses, and flow from the sea to the top of the hills"; and boldly opened a counter-attack against English usage, which Pickering had too readily accepted as the only standard. "Let the English remove the beam from their own eye," he wrote, "before they attempt to pull the mote from ours; and before

they laugh at our vulgar *keow*, *geown*, *neow*, let them discard their polite *keind*, and *geuide;* a fault precisely similar in origin, and equally a perversion of genuine English pronunciation."

"Brave and sensible words are these," comments Mr. Gilbert M. Tucker, in his *American English;* "their teaching may well be laid to heart to-day!" From which it may be seen that he approaches his subject in a fighting spirit, and is inclined to let nothing die—not even pronunciations that are now obsolete.

Mr. Tucker's is the latest shot to be fired in a battle that has been raging for over a hundred years. If it were only a question of fighting for one's own side it would be a powerful shot. He has collected many wounding and offensive pronouncements from English sources, and some of them are such as to make an Englishman sympathetic to America shake his head in distress. He has also collected many egregious mistakes from English writers of high repute, and their cumulative effect is such as to arouse the suspicion that England has become entirely illiterate since a date corresponding roughly with the Revolutionary War.

But one recovers somewhat from the sense of vicarious shame on considering that offensive pronouncements have not been confined to one side, and that from the beginning there have been Americans of eminence in letters and in philology who have ranged themselves on our (English) side. And as for the merry game of convicting respectable and even great writers of slovenly sin, you can play it with almost anybody, as the Messrs. Fowler, authors of *The King's English*, showed us some years ago. Mr. Tucker hardly seems to play it fairly when he takes instances from dialogue in novels; and his repeated example, "I have been to London," or wherever it may be, seems to need elucidation. If this is a blunder, as he takes for granted, it is one that has quite passed into currency in England, and gives no offense to any American I have asked about it.

About half of Mr. Tucker's book is taken up with an annotated list of "Exotic Americanisms"—"a list of more than eleven hundred expressions supposed by Bartlett, Farmer, Chapin or Thornton to be peculiar to this country, with evidence (generally in the form of a quotation from a British writer) that most of them are certainly, and all of them probably, of foreign origin."

I am quite unable to understand Mr. Tucker's intention in printing this list as it stands. He is severe upon the collectors from whom he draws his examples for filling their books with "pseudo-Americanisms", and with justice. Bartlett, for instance, with his 5,600 entries, whose *Dictionary* was first published in 1877, was dealt with by Richard Grant White at that time. In eight articles in *The Atlantic Monthly*, White "disposed of nine-tenths of Bartlett's specimens, and called into question the authenticity of at least half that remained." The quotation is from Mr. H. L. Mencken's *The American Language*, but Mr. Tucker himself says that he thinks these 5,600 entries represent hardly more than "450 genuine and distinct Americanisms now in respectable use." Yet he has perpetuated in his own list a ridiculous number of these early errors. I need only give the following list of words under a single letter to show in what manner he is flogging a dead horse: Account (of no account), Alarmist, Alcoholism, Alligator, Almshouse, Along (get along), Apple-cart (to upset), A-tremble, Authoress. Surely it is waste of time to quote examples of such words used by English writers, since they are in commonest use everywhere!

In examining this list for information about words and expressions that may reasonably be taken for Americanisms, one is more struck by Mr. Tucker's diligence and zeal than by his judgment. "I should admire to go with you to Boston" is defended by a quotation from Chapman's Odyssey: "Your rapt eyes would then admire to see him use his thighs in strength and swiftness;" which hardly seems applicable. Still more remarkable is the defense of the adverbial use of the word "any", in such phrases as "being angry any." The quotation is from Shakespeare: "You are not to go loose any longer;" which is no defense at all. "Engineer," for the driver of a locomotive engine, is not supported by a quotation of 1839 referring to "engineers in His Majesty's ships", nor is "homely" for "ugly" by one of 1553 referring to the clothing of poor people. "Huggermugger" in English usage means "muddle", as it does in Mr. Tucker's quotation, "His uncle had saved money, and it was huggermuggered away." This is not "to keep concealed". "To locate oneself" is no defense of "to locate", used intransitively, nor

do "quite a pleasing retirement", and "quite a comfortable dwelling", justify "quite a while", or "quite a house". "Squatter" has an entirely different meaning in Australia from that in use in America, and of course in England. In Australia it means a big landowner. It may be mentioned in passing that the word "graft", much in use in Australia, has the meaning of "hard work", with no significance of corruption. Mr. Tucker in his list of "Some Real Americanisms" gives the earliest use of it in the American sense as 1901. It would be interesting to trace its origin in both countries. It is a rare instance of a word coming to mean two opposing ideas in different parts of the English-speaking world. In England, if used at all, it is in the American sense.

To resume—it is absurd to quote Mrs. Trollope's *Manners of Americans*, of 1832, as an English instance of the word "state-room", even though she did use it of the "packet that took her across the sea"; and equally absurd to ask, "Who ever heard the Army and Navy Stores in London called the Army and Navy Shops?" What is called in America a Department Store is called in England not "a store", but "the Stores". Single stores are called shops. Finally, how can the quotation, "Any truck or cart, sledge, wagon, dray," endorse the use of "truck" for a "two-wheeled vehicle"?

I have not criticized the American use of any of the above words, but see no offense in calling them Americanisms. Mr. Tucker does seem to make an offense of calling any word or phrase whatever an Americanism, except when he admits it so to be, when it immediately becomes an offense to criticize it. I don't see how he can have it both ways, but he writes under a sense of injury. If I may adopt an expressive Americanism, we have got his goat. I am sorry for it, because there ought to be some way of straightening out these matters to our mutual satisfaction, and he has given us a good deal of help, though he would have given us a good deal more if he had tried to compose the quarrel instead of keeping it alive.

He is most interesting when he deals with words and expressions in common use in America, which are undoubtedly of old English origin but have dropped out of use in England. But

even here he is out to make trouble. Nobody who knows the English Bible and Prayer Book is likely to deny that the American use of the word "sick" follows the old tradition, while the English use has departed from it. "I guess" is as old as Chaucer, and common in Shakespeare. "Gotten" is unassailable English, although none of Mr. Tucker's quotations seem to have any bearing upon the use of it which is common in America though archaic in England. Nevertheless I hold the authors of *The King's English* absolutely right in their contention that these are now to be classed as Americanisms. If an Englishman uses them he does so because he has adopted American usage. And why not? He would be paying a compliment to American speech which Mr. Tucker withholds.

I have noted a few other words that have died out in England but are in common use in America, upon which Mr. Tucker throws light. "Bug," for any sort of coleopterous insect, goes back to 1642. "Chore" is an old English dialect word; so is "stunt", if it is to be considered the same word as "stent", as it probably is. But we have cordially adopted "stunt" in England, with many other Americanisms, which Mr. Tucker objects to our calling so. "Some" for "somewhat" seems to be justified by "My well-beloved is some kinder than ordinary", of 1636. We have adopted that too, at least as slang. "Mad," for "angry", Mr. Tucker traces back to 1320, but gives no quotations. "Bully," for "excellent", was used in 1681; but in the quotation from *Punch*, of 1883, it is obviously intended for an Americanism. Mr. Tucker is not softened by any acceptance of American usage on the part of England.

It is quite true that we do not use "did not have" in England, and also that it is an unexceptionable form of the negative preterite. The American use of the word "have" might have been more largely treated. I have noted in an American book upon etiquette, "We want to have you dine with us," which would not be expressed thus in England. Perhaps Mr. Tucker is justified in some of the heat he engenders upon the phrase "did not have". He seems to have missed the point that the English alternative to "I did not have it" is not "I had it not", but "I hadn't got it", or I fear that his contempt would have been

positively blistering. Certainly here the American locution is the better; but other uses of the word "have" seem to stand in need of defense.

Mr. Tucker hits one nail squarely on the head when he complains of English critics comparing the educated speech of England with any peculiarity of American speech that may be found anywhere. "If the talk of street loafers in American cities," he writes, "and the verbal peculiarities that one may find in outlying regions of Texas, are to be counted as characteristic of American speech, we must also take just as careful account, in striking the balance, of the lingo of the slums of London and Edinburgh and Cork, and of the jargon of the most unprogressive counties of the three Kingdoms." This is quite true, and if the average were struck between the whole of the United States and the whole of Great Britain and Ireland we should come out of the contest very badly.

In the matter of pronunciation there is a sort of central speech in England to which all educated speech tends to conform. It is not necessarily that, as Mr. Tucker believes or affects to believe, of "the higher strata of London society", which have passing fads and fashions of their own. It is to be heard more widely in London than elsewhere, but on the other hand a touch of Cockney, which is the London "dialect", is considered more of an offense against it than a touch of provincialism, while a touch of Scottish or Irish is without offense at all. I advance the opinion, with some trepidation, that American educated speech is tending towards this centralization. It seems to me that it is distinctly nearer to ours than when I last visited the United States over twenty years ago; and at the time of writing I have not yet visited Boston, where I am told the approximation is closest, and sometimes aimed at. I am referring here only to intonation and pronunciation, and even Mr. Tucker seems to agree that the English common speech is pleasanter sounding than the American. But the change is noticeable even in the use of words. I came over here quite prepared to say *elevator*, *store*, *depot* and *baggage*, whenever it was necessary, and generally do so; but *lift*, *shop*, *station*, and *luggage* seem to be in fairly common use, especially in the East, which they were not when I was last here.

Possibly this marks a tendency, but I would lay no stress upon it. If there is one respect in which differences are unobjectionable on either side, and in which they are bound to continue, it is in the names of things. Apart from the fact that they may indicate slight differences in the things themselves, one will be usually found to be as good as the other, and the best way is to follow the custom of the country in which you may happen to be.

There are, however, one or two differences that tend to misunderstanding. I have only recently discovered—and that only through discussing a mistake in Mr. Mencken's book—that the English and American ways of beginning a letter are in direct opposition. Mr. Mencken says that in English usage, "'My dear' is more formal than simply 'Dear'." This is quite wrong. "My dear" is almost affectionate, and would never be used formally. But I am told that in American usage it is the more formal of the two. And Englishmen do not address complete strangers by name. Therefore, "My dear Mr. ——," which I suppose is purely formal in America, always strikes an Englishman thus addressed as somewhat effusive on the part of a stranger. On the other hand I imagine that an Englishman addressing an American friend as "My dear ——," wishing to express cordiality, must appear over-formal.

An Englishman of good standing does not allude to his wife, or an Englishwoman to her husband, as "Mrs. ——" or "Mr.——," except to inferiors. They would say "My wife," or "My husband," unless they used the Christian names. One allows, of course, for the difference of custom, when one knows of it, but the "Mr." and "Mrs." always bring with them a faint shock.

"How?" or "How's that?" for something to be repeated, always strike an English ear as discourteous. But this seems to be dying out among educated people. The almost universal "Yah", for "Yes", is a trick that may also be expected to die out of educated speech in time. It is at the least a roughness, frequently heard from people who are not rough, and its reminder of German speech does nothing to recommend it.

If all this indicates an attitude of British superiority, it is not so intended. The important thing is to get a common ground of agreement. This will not be done by Mr. Tucker's method

of adopting the same air of superiority that has been found so irritating upon our side, though that system may provide good fighting material if nothing but a continued fight is wanted.

I would lay down as a broad statement that English conservatism is a valuable preservative of the written language, and that American energy and invention are always likely to outstrip ours in directing the current of speech. I do not think that Mr. Tucker has proved his point, "that the mother tongue suffers far less in this country than abroad from freakish changes of fashion, whether in regard to the vocabulary itself or the significance attached to hundreds of words." He has certainly not done so by his list of "Exotic Americanisms", so many of which are not Americanisms at all; and a further pursuit of the argument would probably show that what he would call freakish changes of fashion in England would be defended as signs of living growth if they had occurred in America. The English language has gained very largely, especially of late years, from American inventiveness; innumerable words and turns of speech have been welcomed and adopted in England from American sources. There is no prejudice against them any longer, when they are really expressive, and indeed it is hardly too much to say that America has already captured the position and is the recognized leader in whatever tends to invigorate and develop our common speech.

This is much to have gained, and it has been gained in spite of the protagonists. Speech that is really alive cannot be confined in the channels of tradition, nor can it be forced upon unwilling ears. It flows where it will, and novelties quickly become authoritative, if there is any need for them. But it is right that novelties should be examined upon their credentials. A vigorous counter-attack has not infrequently repulsed a new-comer which has shown signs of universal acceptance, but which has wilted away because it has been proved to lack the qualities that would have justified it. I believe that in this respect the best English and American traditions are one, and that we are doing no disservice to our common tongue in holding the fort, even though we may be driven now and again from some of our positions.

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL.

WOMEN'S CLUBS TO-DAY

BY ALICE AMES WINTER

THE significance of the Women's Club movement of to-day, since it includes a million—close on two million—members, is that it expresses a mass point of view. It is the more meaningful because it is not a class outlook. All the elements that are trying to disrupt the order of society are playing up group against group and class against class; and even the elements that propose to heal America of all her diseases are largely one-idea groups, each with its nostrum. Women's clubs are distinctly all-American in their constituency; ranging geographically from the big city organization with its thousands to the little body of isolated farm women or the ranchers' wives who drive sixty miles across the waste to attend a meeting, and sell one of the cows to get money to go to a convention; ranging intellectually from the Ph.D. to the shut-in woman who, in her middle age, is groping toward "culture"; ranging socially from the wage earner to the anathematized parasitic wife—whom by the way we used to call by the kinder name of lady in those good ancient days when the lure of marriage was voiced in the old song, "You shall neither wash dishes nor yet feed the swine, but sit in an easy chair, sew a fine seam, and live upon strawberries, sugar and cream." There are back eddies and small whirlpools and here and there a spot so dead that it is covered with green scum, but on the whole it is an imposing and steadily moving current. Its body is made up of the ordinary wives and mothers of America, and, because it is inclusive, it is an important factor in making for national consciousness as distinguished from group view-points.

And what *do* women want?

The overwhelming majority of club women were suffragists. They wanted the vote. Having secured it, their major interest is how to use it. One has but to glance over State reports to see that thousands of clubs are giving all or a part of their attention

to the forms or the functions of government, not only of the United States, but of State, city and county, to the study of current theories of municipal administration, to the way that initiative, referendum and recall are working, to the various proposals for change, all the way from reactionary to radical, that are being talked in this very tumultuous world, to questions of social ethics. More than this, hundreds of clubs are applying their study to investigation of their own local conditions in surveys of how their government is working in the administration of police, institutions, fire protection, schools, parks and streets. They are apt to translate their investigation from the theoretic to the concrete and personal as—for a single instance out of many—in that State where every child committed to a public institution for delinquents has a "club mother" who looks out for his particular well-being.

A great change has crept over the attitude toward the home in the past five years, a change that women themselves hardly recognize. The war helped mightily to bring it about. The petty affairs of the household became no longer petty, but matters of public importance. What we ate, drank, wore, how we spent our money or saved it, how we used our leisure hours, most of all how we brought up our babies, all these matters became in a flash no longer our private affairs and nobody else's business, but basal questions of national efficiency. Women saw their homes as the units out of which society was built, and themselves administrators of those homes, as industrial and political factors. Some slipped back into the old point of view when the war pressure was lifted, but large numbers, and chiefly such as are accustomed to organized work, kept the new conception. Home management and work, which was the last of women's occupations to be lifted to dignity, which still remained drudgery rather than labor, now bids fair to become recognized as a major industry.

But the pendulum swings two ways. Everywhere women are not only saying that home affairs are public affairs, but they are also asking if public affairs are not home affairs. They are magnifying home dimensions. Not only what meat shall I give my family, but what, why and how are the packers; not only what is the price of wood, but what is the forest policy of the United

States; not only what shall be the color of the dress, but what is the status of the dye industry. Oftenest of all does one hear the whole outlook of our Government discussed. Why budget the house and not the nation? The first thing in domestic budgetting is to decide on what are the major needs and what the minor wants of the family. In every State and town women are asking similar questions about national expenditure. Why should we spend nine-tenths of our public income on wars, present, past and to come? Why pay our money for the things that destroy life and not for those that upbuild? Why throw thirty millions gaily into a battle ship and haggle for months over two hundred thousand to save the lives of women and children? Does not our whole public attitude need changing to make the great things great and the little things little in the administration of public funds?

Clubs are pushing toward a certain national legislation which they believe will begin the upbuilding from the bottom and help in this readjustment of emphasis in expenditure and in administration. Uniform marriage laws throughout the country are asked. Divorce may be only an ugly symptom of a transitional period during which all outer force ceases to hold, whether of church or of state, and out of which we may in the future achieve a marriage in which personal honor and love shall be the binding powers, but in the meantime, women are asking to have society do all it can to strengthen the ideals. While marriage is the plaything of forty-eight State legislatures, each with its separate standards, it is hard to regard it as either a permanent or a dignified institution. The raising of education and public health to the importance of Cabinet recognition, with adequate financial support, is being asked by clubs everywhere, since the sound mind in the sound body is of primary importance to national efficiency. The home economics bills with their potential assistance to the development of the new home, and the home demonstration work are pushed, and the maternity bill, with a recognition that mothers and babies have as great a claim on public protection as hogs and sheep. Citizenship of married women independent of that of their husbands is a wide spread demand.

We hear of the millions of young women in industries. But

there are also millions of older women who have been in factories and stores and have later gone into home-making duties. Many of these are club women. This accounts for the fact that clubs have always been in close sympathy with legislation for the protection of industrial groups, not only on account of personal relations, but also because of a realization that it is a matter of importance to the race that young women should have unstunted bodies and unwarped minds.

One of the marked phenomena of the last year or two is the awakening of the rural and small town woman to club organization and activity. The importance of her home occupation has reached her and lifted her in her own eyes and in return she is contributing to the larger world. Figures are not all at hand, but in one mid-western State one hundred and ninety new rural clubs have been added this year, and practically all of these are studying civics and government. Another reports eleven thousand new rural members in its organization. Thirty-seven States have club committees working for home demonstration agents. Here is a single instance of how it works. Last summer the extension work of a certain State in home economics was threatened. The chief writes, "For the first time since I have known the State, rural women—women from the isolated open spaces—came to town with their bags packed, ready to go to the State capitol and personally discuss with their legislators the question of disturbing a work that means so much to them. And that's what the club has done for them. Bringing them into contact with women who had already attained civic consciousness has given them a belief in themselves and a desire to exercise their rights as citizens." Needless to say, the work was saved.

County rural life clubs to bring isolated women together to study their own problems, either as related to the cost and selling price of farm products, or as they touch the children's school life, or the more spiritual influences of the household, are the response to this rapid development.

Originally clubs came into being simply as self culture organizations. The inevitable happened. As soon as the women got together they began to discuss their local conditions and needs. They forgot Browning for a few moments and talked about a rest

room for the farmers' wives who came to town, or the need for a hospital. Or they enjoyed the books they had bought so much that someone proposed a little library for the town, and soon the bookcase became a room and then a building was needed. A recent report from a survey in one of the larger States says that ninety per cent of the libraries of that State were originally founded by women's clubs and mothered until it became possible to ask for an appropriation and turn them over to public authorities. A western State similarly reports that all but eight of its libraries were thus brought into being. In every State there are club scholarship loans, and hundreds of young women owe their normal or college education to these revolving funds. Or, in some cases, clubs on the trail of the moving picture atrocities began the agitation for censorship, or even found it best to open and run a movie house themselves—and made money at it.

While thousands of clubs are studying the mechanism of government, many are relating music to their own community life, not as a remote and difficult subject for trained specialists, but as an integral part of the daily well being. One notes a mining town of 5,000 where the club has brought together people of all races to give, for their own benefit, operas like *Aida*, *La Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, and where the results on community understanding are more truly "Americanization" than many movements that dignify themselves by that name.

Many have swung their interest in the literature of the immigrant into an effort toward real understanding of the actual alien woman and her children, a wide spread movement that has its stories of human contact all the way from the little town among the mountains of Colorado to the heart of New York. Culture means to them just what it means in agriculture—a preparation of the soil for greater fertility. The meaning of to-day's currents, the relation between them and the individual life, the expression of them in music, art and literature, these are the elements of the study club of to-day, linking it directly with the active working club in a General Federation.

ALICE AMES WINTER.

SERBIA'S WESTMINSTER

BY HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

SOUTH of Belgrade the old, old road of the Schumadia, one of the oldest highways of Europe, curves about the wooded slopes of a small mountain which has always been held in particular veneration by the Serbs as the abode of friendly spirits and one of the hunting grounds of the noble Kraljevitch Marko and Sharatz, his piebald steed. The history of Mount Avala is a summary of all the history of the Serb race, from early misty times when strange potentates made excursions thence to perform feats of wonder and bravery, down to the battles which raged along its fringe of woods during the Great War, the war which won for the whole South Slav race freedom and unity and, we pray, peace at last.

The Schumadia road is slashed and torn by the shells of invader and defender, and fiendishly rutted after years of unalleviated travel by heavy-laden ox-carts and careening camions. It swings around several bare hill-sides and desolate gorges, criss-crossed with trenches and spotted with the occasional spectre of some destroyed cottage or abandoned *gostionitza*,[1] before reaching the luxuriant woods, sweet with flowers and ankle-deep in wild strawberry plants, that clothe the sides of Avala. Ridge rises above ridge, but not so steeply that walking is unpleasant even on a Balkan midsummer afternoon. Grassy openings in the forest occur, and occasionally we cross or re-cross the broad winding road which a former inhabitant of Avala built the better to convey his spoils and captives to the stronghold on top.

Avala Castle perches just where it should, on the extreme top of the hill, with unobstructed views east and west, north and south, across miles of rolling country. From this height all grim traces of war disappear, the chimneys of scattered farm cottages seem again to give forth the friendly curls of smoke denoting life

[1] *Roadside café.*

and work, and the dun-colored Schumadia ribbon unwinds in great loops into the southern distance, to all appearance innocent of the gashes and bumps that make it so uncomfortable on closer acquaintance.

George Brankovitch, one of the last independent medieval princelets of Serbia, built this old fort, choosing a spot which tradition says had already been occupied by the strongholds of many chieftains. There is a story of how one of the proprietors of Avala (perhaps he was a Turk), being fond of the particular variety of bread baked at Semendria, a town on the Danube some twenty miles distant, and desiring it hot from the oven, stationed a row of servitors at three-foot intervals all the way from the bake-shop to his mountain top. The new-made bread was passed from hand to hand with great rapidity, and almost always arrived still fresh and warm. On the occasions when it did not arrive warm enough to suit the chieftain's taste the whole line of retainers had their heads chopped off and were replaced by others more devoted to their work!

By comparison with Chepstow or Coucy (the Coucy, that is, of eight years ago!) or its other famous West European contemporaries, Avala Castle seems small and rough. It has none of the marks of elaborate workmanship which distinguish some of the later Turkish erections in northern Serbia, such as Semendria, whose romantic castellated walls are reflected in the shallow stretches of the Danube. The stones of which it is built, however, are big enough to excite wonder as to how they were gotten into place, and evidently it was capable of good defense against the bands of pre-artillery days. All around the tumbled masonry is a tangle of raspberry and other less familiar bushes, and every sunny open space is carpeted thick with three-leaved strawberry plants, bearing the sweetest of all Serbia's sweet wild strawberries. It is said that they are particularly luscious because Sharatz delights in these tender plants, and crops them off each summer so that they return new and even sweeter the following spring.

In the centre of the grassy fore-court, which is the favorite place for Belgrade picnickers to spread their lunch, there is, since the war, a small wooden cross and an inscription that can hardly fail to awaken the visitor's liveliest imagination. It is the grave of

a Serbian scout who was caught here on the summit of Avala and shot during one of the early engagements of the war, probably when the Austrians crossed the Danube so over-confidently in the fall of 1914, only to be forced into disastrous retreat by the armies of canny Voivode Mishitch. On the plain cross is the inscription, scrawled by some more than usually generous foe, *Ein unbekannter serbischer Soldat.*

This is Serbia's Westminster Abbey. This is Serbia's Arc de Triomphe. Here on the top of her sacred mountain lie the remains of her Unknown Warrior. From here, surrounded by the memories of her bold and unhappy past, she can face the east and see where at last rises, or seems to rise, the sun of a long-promised better day.

Here to the peak of Avala will come the children of the future, here will be laid the nosegays of acacia and wild pansies of holiday makers, here will pause for a moment those whose sons and husbands lie in some unknown grave, in the valley of the Vardar or at Rudnik or among the crags of Albania or in the fever camps of Corfu or under the sands of Macedonia. Te Deums cannot be sung nor can troops defile here in honor of Serbia's *cheecha.* He will lie as he fell, and he will be honored as are best honored all of Serbia's war heroes, young men and old men and women and children, silently and far removed from all reminders of the civilization of the west.

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG.

APRIL IN NOVEMBER

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

Soft are the hours and delicately grey,
For, golden warmth to silver coolness turned,
The late year bringeth back an April day.
The lessons that from summer it had learned
Of ample lights and shadows and deep greens,
And all that autumn had of splendor taught
With carpets and with tapestries and screens
Of mingled vividnesses, are forgot
That now November's wistful alchemy
May draw from stores of earlier loveliness.
Quenched is the color, thinned the panoply
Of crowding leafage. Bare of any dress
The young trees stand and the wide ancient trees,
Or on their traceries wear as light a veil
As though they were but budding; and the breeze,
Ruffling their leaves (their little leaves and frail
And dry but seeming from a space away
To be so small and scant because so new),
Shows vernal tones of saffron and of grey,
Pale brown and paler green, each early hue
Re-echoed in a tender melody
By the last season ere the time of snows.
The slender birch and poplar-tree deny,
With their faint yellow where the rivulet flows,
That April died long since; and where with gold
And crimson once the thickets burned, are now
Dim pinks and greening whites, like those that hold
Assurance of awakening life. . . . Oh, how,
In all this delicate flutter of soft hue
And substance, in these gentle winds that wing
Such small white clouds o'er skies of pallid blue,
How can we look for death? Of birthtime sing
These voices of November, and her smile
Reminds not of past youthfulness but seems
Young spring itself, returning for a while
To weave its promise into winter's dreams.

SANCTA SILVARUM

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

A goddess hunts in the wood tonight,
Her feet are light and her hair streams wide;—
Sorrow, hide!

Full fast she flies and her leaping pack
Of shadows black flies faster yet;—
Lie low, regret!

The notes that trail from her windy horn
Of madness born beat where they will;—
Echo, be still!

What will she see when she leads the chase
By the low sweet place where the fern lies crushed?—
Ah pain, be hushed!

What will she start from that dewy bed
When she leaps ahead and the pack sweeps by?—
Ah memory, die!

FOR ONE DEAD

BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

When I go down the empty street of Death,
And I have feared this street for its strange name,
Its clammy mist that might be hovering breath,
The darkened doors and windows void of flame;
When I go down this street exiled from all
That has been part of me—I think that now
I shall look back less often, shall recall
Less avidly the sun, the fruited bough.
  It is not that I hope to see her go
Before me, bent against the wind, a book
Half slipping from her arm, but that I know
The street will have an eager, welcoming look;
Old Death shall find he's taken unaware
A lodger who plays host beneath his stare.

THE ROBBER IN ENGLAND

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

I am a robber from over the seas;
I have come stealing things like these:
The slant of the hills toward Parracombe Town,
The look of the sea from Porlock down,
The patchwork of fields with hedges between
Dividing the new-ploughed red from green
Like a magical quilt-stitch set to bind
Fields upon hills around and behind.
I have come stealing the tilt of the thatches
Where villages doze among the green patches,
Where each little house as the road winds around
Seems to have grown from a root in the ground,
For almost as natural as trees are they
With the dull brown thatch above the stone's old grey,
Or ancient plaster firm and mellow
In quiet tones of cream or yellow.
When I go home I shall carry away
Deep-drawn fragrance of Devon hay,
The teasing turn of a path like a dream
And the soothing flavor of Devonshire cream,
The fiery glance of poppies in corn,
The blessèd light on a holy book,
Through colored windows reverently borne
While overhead the sweet bells shook
For somebody married, somebody dead,
Or another hour of the ages, sped.
Into my treasury I shall thrust
Heather-plunder and bracken-rust,
Thorn of holly and ivy-bud
And songs of all the singing brood,
With English voices, cheery and sweet,
And the patient look of English feet
Clumsily shod and moving slow
Wherever the paths of the good land go,
Or on streets of London that twist and wind
Like the whimsical humor of the English mind.

These and the angels weeping stone tears
In Westminster Abbey, forever and ever,
And the knights that sound the hours with spears
In Wells Cathedral, prompt and clever,
The combs the Romans used at Bath,
The Cheshire Cheese where Johnson made merry,
The Bloody Tower with its scenes of wrath,
And the old Cathedral of Canterbury—
These I have stolen, stolen away
To make them mine till my dying day,
And neither the King in Buckingham Palace,
Nor the gracious Queen with her crown of gold,
Will take them from me. For all without malice,
What I have taken I mean to hold.

CONTENTMENT IN POVERTY

BY WILLIAM CHASE GREENE

THE expectant attitude of most of the people that I know gives me daily amusement and surprise. They are always waiting for their ship to come in. When it has arrived, they say, they are going to begin to be happy. Till then, of course, they must do the best they can with makeshifts; but then they are going really to live. Then they will travel, and build a new house, and go to the theatre twice as often, and have really good clothes; till then, they will have to get along with illustrated magazines and bargain counters. Now, what surprises me is not that they should feel a vague curiosity about their ship, but that they should ever expect to see it, and that they should so definitely postpone happiness till its problematic arrival. Perhaps we are so hopeful because we live in a new and growing country. Yet no one imagines that any fairy godmother is going to double our incomes all round, this week or next year. If wealth is to be increased on a large scale, it will be either only in the conspicuous case of a Midas here and a Crœsus there, or in our discovery of forgotten assets that can readily be cashed in. Crœsus and Midas somehow appeal to our imaginations less than they used to do; and we know that as a matter of sober fact it is not likely to be our roofs that the golden lightning will strike. In all probability, most of us will remain all our lives in our present comparative poverty. Nevertheless, I suspect that we can force Crœsus, Midas, and Co. to honor rather largely our drafts on our very poverty.

In speaking of poverty it is well to be somewhat definite and concrete. There is a sort of poverty that is of the Devil; it means squalor, famine, and disease. I hold no brief for such poverty, or for its forbears, or for its offspring. There is, too, an elegant sort of "straitened circumstances" that means giving up one of the automobiles and the better brands of cigars; it deserves few tears. But between these limits exists the province of true pov-

erty, in which more than half of us always live—and usually wish we did not, and see no reason why in a free America we should not emerge from it. This is the province of skilled laborers and of most professional men; it includes the men who run their own furnaces and the women who "do their own work" but not other people's. From it comes the bulk of the support of the movies, the public schools, the Ford car, professional base-ball, and the church. Some of its members climb into the more affluent minority, and some fall among the tragic fraction of the submerged; but their places are always being taken by recruits from the other classes. On the whole, the wealth and the comfort of those whom I describe as truly "poor" is slowly increasing; but unless new sources of wealth are tapped for a population that remains stagnant, there can be no very sudden increase of wealth or comfort for the "poor" as a class. Yet most of the increase in happiness of the nation, if each individual is to count for one and only one, must come within this class, for the obvious reason that it includes most of the population. I am not at all sure that the bulk of the population is conspicuously more happy to-day than it was one hundred years ago, or three hundred years ago. But I am confident that the "poor" have in their possession or within their reach enough assets for happiness to make Crœsus look foolish.

If these seem to be homiletic abstractions, they can be tested in daily experience. The *pater familias* who has actually taken his share in the bringing up of children, perhaps primarily because there was no one else at hand to help the mother, may feel that the details of feeding, amusement, and discipline take time that he can ill afford; but he finds that he knows the little beggars in an intimate way that is denied to the father who is wealthy enough to suppose that he can depute all such matters to others. Nor is he my only witness. Ask the sunburned amateur gardener, whose peas are always "better than you could buy"; the confirmed walker, who can hardly be prevailed upon to accept a lift from well-meaning motorists; the music-lover whose concerts are perforce few, but who prefers his own efforts on the fiddle to the allurements of "canned music". In the homely matter of meals, the only testimony worth having

is that of the person whose experience includes both Persian plenty and domestic frugality; yet ask the maid-attended family what meal in all the week they anticipate with most pleasure, and notice how often the immediate answer tells of Sunday night, when the maid is out, and supper is only a picnic before the open fire or on the veranda, when Edith brews the tea and Roderick does the toast to a burn. Most *soi-disant* "brain-workers" are constantly on the verge of premature senility, a disease which shows itself much less in the products of their minds than in their personal habits—in caste assumption, in lack of adaptability and practical sense. For them, the economies and the manual labor enforced by the war have often proved rejuvenating. The abstract thinker while sifting ashes and painting the stairs has learned something of physics and sociology; it is the laboratory method that he most needs. Even when the intellectual expert chafes at being compelled by stress of economy to spend his valuable leisure in chores that "any laborer" could do, the question remains whether the whole man does not gain, even though the expert suffers.

Nor is the champion of poverty hypocritical if he occasionally accepts with delight the rare pleasures that only a more ample margin of wealth can afford. The very rarity of the occurrence is a sufficient guarantee both that he is in no danger of being debauched by it and that his enjoyment may be the more intense. The appetite for music, like the appetite for food, is most keen when not jaded by over-indulgence. Few of those who hear the Franck Symphony gain more pleasure from it than those whose half-starved ears are familiar with every note of it not from much concert-going but from much experimentation with it on the piano at home. "Fools are they," wrote the old Greek poet, "who know not how much more is the half than the whole, nor what blessedness there is in mallow and asphodel."

If we must admit that many luxuries and comforts are beyond the reach of the average "poor" man, he takes for granted many conveniences that our grandfathers would have considered the perquisites of only the lucky few. There is no harm in these conveniences in themselves, if we do not get the notion that it is necessary to have them all in order to be happy, and that the more

we have of them the happier we shall be. I admit, for example, that I like electric light; but I had no cause to complain when, for what I considered good reasons, I chose to move from the delights of electricity to a house that could boast only gas. Is it not curious that in our materially progressive age we are so completely happy when we "cut loose from civilization," whether momentarily in the guise of a picnic or in the more lasting form of "camping out" or "roughing it"? It is then that we feel most fully that we are on our own resources, as the humble servants and assistants of Mother Nature. If we can bring ourselves to see that frugality is only a prolonged picnic, a sort of self-imposed athletic training, we shall not greatly envy the lot of those who have to live in stupidly correct houses and wear uncomfortably stylish clothes. And frugality has indeed the essential character of a game: the attempt to do one's best within the limitations imposed by the rules. If our grandfathers contrived to get along, moderately well, without a good many of the things that can be acquired only by feverish efforts, it seems reasonable to suppose that, other things being equal, we should be as happy as they if we were no more liberally supplied than they. What is not equal, of course, is the glittering superfluity of our neighbors: but it is not at all clear why that should trouble our peace of mind. If moderate industry will provide us with moderate means, as under normal conditions it generally does, we have our choice: we may fret ourselves in the hope of greatly increasing our means, a hope not often realized by many under normal conditions, and a hope that offers no certain prospect of any increase in happiness under any circumstances; or we may frankly accept our moderate means, our comparative poverty, and employ our leisure according to our own tastes. Acceptance is the choice of the really happy.

Most failures in happiness arise from an almost incredible faith in the potency of inert things and a naïve distrust of ourselves. But, after all, satisfaction, or contentment, or whatever the phrase may be, is a state of mind; and chattels have not an absolute value. To the golfer who already has half-a-dozen clubs, every new addition to his outfit represents a diminishing return. Happiness, to be sure, can no more easily exist *in vacuo* than golf can be played in a void. But its essence is neither acquisitive-

ness nor passive possession, but the active use of a limited number of things; like golf, it is stance, and swing, and head-work, and control of nerves. At no distant day, we are told by those who should know, there will be an end of the fuel on which rests the machinery of our precarious civilization, and we shall have to depend more than ever on our human selves. If we are wise, we shall begin betimes to reckon up our human assets, and see what remains that can be converted into happiness. Unless I am mistaken, we shall find that we have of late been educating ourselves and our children into a rather blind confidence in the blessedness that inevitably follows an increase of wealth. I am inclined to think that our schools are in many ways better than they used to be: but, to apply a crucial test, do they succeed in showing the boys and girls that it is possible to have a good time with simple means,—with home-made and makeshift toys, for example, —or do they encourage the notion that the larger the material equipment at hand the more the fun? The school buildings are certainly better; is the teaching of human experience better? And, not to throw undeserved blame on the schools, does it do any good to preach the simple life to youngsters who are carried home in limousines to indigestible dinners?

All this will not go unchallenged: I can hear the rebellious voices of many a scoffer. There is the supercilious young man who considers the domestic scenes that I have mentioned too bourgeois, and who chafes at the very thought of poverty, and thinks it should never be accepted in any spirit save that of fierce protest. I shall not be at pains to convert him to any special brand of happiness, for happiness cannot be forced on anyone; but I am afraid that he may discover that he is temperamentally unfitted to be happy. Then there is the angry friend of the people who thinks I must be a tool of the capitalists, hired to deter the down-trodden poor from rising against the rich. I suppose I shall protest in vain that I am all on the side of the poor in many of the abstract questions of justice; but in the very practical matter of happiness I find by observation that happiness is not often reducible to a calculus of things lacking or things possessed. The capitalist, too, will have his angry word for me, because he fears that I advocate slackened effort and diminished production.

But can he not see that I am concerned only with the very practical and immediate effect of a man's view of the things that he personally needs? I am more terrified by the critic who may accuse me of retailing a Pollyanna philosophy, of a cheap optimism, of a denial of evil. But there is evil enough in the world and to spare, without magnifying the evils of moderate poverty. Nine-tenths of the world have always had as little material well-being as nine-tenths of us have to-day, or rather less, and have yet contrived to produce games, dances, music, and poetry—fairly good signs of superabundant energy. There are devoted men of genius, to be sure, scholars and scientists and artists, who could do great things if they were not obliged to spend so much of their time in keeping the wolf from the door. Yet much as this is to be deplored, I am the less disturbed by it when I think of the men of undoubted genius who have ceased to produce works worthy of themselves as soon as they have achieved more than modest competence: possibly even the poet sings best on an empty stomach.

Yet there are more weighty objections to a doctrine of contented poverty. Happiness may be bought at the expense of others. *Pater familias* may be quite content to jog along on nothing a year, immersed in his vocation and his avocations, forgetting that others of his family may be reduced to something little short of suffering —unfashionable clothes, for example. The man who has wedded himself to Lady Poverty and to a terrestrial spouse is guilty of some sort of bigamy, and it is hard for him to be true to both wives. There is no easy way out of this dilemma; but the question is fortunately a relative one. And it is because the whole question is a relative one that it is of such eternal interest. We cannot live at all without a minimum of material resources; up to an uncertain and variable point our happiness seems to increase with increasing wealth. Some kinds of work depend on the use of large amounts of funded capital or an ample margin of leisure. But beyond a comparatively low point there is no evidence to show that for men as individuals happiness will accrue as rapidly as wealth is increased; there is even some evidence to the contrary. Where the point of diminishing returns may be, I do not presume to say; probably it varies with individuals, and is sometimes rec-

ognized, alas, only after it has been irretrievably passed. And there is no rule of thumb to help us; for happiness is not a science but an art.

So I shall not be greatly worried if I hear that my neighbor is getting a new car. I shall not even feel defrauded if I find it impossible to "buy a book a week." As I look about the room in which I write, I see a good many books that have rested on my shelves for some years, for lack of time unread. Probably they will keep if I read them as slowly as they deserve to be read.

WILLIAM CHASE GREENE.

A NEAPOLITAN SONNETEER

BY RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS

THE tourist in a European city where he has no acquaintance, and whither he has gone, after the manner of most such visitors, unprovided with letters to establish him in social relations there, peoples it for himself with literary associations. Every beautiful woman who rides towards him down the Champs Elysées in a luxurious victoria is Mme. de Beauséant, every young elegant is Maxime de Trailles; any frowning Venetian *palazzo* may be hiding the swift decline of Milly Theale, any fair estate is Matcham.

And so, as he is being swept along in a steamer bound for Naples, past the strung-out necklace of sapphire islands, past Posilipo and Cape Misenum to where the city rises white and shell-shaped to the Castello, he will see that splendid panorama perhaps as the setting for the leisures and love-affairs of elegant foreigners like the English father and daughter and their French visitor in Gautier's *Jettatura*, or for the pretty but less richly appointed American romance of Aldrich's *Two Bites at a Cherry*, or for the pathetic idyl of *Graziella*.

But unless he knows the native literature well enough to have read at least Matilde Serao's *Paese di Cuccagna*, he will perhaps not be thinking at all of the true Neapolitan life, that swarming, seething, passionate life of Via di Toledo, of the *popolani* who breed and stifle in the insanitary *Funneco verde*, get themselves condemned to the prison of San Francisco, claim sanctuary in Sta. Maria del Rifugio, or amuse themselves in the theatre of *o Fondo*.

Yet this is the Naples of Signor Salvatore di Giacomo, and it has sufficed him as subject for the successive volumes of a lifetime. From his first essays at short stories, recently assembled with an introduction by Benedetto Croce in a volume called *Novelle Napolitane*, to the collection of verse, *Canzoni e ariette*

nove, published in 1916, he has never but once wandered further afield than across the bay to Sorrento or around the point to Marechiaro, nor touched the social order at a higher level than some superannuated second-rate actress, or the *padrone* of a cheap *tintoria* or *osteria*. His one excursion beyond the confining circle of the Bay was a musical, poetical, studious sojourn at Ulm, which produced a collection of German sketches not very characteristic or full of interest.

Usually even the lower bourgeoisie is above the skyline of his interest, which centres in the grotesque and tragic elements of Neapolitan low life. There are beggars and gamblers, hunchbacks, thieves, women of evil life, vagabonds who have come down in the world, butchers, puppet-showmen, swagger noncoms who turn the heads of foolish girls and then forsake them, jailers and jailbirds, and keepers of the secret lottery banks. These varied folk sing the famous street songs of Naples, and sometimes write them; they go to the theatres of the marionettes; they listen to the recitations of fifteenth century *cantastorie* who still narrate at the street corners the prowess of Orlando, and send their listeners home to lie awake with anxiety because the brave Rinaldo has fallen into the hands of the treacherous Maganzesi; they fall in and out of love, and when they grow suspicious of a sweetheart's fidelity punish her with the *rasoiata*, a razor-cut on the cheek that spoils her beauty and keeps her faithful.

The war has supervened now upon this swarming life, but except that they have doubtless learned to hate the *Tedeschi* harder, it is not easy to believe that the Neapolitans of Via di Toledo have any concern with its causes and objects, except to clamor for Fiume when they are flown with wine. What they will care about is to learn that Caruli's Peppe will never return, because he was killed in action, or that Amalia's Tito has returned, but not to her.

An Italian observer recently in the United States, who found it equally astonishing to Latin blood that there should be schools of philanthropy and schools of journalism, remarked that in Italy, *Si nasce giornalisti come si nasce poeti.* Signor di Giacomo was born both, and the journalist, poking about the wharves and rookeries of lower Naples, studying the *mala vita* of the old mari-

time city, found the subjects which the poet has interpreted in both verse and prose.

Above all, in verse, Di Giacomo is a great lyric poet, and his Neapolitan songs are on the lips of every guitarrist under the tourist's window at night, and the tarantella is often danced to them at Sorrento. His are the loveliest songs composed each year for the Piedigrotta festival, every one a miracle of melody. Indeed when Benedetto Croce brought the early short stories together in a volume in 1914, he did so avowedly to show the public that the well-known poet could write prose.

But he is also a striking dramatic poet, and for the versifying of that colorful Neapolitan life he has invented what is almost a new form, a kind of dramatic sonnet—a terse, jerky, nearly monosyllabic dialogue or monologue, fitted into fourteen lines of correctly rhyming hendecasyllabics, oftentimes with even a line or two of stage directions, and a list of *dramatis personæ*. The dialogue sonnet, indeed, is not new in Italian literature. It was practised in the fifteenth century, for example, by the quick wit and ready pen of Antonio Cammelli (*Il Pistoia*), and a line which he addresses to himself might well be the device of Di Giacomo:

Di tutto quel che vedi fai sonetti.

But the latter carries his dialogue a step further, forcing it to tell a story, and has compressed a hundred little episodes of humble life, violent, pitiful, or shabby, into the most stately and traditional of lyric forms. To make the challenge sharper, they are, like every other line of his verse, in the Neapolitan dialect.

The question of the vitality and survival value of dialects is an interesting one. Even recognized languages would seem somewhat threatened by the development of international ideals, and the Italian dialects, scattered over a land of no great extent, appear to be doomed to blend and vanish with the advent of political union, conscription and compulsory education; yet they were never more flourishing, and seem to be declaring for a self-determination which endangers the prestige of Tuscan and the Manzonian vocabulary. Grazia Deledda and Giovanni Verga have accustomed us to the frequent appearance of Sardinian and Sicilian words and phrases in their pages, and for a classic

example of single works composed wholly in dialect there is Goldoni, with his many comedies in Venetian; but it is more surprising to find an important modern poet confining all his poetic composition within the frontiers of a dialect.

The literary use of dialect is sharply questioned by some critics, but perhaps it may be dismissed as less a literary problem than a human. The authenticity of the impulse is the great thing, and the unself-consciousness of its use. If dialect feels most like his native language to the poet, and he is not merely attempting a learned "revival", then no doubt he will write in dialect best. A contemporary of Signor di Giacomo, Luigi Pirandello, who has recently published a comedy composed entirely in Sicilian, writes on this question with great good sense in the preface to his play:

> The act of creation, the imaginative activity which the writer must furnish, whether he use dialect or language, is always the same. If it be the same, why, then, does the writer make use of the dialect, that is, of a means of communication necessarily more limited, instead of the language? . . . Either the poet is not in possession of the wider means of communication, that is, the language; or, having knowledge of it, he yet feels himself unable to wield it with that vivacity, that spontaneous intimacy which is the primary and indispensable condition of art; or else the nature of his sentiments and concepts is so rooted in the region of which he is making himself the interpreter that any form of expression other than dialect would seem to him unsuitable and incoherent; or the thing to be represented is so local that he could not find expression for it outside the limits of the thing itself. A dialect literature, in short, is designed to remain within the borders of the dialect. If it goes beyond them, it will be enjoyed only by those who are familiar with the given dialect, and with the peculiar usages, customs and life which the dialect expresses.

So we may suppose, as long as Scots is alive on Scottish tongues or in Scottish memories, that Burns is as sure of his place in English literature as Shakespeare, though he must put up with fewer readers. But Burns is an imperfect parallel to Signor di Giacomo, because a prime characteristic of these dramatic sonnets is their effect of contemporaneity. Kipling might be a better one, save that his verses are not sonnets; or the now forgotten but excellent *Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum* and the *Love Sonnets of a Street Car Conductor*, which present the same impertinent contrast between stately form and slangy idiom, save that they are not dramatic but meditative. The result of Signor di Giacomo's experiment

is most like, perhaps, a *Limehouse Nights* in sonnet sequence; but a *Limehouse Nights* lacking the sinister, unaccountable element of the Chinese character, and warmed and lighted by the south Italian sunshine.

Neapolitan is rather harder than Venetian, though easier than Sicilian, but the reader who will take the trouble to learn it will be richly rewarded by these striking sonnets of Signor di Giacomo. The poet has used the same "copy" that the journalist found for the short stories, and the latter make a useful background for these almost too elliptic verses. Many of the sonnets are grouped. A dozen or more describe the life of *'O Funneco verde*, the unsavory old tenement which has since been torn down to further the work of public sanitation. Here is a girl who has turned to the bad and broken her mother's heart, but comes home with gold and caresses and pretty frocks, and wins her affection again; and there a mother and daughter are seated quietly sewing, when the police come to announce that their son and brother has been stabbed in the street below; an illicit game of lottery is broken up, and makes a grotesque genre picture full of humor; there is the scene of breathless excitement throughout the neighborhood on the day of the public drawing; there are the grumbling midwife summoned in haste from her own affairs, the old woman moneylender who claims interest of three pennies upon a loan of four, and the sorceress who works with spells of hair and wax and portraits to win back faithless lovers. This last sonnet has these stage directions: "A basin with water on a table in the middle of the room. It is night. Giulia, the *signurella*, muffled in a black shawl, is leaning near the bed of Marianna, who is stirring the water with a little stick. It is raining." Here is the sestet:

> "What does it mean?" "If this wax melts away,
> Forget him; it would mean he is untrue."
> "That girl! Madonna! . . . Not that girl,—I pray!"
> "Now let's see. If the wax is melted through. . . .
> Ah, my poor girl!" "It's . . . melted?" "Yes, but I—"
> "The brute! Now show me how to make him die!"

A touching series of eight sonnets tells the story of Zi' Munacella, a nun who invokes an ancient church immunity on behalf of her lover, at the cost of her own liberty for life, only to be told by the

Mother Superior that the crime for which he was condemned had been committed for jealousy of another woman. *'O Munasterio* pictures a poor sailor turning from an unfortunate love affair to the religious life, without any vocation, and still longing for the beautiful world, for green things growing, and for his little fishing boat at night with its lights fore and aft, and the waters of the bay with the moonlight on them. A group entitled *The Street* includes a sonnet upon the old clothes dealer and his indifference to the pathetic and dramatic stories hidden in his wares; the brief tale of a girl who carries to her lover in prison in "San Francisco" an excellent meal of cheese and chicken, bought at a price which he would not like to know of; and a violent bit of realism called *The Dead Man*, where a woman, finding one lying at her door in the morning, mistakes him for drunk, and pours a bucket of cold water on him, crying: "For shame! In the morning, too! And in front of the Church of San Severino!"

Assunta is the defense made before the judge by her lover who has killed her in a fit of jealousy. This one is not a sonnet, but rather more like a ballad, in rough, vigorous metre:

> I said to her, "Listen, just listen to me.
> It's useless to talk to you,
> Yes, *infama*, I know it . . . but listen!
> Just listen. . . . Don't laugh, Assù!"
>
> Then of a sudden she said to me,
> "Let go of me! Let me be!
> It's no good, I am tired of you.
> Let go of me, Federì!"
>
> And turning, she threw a greeting
> To a man on the pavement-rim.
> And her eyes, how they sparkled at him! . . .
> Oh God! how she looked at him!
>
> So, judge . . . have some pity on me . . .
> I lost my wits, judge, that's flat.
> "Have you no feelings in you?" I cried at her.
> "Are you just trash? Then . . . take that!"

An unforgettable sequence describes a tragedy taking place in the infamous old prison of "San Francisco," which gives its name to the series.

"You here? You, Don Giovanni!" . . . "As you see.
I've come to join your precious company."
"For bloodshed?" "Humph, yes, blood. I lost my head.
And you?" "I bluffed their warning, so they said."

The clock strikes nine, the other prisoners undress and prepare for bed, punctuating the wonted acts with profanities and obscenities; but the two old acquaintances agree to stay up and talk, as the jailer's friendliness, so the more experienced inmate promises, can be assured for a lira. The jailer enters:

"This is a friend of mine. He's just come in."
"Well?" "He's not sleepy." "Well, what's that to me?"
"If you'd let him—To keep awake's no sin."
"Not go to bed? He sha'n't stay up, not he!"

"My friend, he's just got here. . . . You know he's been—"
"What are you telling me? You let him be.
What does he think this is? A jail, or inn?
We make no fine distinctions here, you see."

"I have a lira here." "What's that you say?"
"I said I had a lira. What about
My handing you—?" "Come nearer, and speak lower.
In paper?" "No, sir, it's in soldi." "Eh,
Just hand them over softly. Wait! Look out!
My job is up if one goes on the floor."

Don Peppe thus appeased, the two men sit down together on the bench, and the newcomer, Don Giovanni, tells the other, Tore "Nfamità", of his wife's infidelity:

"But, Don Giovà," said Tore, "Do you claim—
Your Ronna Ndriana? I don't see, you're so. . . ."
"Do me the favor—Not that woman's name,
Or, call her by her right one,—which? *you know.*

"I've killed her." "Don Giovà!" "Yes. For her shame."
"Ndriana killed! But when?" "A week ago.
With some fine young signor she played her game.
I killed her as I'd kill a dog. One blow.

"But here! Why d'you draw off?" "I? Move away?
I don't." "Oh yes, you've squeezed half off the bench."

"I? Not at all." "Come nearer." "Ay. . . . You say
You heard—?" "She fooled me for a year, the wench.
You know who he was?" "Who . . . he was?" "Yes, *who?*
That fine friend? Don't you know?" "No . . . who?"
"'*Twas you!*"

The seventh and last sonnet details the murder of "Nfamità" by Don Giovanni, who then calls in the jailer with ferocious satisfaction:

"Call in Don Peppe! . . . Here you see my friend.
He . . . loved me well. I've killed him.
Tit for tat!
It cost me just a lira. Cheap at that!"

Something of the jerky, overtaking rapidity of the dialogue of these strange sonnets can be carried over into English, along with their dramatic subject matter, but the melody, and humorous or melancholy sweetness of the lyrics, must be taken on trust. In them there is little substance, save a general mood of love or longing, and a sense of the beauty of moonlight over the Parthenopean landscape. Their spell lies partly in their refrain, their lilt, and their temper, and partly in an appealing quality, when used for lyric effect, of the wholly untranslatable dialect. Perhaps one attempt at a lyric may be worth making. For sweetness of feeling and apparent artlessness of melodic effect, *Rosa, Rusè* is fairly typical.

ROSA, RUSÈ

Rosa, Rusè, if it may be,
One thing I would know.
How did your mother make you
So full of grace, to grow?

Is that mouth a mouth or a strawberry?
Are these eyes, or the Milky Way?
How you are all enchantment,
Rusella mine, Rusè!

Rosa, Rusella,
Hold out your hands.
Let not my heart fall
Down on the sands.

Love is all made
Of little things.
And here is my heart,
Oh Girl, which sings!

Rosa, Rusè, explain it to me,
The very best you know,
Tell it me plainly and simply,
Do you love me or no?

Pray tell me, are you aware of it,
How I whirl like a moth in your ray?
Hold out your hands and clasp me,
Rusella mine, Rusè!

Rosa, Rusella,
Hold out your hands,
Let not my heart fall
Down on the sands.

Love is all made
Of little things.
And here is my heart,
Oh Girl, which sings!

RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS.

CHARACTER

BY EDWARD A. THURBER

In his talk at the assembly, he told the students that a good many of them ought not to be in college at all; they should be clerking or something like that. He enlarged upon these observations and then declared that they were hardly worth making, as the wrong persons always took them to heart. So far the boards were clear; he could begin all over again. The students that counted, he went on, were not likely to be very prominent. At this point, I was sorry I did not know the football captain; I should have liked to scrutinize his face. Perhaps he wasn't there; in fact, as attendance was voluntary, his absence was foregone, as was that of the editor of the college paper, or any of the prominent students unless it were the president of the Y. M. C. A. His address after that was devoted to those who were not at that time prominent but who were destined to be in after life, most of whom, I assume, were present.

The main portion of his talk was about character and character building. Now, of course, the attainment of character is the chief endeavor in life, the one thing desirable. It is, however, most difficult; the roads and the valleys thereof are likely to be strewn with much that is distressing, much that is horrible, an aggregation of bones, dry bones. Yet at all costs character must be had and the best way to capture it is to follow the beckoning of that stern law-giver, duty. Thus he proceeded, or perhaps a little better than this; he was speaking *extempore* and his argument was delayed in gladsome interludes. He maintained, or else I was dreaming, that character was more important than getting lessons; he played, as it were, right into the hands of the football captain. And so I became reconciled to the latter's absence. And then I think I must have fallen asleep.

In any case I was aware no longer of a speaker, but simply of a far off rippling, splashing, like the cadences of water. The words

carried no distinctness, and yet it was as if they were a continuation of something of which my mind had been a part. We had met and blended and then diverged. The same interests no longer invited us, yet my mental current was floating particles of that contact, and, strangely enough, I felt as if those particles were impure; my own stream would have to go until sundown before it could become clear again.

The two most woeful experiences we are called upon to undergo are the hearing of sermons and the acquiring of character. Not that sermons may not be delightful and character admirable—I wish to engage in no quarrel. I am simply propounding a condition of woe.

> "A new commandment," said the smiling Muse,
> "I give my darling son, Thou shalt not preach";—
> Luther, Fox, Behmen, Swedenborg, grew pale,
> And, on the instant, rosier clouds upbore
> Hafiz and Shakspeare with their shining choirs.

Now I hold no brief for the paleness of Luther, Fox and the other worthies, yet I think they might well have grown pale; not that they were always preaching, but because they were so constituted that they were forever tempted to preach; that yawning chasm never ceased to confront them. One of them, in his agony or might, threw an ink bottle—at, we hope, the tempter of sermons. For no better conceivable use could be made of ink bottles; if, for instance, Zarathustra or Jonathan Edwards or Thomas Paine had possessed a bucketful of them and knew their curves, they would have delighted us more by pure vision and tortured us less by a corrupt habit of sermonizing.

A history of the origins, growth and sovereignty of sermons would be instructive; I greatly fear, however, that such a study will never be undertaken with any thoroughness. We necessarily know so little of the mental processes that long ago arrested those men apes when they were eating their first apples—when purity that had no opposite became festered with a conscience, when—but that was a tragic time; it may be well that its catastrophes are holden from us. Yet I wonder if what those ancestors went through may not be from time to time reëxperienced—in races, in children—and my wonder rises to a certainty whenever I see

the little less and the little more crowding from their centres. Then hypocrisy and prejudice steal over to the side of virtues; duty and character touch hands with sin; then also sermons and religion gaze at one another from afar.

There was a nation once (perhaps it exists still) which has been characterized by an astute observer as "this petty, unsuccessful unamiable people, without politics, without science, without art, without charm." And yet, in spite of the strictures which I have quoted, the writer is springing to the defense of this nation. They deserve a great place in the world's regard, he says, and are likely to have it greater, as time goes on, rather than less. I shall not give the steps by which he comes to his conclusions but shall quote a phrase or two that this nation got down in books:—"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." "In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death." "The righteous shall see it and rejoice, and all iniquity shall stop her mouth." "As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more, but the righteous is an everlasting foundation."

"All, or very nearly all, the nations of mankind," says Matthew Arnold, "have recognized the importance of conduct, and have attributed to it a natural obligation. They, however, looked at conduct not as something full of happiness and joy, but as something one could not manage to do without." Of this nation, he avers, happiness is its being's end and aim "and no one has ever come near Israel in feeling and in making others feel that to *righteousness belongs happiness.*" Yes, these were the days of Israel's innocence; it was the period before she had eaten apples and the experiences she had gone through had left in her no doubts. She didn't preach; she made statements; she rejoiced. When her experiences became more complex and rich and direful, then she began to have her misgivings, to drone agedly of conduct and duty. Sermons, as I have said, entail a condition of woe. But I think that I have spoken enough about them.

There is a number of things like virtue, duty, character, which seem at first sight to stand for the bloom of excellence but which, when they are tried out, are found to be like fruit grown upon waste soil—most bitter. They are spoken of thoughtlessly as

positive, absolute things whereas their very essence is indirect, relative and often a negation. They are entirely different from "human nature," for instance, or "personality," which actually do stand for something positive and luminous. The first set is easy and therefore cultivated; the second set is innate and rare.

When a dog does something like a dog, when he exhibits one of those characteristics which dogs exhibit, we say "how human!" and this is the highest compliment we can pay a dog. But let us come to close quarters with character, and as literature bears so many gifts to life, I shall take my first illustrations from literature.

In his *Prologue* to the *Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer describes some very wicked and companionable and radiant personalities who are without shame and without character. I forbear to mention them. He also describes people like the parish priest and the plowman who are rather more abstract than human: they are types; they are sermons; they abound in character. He describes other people, the knight, for instance, and the prioress. Now the most interesting thing in life to Chaucer is life itself; and therefore, when he is in his best vein, he is not careful to register what he approves of and of what he disapproves. These are matters quite secondary to life. He is not always in his best vein. You know very well, for instance, that he approves of the knight. Here is a man worthy and gentle, meek, brave; he is all those things which a good knight should be. Far less a type than the plowman, the knight nevertheless lacks definiteness; he does not stand out luminously; he is, indeed, a bit of a figurehead. Chaucer is apparently more interested in depicting a vivid ideal than he is in describing a living individual.

It is quite otherwise with the prioress. Here is a lady luxuriating in the blessed contradictions of human nature. She is unquestionably religious and rather worldly. She is dignified, affable, self-conscious, sentimental, dainty, and is possessed of great charm. Foibles she has in abundance, affectations, poses.

But there is another woman whom Chaucer partly describes and partly puts into action, and it may be, one cannot be sure, that her character would suffer in comparison with that of the prioress. Sweetness and light are not wholly in her style. "Ex-

perience," she said, "is good enough for me; I have known my world in my day." The wife of Bath craves experience, life, and accordingly she is the most actual person in Chaucer; she stands for the shrine at which he worships. If one could imagine Shakespeare as having been becalmed at sea in a supposititious voyage with the Pilgrim Fathers, what a boon he would have found in the wife of Bath!

The principles that govern art are absolute principles; they apply equally well to life—they are life's mirror. And they are useful in that they are fairly patent and discoverable. You try to characterize Agnes, for instance, that perfect woman; but you have never seen Agnes—you don't know her: what's worse, you have no notion what a perfect woman is. You do happen to know all about Dora, poor futile Dora, and if you have the artist's instinct, you can put her down, and all the people will exclaim "How human! how charming!" simply because she is alive, and they will say of Agnes, "O, she's so stupid, so good!" simply because she is dead. If you should try to characterize God, what a fizzle you would make of it, and for the very same reason that you made a fiasco of Agnes. You would be dealing with someone that you didn't know. But if you should try to characterize the devil, you might succeed very well indeed; there is a person you might have experienced. Why labor the question further? Dickens didn't know Agnes, nor did Milton know God; they knew Dora and Lucifer.

But another condition surrounds these creatures of art. A writer cannot say to himself with any assurance—"Go to now, I will depict so and so—him I know all about; but this other one I will let alone—she is quite out of my line"—a writer cannot say this with any assurance because he doesn't know what or whom he knows. With what certainty could Hawthorne have maintained that he knew Clifford Pyncheon; or Shakespeare, Caliban! They might have called to these creatures ever so loudly, but they would not have come. An artist may fail in the very thing wherein he thought he was certain of success and he may succeed where he thought failure was immanent. It is true enough, as Milton says, that the life of a poet should be a poem, but who knows what a poem life is? If Milton knew it

for Milton, he knew it for nobody else, and one might strive until doomsday to lead a Miltonic, a poet's life, and yet thwart his brightest instincts, strangle all the humanity out of himself.

This sonata, then, which may be so fine, this characterization which is so real, these are mirrors in which their creators are reflected. They are fruits of artistic skill and are striven for, but more essentially they are products of lives. They cannot be created by taking thought; thought will embellish them; they lie deep in personality; the life of a poet must be a poem—it can be nothing else. Dickens and Hawthorne had lived the lives of Dora and Clifford Pyncheon over and over again and knew all about them. And whenever these and other artists failed, their failures came from a lack of experiencing what they were putting down; their lives were at that moment unpoetic.

Yet while form-giving is a condition of art, a particular form is not a thing innate; it is a discovery—at times, indeed, so happy a discovery that it seems as if certain ideas took inevitably certain forms. An architect plans a building, and he is so felicitous in his choice of form that his successors imitate him; they improve upon him; eventually they evolve something which they call perfect—a Greek temple. This perfection, however, is but relative; other temple builders appear among a different people in later times, and if they should try to express themselves in Greek temples, their art would become limited, alien and ineffectual. A form therefore is artificial; it is subject to a restless change. Character is akin to form with this difference—a form really has to be striven for; character is conditioned more absolutely upon something higher up—it is a by-product. And that is why talks on character are so painful, and character building itself so vexatious and dreary.

"Full of principle," said Huckleberry Finn of Tom Sawyer. Huck had no principles, no fountain of reason, no method of drawing conclusions; he simply possessed a more abundant life than Tom. And the words "abundant life" remind one that this is perhaps the finest claim of religion, and it seems to be akin to the old assertion of Israel, that to righteousness belongs happiness. And, curiously enough again, it is from moral and religious people that we are most afflicted by sermons

on character, mouthings upon this by-product. Why should this be so?

Perhaps the readiest answer to the question is that, as human beings, we are rather fond of sermons and character building; they come natural and easy and follow the line of least resistance. It is easier to talk and to dream than it is to think, especially if our talk is directed toward making other people toe a mark, and our dreams toward what we call ideals. It is easier to write about a perfect knight than it is to create an actual wife of Bath, less profound to assume a Miltonic God than it is to fashion a Miltonic devil. Thus we fold our hands in sleep.

And yet this is not the whole story. Although we are fond of sleep, in our hearts we like wakeful moments better; we like best two things, joy and life, unless, indeed, these be one and the same thing, life abundant, happiness. But these are so difficult to attain, so impossible, as it were, to most of us, that we pitch upon an easy thing like character and try to attain that in a difficult way so that it will not appear easy. When the horse in the Book of Job was swallowing the ground with fierceness and rage and saying among the trumpets Ha! ha! he was very human and was doing difficult things. When the Puritans founded a theocratic state, they were doing something which was rather simple and easy, but they saw to it, most humanly, that it appeared difficult. And in thus soothing themselves, they gained a spectral joy. What they never attained was life.

But the case against the Puritans is too popular and worn; it can be overurged; in the pursuit of it one would be horrified to find oneself breaking a lance with Don Quixote and the angels. Sermons, that Puritan stronghold, as I have said, may be delightful; not, however, when they teach morals and character; then they are just sermons. Character building cannot be more important, even to a football captain, than getting a lesson, for getting a lesson is conceivably of positive value whereas morals and character can shift for themselves; provided, of course,—but here I shall let the discussion rest.

Ulysses slept in Circe's palace, but he suffered no enchantment; he enchanted Circe.

EDWARD A. THURBER.

MAURICE DONNAY AND HIS PASSING SHOW

BY VIRGINIA TAYLOR McCORMICK

DONNAY, like most of the French dramatists, is more concerned with ideas than things. He is first of all French, and we never forget it for a moment. His dramatic pattern is after the model which has the seal of approval of the Academie Française; that is to say, he spends much time in building up a pyramid of people upon his printed page and then most carefully takes it apart. The scenes are short and many; the first in each act shows us one person, *seul*, at most two: for three or four scenes the persons of the play come into view by ones, twos or threes, until by the fourth scene we have quite an assemblage which melts away in the same order, leaving at the finale two persons present, for it is in the duo that Donnay finds his most dramatic climaxes. Despite the fact that he is an absolute master of design, we are sometimes startled by a sudden freedom of form, as if he had shaken off all shackles, but it is in every case an intentional part of his scheme, and it is through this freedom that he gives such vitality, such dynamic force to his dialogues. There are times when he carries this looseness of bonds into his structural technique, as for example in *L'Autre Danger*, where the dialogue is so exquisitely planned and executed that the wisdom of his idea is proved by the completed whole.

A profound study of the subject shows us that the keynote of his literary and dramatic success is his ability to make his characters not just matter, but matter fused with spirit; to give us in the place of puppets living men and women in a setting of such faultless technical construction that we are unconscious of its existence, but rather feel that we look upon life itself. It is the soul of his people that he shows us: all of his tense and finely drawn situations are states of mind: sin is never an active factor, but like goodness, a state of mind or soul, from which we do not

turn away in disgust, but look, pity and pass on. Sometimes we are amused, but Donnay is never the preacher or the teacher: it is not necessary to search out the moral and hold up the sinner for arraignment. It is the passing show, and we are the spectators. In these dramas there is a freedom of conversation, a range of subjects discussed, wider even than in the general run of French writers, though Lavedan and Lemaitre imbue us with a feeling that they have left untouched but few things in heaven or on earth, and at no time do we find a tendency to conservatism among French writers. Donnay's chief point of difference from his confrères is that he is more entertaining, less lugubrious, and his delicacy in handling a difficult situation is unsurpassed. He has a very special gift for the right word in the right place. Impossible subjects under his skillful management assume a rich decking that forces us to admire where we would prefer a self-righteous indignation, and when he has an opinion to set forth or a doctrine to plead, his manner is so delightful and withal so subtle that we frequently do not realize that he is pleading a cause.

For Donnay nothing is difficult if it is a phase of life, and he tilts at all rings: it is really life itself which charms him, even as his manner of exposing it thrills his audience. No effort is apparent in anything he does; he simply lets life—French life, be it understood—unfold itself upon the pages of his books; his dramas are reflections upon the mirror that he holds up to catch the passing show, and good or bad may fall impartially upon it. Frequently he shows us what in ruder hands would be a coarse situation; but, as he argues so ably, how can one portray life and show only the pretty side? There is a finesse and adaptability about Donnay which is quite captivating; there is a gentle cynicism, and there is something more, a far greater thing, a brotherly understanding of his own people and sympathy with their poignant faults, even when he is most ironical concerning them.

That is perhaps the explanation of his success in France, where he is the idol of his countrymen: a play goes on; the authorship is announced; the theatre is packed: vive Donnay!

His theme is always love; more often than not, illicit love. In certain of his dramas, notably *Amants* and *L'Autre Danger*, there

is a vibrant passion unequalled by any of his contemporaries, and, greatest of all, we feel that it is real. *Lysistrata*, the first of his plays acted in Paris, is an adaption from Aristophanes: the scene Athens, in the time of the Peloponessian wars—that is, about 420 B. C.: for the rest, the spirit is French, modern French, and Donnay has taken many liberties with the unessential details to fulfill this design, for it is quite evidently intentional. It is not without warning that we approach the enactment of this drama, for there is a prologue which frankly announces that the modest may be shocked, and those fearful of events to follow may leave, as neither the author nor the players will be offended. After a pause the speaker continues with a studied artlessness:

> Je vois que personne ne sort,
> Je vais dire que l'on commence.

and from that time, it is upon our own heads if we are not pleased. The prologue is even more alluring than the play: one specially delightful bit is the announcement that the women of Athens are merely the ancestors of the Parisiennes of to-day, after which Donnay proceeds to prove the contrary in the play. It is not too much to say that the success of *Lysistrata* in Paris was in a great measure due to Madame Réjane, that darling of the French public, who as the delicious Graeco-Parisienne in the title rôle is still remembered, and one hears as often of Réjane's Lysistrata as of Donnay's. Nevertheless, it is to the originator that fame belongs, and the daring idea of this play, its setting Greek, and its characters of the fifth century before Christ, with a totally French coloring, is not Réjane's, not even Aristophanes's, but Donnay's. Neither *Lysistrata* nor *Education du Prince*, which quickly followed it, fixed Donnay's place in contemporary literature, but it was through the second series of his plays that he walked into the heart of that mobile and often child-like Paris public which applauds what it loves and hisses what displeases it. Ludwig Lewisohn says that he is tempted to call *Amants* the modern *Romeo and Juliet*, and we have the same temptation, for it is a repetition of Shakespeare's theme, pitched in a different key and couched in terms of an utter and well-sustained modernity.

It was first given at the Renaissance Theatre, November 6,

1885, and from that time, Paris set upon Donnay her seal of approval. The play is full of illicit love, and intrigue which is usually maintained by falsehood and a general sordidness, judged by our own standards, but so delicately has Donnay handled it, so carefully has he chosen his every word, and so evident is the spirit of the true artist who has welded the whole into a stirring drama, that we are thrilled even by the printed page, and it is easy to see why the enthusiastic Parisian heart flung open its doors to him, for, after all, Paris is still pagan in its worship of beauty and love.

Amants was soon followed by *La Douleureuse*, and the success of this little play was perhaps somewhat to be wondered at, for its keynote is sadness; even in the midst of joy and revelry there is a haunting suggestion of death, so hateful to the dwellers in that city of light and gaiety, and the vision of the Sad Woman, faintly pictured, exquisitely alluring symbol of death, is never far away.

It is rarely that Donnay indulges in symbolism, never in mysticism, so this play stands alone in its conception. It recalls to us ever so faintly *When We Dead Awaken*, that last phantasy of the great Norse forerunner of contemporary drama, when after long years in thrall to art he turned to life with an intense yearning, only to find death beckoning him, and paradoxically chose death as the symbol of life, become more enticing as it receded. There are however two salient points of difference between these two great artists, for Ibsen is here the mystic, hovering on the edge of the great adventure, longing for the knowledge of that which lies beyond, even while he dreads to start out upon its paths, whereas Donnay is still at that period of life when hot blood leaps to new sensations; and he is never the mystic. *Georgette Lemeunier* offers the author an opportunity to exploit the ideas on divorce that have occupied him for many months, and we see him here at his very best in both dramatic construction and sustained interest: not Ibsen himself could have painted more perfectly the portrait of Georgette, the virtuous wife, brilliant, charming and determined to save not only the ménage, so dear to every French man and woman, but what seems to her (and to us as we look on) of much deeper significance—her husband's love and allegiance.

The whole play is steadily naturalistic, an unusual thing in French drama, where we expect realism rather than naturalism.

Le Torrent is one of the most skillfully built and subtly intelligent of Donnay's social dramas, with a very Ibsenesque ending, for we are forcibly reminded of Rebecca West, despite the great personal difference, when the gentle Valentine, who has failed through her profound love for Versannes to preserve her wifely fidelity, seeks oblivion in the mill race, because she cannot bear to leave her children, and the injured husband refuses her the right to take them, or to live with them even as a servant. It is the inevitable blind alley, with the secret of a return destroyed forever, and only death as the alternative to stagnation. In the last scene there is a brief and scathing denouncement of the church doctrine which condemns physical suicide but connives at the killing of souls through the recognized medium of the conventions. There is also a bitter protest against the power of a priest with a limited imagination, whose councils must be blindly followed to insure divine forgiveness. In this fearless summing up, this railing against conventions, we see the shadow of Shaw, but at the same moment we are conscious of a straining toward an uncomprehended psychology that is far removed from Shaw and has something of August Strindberg beneath it.

One of the few plays by Donnay that has been translated into English for the public is *L'Autre Danger*, which again shows us the complicated relations arising from intrigue and deception in the life of a married woman, whose daughter on the very threshold of life falls madly in love with her mother's lover. At her first ball she overhears a whisper of the scandal, and it is a breath upon the clear mirror of her virgin youth, but she is all too easily persuaded that it is a mistake, and accepts the offered explanations with that whole-hearted reaching out for happiness which is part of her youth. The climax of the play is reached when the mother steps forever from the way of love with a supreme sacrifice possible only to motherhood, and points the way for her old lover to new love and happiness.

In *Paraître*, Donnay with brilliant sarcasm holds up for our inspection the desire of people (that is, the French people, since it is Donnay who shows his wares) to appear something more than they

actually are. All the world is sacrificing to the Moloch of appearances, social, financial, political. There is a particularly trenchant and amusing arraignment of the male sex by the cynic of the play who describes the men of society as "laborious insects in sad livery" and draws a fine comparison between human and animal life, with, of course, great disparagement of the human race. In the lower orders of life it is the male who is adorned with bright colors and gay plumage, while his harem or mate, according to his state, which may be monogamous or polygamous, is completely awed by the grandeur of his beauty. Alas! it is only in the highest form of creation, where it is the male's privilege to pay for pearl collars and robes of fine silk, that the female may be tricked out "for to behold and to admire": the fact that she pays for these trifles with her body or soul does not enter into the argument; *il faut vivre!* Only a fearless spirit could have produced *Le Ménage de Molière;* it is a tangled mixture of truth and fiction, and, as usual, truth is the stranger of the component parts. There are copious notes at the end that help us somewhat to unravel the snarl and pick out reality from fiction. It is a poetic drama in the style of Molière, for Donnay's daring stops at nothing, and in a preface which would do credit to that inimitable maker of prefaces, Mr. Shaw, he has dedicated the play to Molière, whom he pictures as looking down from his place in heaven with a degree of complacency highly commendable under the circumstances. Racine is among the *dramatis personae*, and his entrance lends a decided touch of piquancy to the story.

Our first impression of *Le Mariage de Télémaque* is that it is exceedingly French, our next that it is delightful, possibly because it is French, in spite of the undeniable fact that the heroine is Helen of Troy, Menelaus and Ulysses are among the actors, are indeed protagonists, and even Minerva is introduced quite properly and at a telling moment for the climacteric effect. Donnay, with a boldness that partakes of rashness, has written the play partly in prose and partly in verse: all the songs, which have spontaneity and decided charm, are rhymed, and rhymed well with due regard to form. Télémaque sometimes begins his speech in prose and passes without apology into the poetic. Here is a stepping aside from realism, Donnay's salient trait, the very hall-mark of his

style, but he is, as usual, entirely sure of himself, and it is this amazing self-confidence that enables him to make or break rules without offending the arbiters of form.

Les Éclaireuses is perhaps a slightly exaggerated exposition of the most advanced feminism found in Paris; these suffragists do not throw stones or demolish buildings; indeed, they are quite startled from their accustomed calm by Mrs. Schmidt of London who regales then with a lurid account of her martyrdom in an English jail for the crime of window smashing. These women scouts (we like the name) looking for the root of evil, do not tear down shops, but prefer to uproot homes, for it is in the home that they encounter masculine dominance. It seems such a fair system that our sympathy is with them at once, even to the extent of demanding divorce from the detested husband, rather than rid themselves of their superfluous energy and spleen by smashing the windows of tradespeople against whom they have no cause for vengeance.

Hervieu, in *La Bagatelle* and *Les Tenailles*, has dealt with the problem of divorce, but in each of these social dramas there is the personal equation, an individual case, and no effort to treat it as a condition affecting the whole world of women. In one instance it is a state of simple boredom and dislike, in the other there is the eternal triangle without the courage to defy society and the law by going off with the preferred lover. In each case they are confronted with the French law requiring the consent of both parties for divorce and the refusal of the husband, through his desire for the maintenance of the ménage, that fetich to which so many burnt offerings are daily made. Hervieu, like Donnay, is concerned with ideas, but unlike Donnay, he is vastly impressed with the responsibility of reforming his countrymen and intent upon exposing a system, whereas Donnay has no scheme of political or social mismanagement to unfold. Indeed, he is concerned not at all with plot; life itself is sufficiently interesting. *Les Éclaireuses* shows us Jeanne fretting under the restraint of the bombastic masculine, who sees but one way for a harmonious matrimonial progress and that way his own. Not for a moment does he entertain the thought of compromise nor visualize the many shades of gray, visible to any woman, between the black and white lines

with which he draws his plan of life. Whatever is not good, is bad, and it is through his egotism that he acquiesces in Jeanne's demand for a divorce when she offers to keep their little daughter and give him the son, for here he sees an opportunity to mould this son into his own counterpart. Jeanne brings the situation to a climax by voluntarily promising not to marry again—the last subtle inducement to his egotistic pride. For her the feminist movement is the engrossing thought; she is done with love and its attendant suffering, and her absorption in founding *l'école feministe* almost persuades us to believe it true, Parisienne though she is. But one day, as in the fairy stories of our youth, the prince comes upon the scene, this time in the person of Jaques Lehelloy, and, as a rapidly dawning love envelops them, we see, beneath the quarrels and disagreements arising from the inhibitions of her divorce, that this bold little feministe is not able to battle with a social condition that permits men to make undesired love to her, and at the last a great longing for the protection of a mere man drives her into the arms of Lehelloy, anxious for a new marriage and a renewed domesticity.

Donnay's one-act plays fall quite naturally into a class by themselves, and while they are amusing and clever, they do not show that touch of wizardry which marks his longer dramas. *Eux* is an absurd playlet, but *La Folle Entreprise* is decidely on a higher plane, with its play within a play which recalls our *Hamlet* to us; and even in the two war pieces, written to amuse the soldiers, there is present the literary and dramatic showman, whose wares are always French. For Donnay is the showman, never the moralist, like Hervieu, nor the reformer, like Brieux. At times he is as realistic as Porto-Riche and again, as in *Le Mariage de Télémaque* or *Le Ménage de Molière*, as romantic as Rostand. Except for that fleeting moment in *La Douleureuse*, there is none of the symbolism that makes us remember always that Maeterlinck is not French but Belgian. Donnay is quite content to hold up the mirror to the passing show. He offers us a first-hand view of French life, and asks, with perfect frankness, what more could anyone desire?

VIRGINIA TAYLOR MCCORMICK.

THE SOUL OF SWINBURNE

BY AUGUSTUS RALLI

THE once popular conception of Swinburne as a poetic innovator has disappeared, and we regard him rather as the latest representative of the great race of poets descended from Chaucer. Without wishing to cast a stone at the bards of contemporary England, it may be asserted that their abandonment of the grand tradition marks a definite break in the evolution of their art. That not the quality of individual genius but the late hour of civilization in which these singers have appeared on earth, is at fault, we do not dispute; but our wonder is increased tenfold at the man who, coming late among a jaded audience, yet charmed it with sweet sounds that recall its youth.

As the centuries lengthen the anthology will play an increasingly important part: an eloquent modern voice reminds us that not the hosts of Xerxes but the handful of Marathon march on to immortality. And as the ancient moralist forbade any man to be called happy till he were dead, so we may deny a poet assured fame till his language has ceased to be a living force. For poetry (like all things) is in a condition of advance towards its goal of perfect speech; the poetry of one generation may become the prose of the next, and the fame of the individual perish as in some Tarpeian tragedy, or by self-immolation through the general advance in beauty of a language of which he was at first the pioneer. We must therefore grant that only a small portion of a poet's output is known as poetry to the fourth generation, though its vital force may preserve from decay a huge uninspired main body.

Poetry, we may say in metaphor, is the speech of angels, based upon the emotion of love which rules their spiritual world; unlike the logic-bound speech of man. The poet, wandering far from his fellows, ascends the mountain, and, if his strength fail not, draws near the summit. The exhilarating quality of the air in-

toxicates him; the law of gravitation ceases to act; he rises as on wings towards the gates of heaven and overhears some strains of the celestial music. These, in his great joy, he translates into earthly symbols and gives to the lower world, and is henceforth honored as one inspired. But as time passes on, his exquisite phrases grow familiar to man, are vulgarized by repetition, and at last are even refused the title of poetry in a language which they have helped to enrich. For the snatches of divine song thus overheard are transcribed by the poet in an alien tongue. Even as he meditates over his experience it fades like the beauty of a dream. There is thus no equality among those admitted to the beatific vision; all depends on the fineness of the instrument with which he reaches from earth to heaven: his individual heart and brain.

The leading characteristic of Swinburne's nature was its healthiness: though this may seem a strange statement in view of the stories of dissipations connected with his name. But we learn from the pages of Mr. Gosse that his fevered London life was based upon an inherited fund of healthiness, as proved by the magical recoveries which he made on his return to the country. His birth in 1837 coincided with the formal outbreak of the Victorian age. It was a time when the professional and business classes were refusing pleasure and knowledge for the sake of money: a form of asceticism compared by Ruskin to the two others which have possessed the world—the religious and the military. Its most sinister commandment against rightful enjoyment for children was to lead in the third generation to wide-spread moral and nervous disaster, and the projection of those who escaped madness or early death into careers of heartless ambition or grovelling sensuality: thus vindicating the Æschylean doctrine that sin entails suffering upon the innocent. Swinburne's ancestors were those who had devoted themselves to the public services and given their best for the sake of honor rather than profit, so that, thanks to his family's high social position, in a world still safe from democracy, his childhood was of the happiest. While the children of the classes mentioned above were being initiated from the cradle into the cares of life and the prices of things, his days were spent in cloudless serenity. With no foreboding of a grimmer world

beyond, he absorbed into his nature with unconscious thoroughness the beauty of the scenes in which his lot was cast. The soft beauties of the Isle of Wight, varied by the sterner lines of Northumbrian scenery, were the background to his domestic peace. He moved in a circle of which his gracious parents were the centre, among beloved sisters and cousins with whom he rode and walked and climbed and recited poetry. It was the self-confidence sprung of happiness that protected him from bullying at school, where he played no games and was eccentric in appearance and habits.

With Swinburne, contact with the world produced the keenest irritation: as witness the misadventures of his London life, his untoward relations with associated men, his troubles with publishers, his club experience, even his solitary proposal of marriage. It is therefore inevitable that for the modern reader nine-tenths of his work has ceased to hold charm, and the remainder does so by virtue of that wonderful experience and heritage of joy. If we examine the work of a contemporary we shall find something similar. There are critics who exalt Morris's *Defense of Guenevere* above all his other work; others with more justice his *Poems by the Way*. To the first we would remark how little of the author's inner self is expressed; to the second that the social reformer is present with the poet. There are still others who prefer the latter half of the *Earthly Paradise*, especially the *Lovers of Gudrun*, or the mighty achievement of *Sigurd*. The exception we take to these is that they are not wholly informed by a living spirit. We would rather point to the unique beauty of the Greek stories of the first half of the *Earthly Paradise*. There will be found Morris's soul most fully disengaged from worldly cares and revelling in its native beauty: though we admit that the lack of a finished severity of form denies the claim of these stories, in an advanced age of literature, to the very highest poetry.

So long as man inhabits the earth he consists of soul and body and must therefore deliver his message in earthly writing; and thus the greatest works of imagination carry with them the seeds of their own mortality. It is the critic's duty to insist jealously upon the exclusion of sense from the guiding intellect. The highest of all Teachers bade us take no thought for the morrow, and warned

us against the materializing effect of "care"; and Swinburne has himself affirmed that anger is a sensual passion. Let us listen to a song of Morris's where the lover cannot enjoy the beautiful scenes through which he is wending with his mistress for thought of the great city just visible from the hill-top:

> Hark! the March wind again of a people is telling;
> Of the life that they live there, so haggard and grim,
> That if we and our love amidst them had been dwelling
> My fondness had faltered, thy beauty grown dim—

We see how care and anxiety and social doubts intrude upon the amount of pure intellect needed to frame the divine message so that its moral value will outlive its aesthetic. His garden of song is surrounded by a stone wall instead of insensibly becoming one with the near fields and blue distances. It is not for the intellect to be attenuated into invisibility but rather attracted into the nature of the spirit it protects: as the gates of iron and adamant pictured by Milton were eternally impaled by circling fire yet unconsumed.

Thus we say a poet reveals his individual self and becomes known to his place and age by the quality of his spiritualized intellect. His soul in its original essence may be one with that of the universe, but its union with the body constitutes his life on earth, and we conceive of earthly life as a stage in spiritual progress towards perfection. With Swinburne it was contact with literature superimposed upon his inherited and acquired experience of happiness that directed his pen in moments of inspiration. As he is the healthiest he is the least personal and most objective of poets, the freest from morbid self-questionings, and with no autobiographical basis to speak of in his best work. *The Triumph of Time* is a moving poem, and there is a special charm in his poems on children, but we do not rate these as his best; while his inferior work and his critical writings display that intense irritation from collision with the world of which we have spoken. It is the mystic agreement between the finished product of another mind and the vision of beauty lying in the depths of his nature—like the mysterious Lake of Gaube which he delights to describe—which release his Delphic words and the waves of heavenly music on which they are borne to the listener's ear.

That Swinburne is at his best in his joyful reception and rendering of natural beauty, we maintain; and we proceed to dwell upon the special quality which he has contributed to the work of his predecessors. When Chaucer writes,

> Bifel that in that seson on a day
> In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay—

When Shakespeare sings through Ariel,

> Come unto these yellow sands
> And then take hands—

When Wordsworth writes of the cuckoo,

> Though babbling only to the vale
> Of sunshine and of flowers—

we feel that in every case the poet's great joy has transfigured into the ideal a simple statement of fact, and made audible the music of the spheres. There is something similar in the following lines of Swinburne:

> O gracious city well-beloved,
> Italian, and a maiden crowned,
> Siena, my feet are no more moved
> Toward thy strange-shapen mountain-bound.

But if we turn to Shakespeare's song of Mariana,

> Take, O, take those lips away
> That so sweetly were forsworn—

or of the bereaved Ophelia,

> White his shroud as the mountain snow
> Larded with sweet flowers—

a new note is heard from the pressure of grief upon the complex modern soul.

The complexity of the modern soul: these words are the key to the peculiar emotion rendered by Swinburne. For the modern poet does not give large circular glances at the world around but peers deeply into the inherited world within, and, like a geologist boring through the strata, discovers older civilizations and prehistoric remains. It is his duty to make articulate the human emotion which has not perished with the fleshly envelope of those who once peopled the shadowy regions, and which we may yet discover

in the eyes of some haunted modern man. The cries that reach us from these submerged lands may be faint compared to our loud tones, but they are strange and beautiful, and there is a peculiar charm in the mingling of old and new as the port sounds the various stops. He may rise from the depth to the surface at one stroke, as when he interjects the words, "O sweet strange elder singer," amid the wild unearthly music of *Ave Atque Vale;* or, as in *Atalanta*, his voice may take a tone from each of the strata through which it passes, and yet emerge a human voice, akin to the voices of to-day. Other writers—the Brontës, Pater, Thomas Hardy—have drawn upon this inheritance, but Swinburne differs in that the breeze which rises from the well-shaft of the soul is laden with joy rather than sorrow.

We will once more recur to the father of English poetry and the device of contrasted passages. Here are the words Chaucer puts into the mouth of the dying Arcite:

> Allas the wo! allas the peynës stronge
> That I for yow have suffred, and so long!
> Allas, the deeth! allas, myn Emelye!
> Allas, departing of our compaignye!—
> What is this world? what asketh men to have?
> Now with his love, now in his coldë grave
> Allone, without any compaignye—

It is the universal cry of bereaved humanity: the love of life, the fear of death and the darkness and silence of the grave, the home-sickness for joys snatched away. For reality and poignancy we cannot compare the following lines from Swinburne's *Garden of Proserpine*, like murmurs from the hollow land:

> She waits for each and other,
> She waits for all men born,
> Forgets the earth her mother,
> The life of fruits and corn.

Yet with Chaucer it is the cry of a soul bounded by walls of flesh; with Swinburne it has the remoteness of past existences and unmeasured time.

Thus it is the undertone of Swinburne's works that concerns us, not their superficial aspect or direct intention. Surely no one's faith has ever been shaken by *Ilicet* or the *Hymn to Proserpine*,

like Tennyson's by the famous passage of Lucretius; no one incited to vice by *Dolores*. There is regret, but of no poignant kind, in *Hesperia*, which certainly contains one of the most beautiful cadences in English poetry:

> For thee, in the stream of the deep tide-wind blowing in with the water.

The true motive of the poem on the death of Baudelaire is praise for work well done, not grief for an earthly presence that has disappeared.

Perhaps the latter, and the Prelude to *Songs Before Sunrise*, tell us the deepest secret of Swinburne's soul. We will for the moment prefer the *Ave Atque Vale* and repeat its crowning stanza:

> Now all strange hours and all strange loves are over,
> Dreams and desires and sombre songs and sweet,
> Hast thou found place at the great knees and feet
> Of some pale Titan-woman like a lover,
> Such as thy vision here solicited,
> Under the shadow of her fair vast head,
> The deep division of prodigious breasts,
> The solemn slope of mighty limbs asleep,
> The weight of awful tresses that still keep
> The savour and shade of old-world pine forests
> Where the wet hill-winds weep?

With the exception of "dreams and desires" there is no single conventional thought, no single idea that has not been fetched from the world of echoes. It is the perfect speech of one who, like Pater's Mona Lisa, knows the secrets of the grave. It is the flower of his life and culture, the spark kindled by the intellect falling upon the soul, and thence lighting up the long downward passages into the half-ghostly land. And yet the very fineness of Swinburne's gift prevents the acceptance of the great bulk of his work, and no poet would be a greater gainer from selection. After constant rereading we recur to the opinion which recent criticism has endeavored to disturb, that his later poems were but an echo of his exquisite early work. Surely a volume headed by *Atalanta*, with selections from *Songs of the Springtides* and *Tristram of Lyonesse*, and about a score of short poems, not omitting those mentioned in the foregoing pages, might descend the stream of time with the *Lamia* volume of Keats.

If the result with Swinburne of contact with the world was to create an irritation in the agony of which he forgot his early happiness and produced inferior poetry, this is still more marked with his prose. Having once admitted the immense value of his critical writings, let us say that as soon as his message is accepted by the world and his teachings by repetition become commonplaces, they will inevitably disappear, for the sound reason that they give pain rather than pleasure to the reader. He is among those writers who deny equality with their readers, who lack sympathy with ordinary uninspired humanity, who assume the office of master but not master and friend. It may be spiritual pride that erects the barrier, or superior knowledge or culture, but in all cases there is something of the pedagogue.

Swinburne throughout his prose work handles the weapon of superior knowledge with imperfect temper and sympathy. He was, as Ruskin said, a mighty scholar, and the perfect health and balance of his nature are almost as present in his literary judgments as in his early poetry. He encircles the whole world of ancient and modern literature in his clasp—Greek, Latin, Italian, French, English. He compares Byron and Juvenal, Webster and Sophocles, Æschylus and Shakespeare, with sure instinct and freedom from prejudice. With an almost sublime confidence in his ear to detect distinct strains of music, he points to the scenes or even separate passages or lines by Shakespeare in a play of joint authorship. The keen edge of his critical instrument is never turned by use; his unsleeping power of concentration enables him to detect the one golden grain in the sandy waste of dullness. He has not cast the essay in a form of beauty like Arnold and Pater, but he has gone that one step further than the greatest which compels them to acknowledge him the master. He rigidly enforces the law to which all others do lip-homage: that the artist is a specialist and must be judged by his work only. He is therefore not deterred in his advance to the heart of the city by the signposts pointing to the moral and political and domestic quarters. No extra-literary considerations deflect his needle by even a tremor from its steadfast adherence to the æsthetic north. He tells us what we knew but could not express: that Shelley is to Coleridge as a lark to a nightingale; that Wordsworth's genius at its highest

is sublimity in tenderness; that loveliness is the prime quality of Keats; that in rendering nature Shelley utters a "rhapsody of thought and feeling colored by contact with nature but not born of the contact"; that the gist of Byron's philosophy is that excess brings reaction; that only Marlowe among poets started with a style of his own; that Shakespeare is a darker fatalist than Æschylus—and also that he cared more for literary fame than his critics suppose.

But we must repeat that we read his essays for their matter entirely, and the author is never our friend: though always with the reminder that the cause is the action of the world on a nature incomparably fine. He overpowers us with his superior knowledge and frightens us with the impatience and irascibility of the pedagogue. When Professor Bradley in his book on Shakespeare quotes Swinburne, we feel a relief that it is Bradley, not Swinburne with whom we are walking. The law that taste is no matter for dispute is suspended in his favor; we suppress in our minds any admiration for Euripides or Musset or the *Idylls of the King*, much as a schoolboy hides a detective story under a grammar or dictionary; we recall our readings of *The Duchess of Malfi* and doubt whether we admired heartily enough to escape the modern *Dunciad*. At moments, indeeed, through the parted clouds of anger we see the blue skies of poetry—as when he compares *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* to lake water and sea water, or the effect of Chapman's translation of Homer to the pace of a giant for echo of the footfall of a God; and a bright-bannered host marches down his processional road through the land of Shakespeare. But for the most part he is in a state of warfare against real or imaginary fools. Dr. Johnson, writing of Milbourne's attack on Dryden's *Virgil*, would have revised his opinion that bad poetry alone cannot excite strong resentment, had he known how completely Swinburne lived in and for literature.

And here, after having given almost involuntarily the highest tribute to the man of letters, we ask the final question, how far was this life complete? It is the more pertinent with Swinburne because he professed the belief that earthly life suffices for man. He extolled Frederick the Great because he fought "sober" and was not "God-intoxicated" like the Puritans, and affirmed that

heroism was spoilt for him by trust in Providence. That he was spiritually-minded we know from his fervid hero-worship and reiterated confession that his acquaintance with Landor and Mazzini, even his correspondence with Hugo, had been the greatest privileges of his life. Of the first event he wrote, "I am not sure that any other emotion is so endurable and persistently delicious as that of worship, when your god is indubitable and incarnate before your eyes." With this we may compare the following: "I don't myself know any pleasure physical or spiritual (except what comes of the sea) comparable to that which comes of verse in its higher moods."

It is a fascinating theory, in an agnostic age, that human life and the full development of the faculties suffice man's highest needs, and that death may thus lose its sting. Here at least is no promise of a remote inheritance that may founder with all our hopes, but something that we possess this day. Yet we recall Newman's picture of the heathen writers yearning in vain for some unknown good and higher truth, and the words of Lucretius which he quotes: "We should be happy were it not for that dreadful sense of Religion which we all have, which poisons all our pleasures. . . ." Also we have in our minds Carlyle's unforgettable pictures of the great actors of the eighteenth century who have passed the peak of years and are treading the slope towards the tomb, and the deathbeds of kings or statesmen or voluptuaries who believed in the reality of power or pleasure. Though comparisons are not always fair, as we turn the pages of a man's life we unconsciously try it by an ideal, and the ideal life (shall we say?) is St. Paul's, to whom, as years passed on, the unseen world became more vivid and the material world more faint.

In Shakespeare's day the balance between inner and outer was equally maintained; on Milton and the Puritan reaction we need not dwell. The eighteenth century saw the dawn of the belief in the reality of human life, which, in the nineteenth, was to culminate in the pursuit of material efficiency and the real policy of commerce. How the poets were affected by the prevailing spirit we see from the ages of Dryden, Addison, Pope, Johnson, when the muse had left her solitudes to frequent the tavern or coffee house. But even before the French Revolution the reaction had

set in, and the tragedies of Burns and Byron illustrate the revolt from the social world of those who were dependent on its sympathies and enslaved by its memories.

Perhaps Swinburne above all poets—above even Tennyson—was true to himself. If human life alone can satisfy the soul, he enjoyed to the full three of its most splendid gifts: hero-worship, friends, fame; and if a poet values fame for the sake of love and admiration rather than power, his measure was indeed filled to overflowing. It was his custom to recite his unpublished poems to friends, and we can imagine few greater transports of the soul than to intone as new things to a sympathetic audience the long lines of *Hesperia* or the *Hymn to Proserpine.* What the rude external world did was to break the silver cord of poetic inspiration and darken with anger his critical writings; yet he held an unbroken course. In the beautiful conclusion of Mr. Gosse's biography we see him become the shadow of his former self, brooding over dead friends and the "wonderful days of his youth". Recalling what we said of comparative lives, and preferring to conceive of the world as a place of hope, it saddens us to hear that in his latest years he wrote verses "to escape from boredom". But he was strong-nerved as well as fine-nerved, and was never persuaded to recant or decline from his position that this life is all, or profess the star-lit faiths of some agnostics weakened by bereavement or old age. His gifts were lyric genius and health of race and person, and the tinge of the second is in his immortal work: it is in the brightness of the ray of this world's sunshine which he darted into the pale kingdoms inherited by the soul.

AUGUSTUS RALLI.

JOHNSON AND WORDSWORTH IN THE HIGHLANDS

BY E. S. ROSCOE

RECENTLY reading one of Sainte-Beuve's *Literary Portraits* in which he couples two French poets, distant in time, Regnier and Chenier, because, being admirable types of two schools of poetry, a comparison of their personality and work enables the reader to understand each better, it struck me that a comparison of the point of view of Johnson and Wordsworth in the Highlands —in the same places, in relation to the same natural objects— would be suggestive and entertaining. Johnson's tour to the Hebrides occurred in 1773, Wordsworth went to Scotland thirty years later, in 1803. Each was the representative therefore of a distinct literary epoch, and also of a different intellectual type.

The state of the Highlands in each of these years was similar, for the time which intervened between the day that Johnson departed from London to meet Boswell in Edinburgh, and that when Wordsworth, his sister Dorothy and Coleridge left Keswick, had produced little change in the general condition of the Highlands. At each date few inns were to be found and no hotels, as we to-day understand the word; public accommodation was intolerably bad, and a traveller was often obliged to be satisfied with a night's lodging in a miserable hovel. Such was the ferryman's hut on the edge of Loch Katrine. Wordsworth and Coleridge had to sleep in an adjacent barn on dry hay, but Dorothy Wordsworth made the best of a bed of chaff in the cottage. The party drank coffee and ate barley bread and butter while the smoke came in gusts and spread along the walls above their heads into the chimney where the hens were roosting. At Glen Elg Johnson and Boswell were shown "into a room damp and dirty, with bare walls, a variety of bad smells, a coarse black greasy fir table and forms of the same kind." The two travellers

had to send for hay, on which Dr. Johnson reposed, enveloped in his overcoat.

Johnson, in chronic ill health, resolutely setting forth to visit the Western Islands, to travel thither over mountain passes and on bad roads through stony glens, to navigate in a small craft a stormy and treacherous sea, will always hold our admiration for uncommon and courageous energy. For courage was indeed required in anyone who, in the eighteenth century, would visit the Western Islands. When one reads Boswell's story of the return from Skye to the Island of Mull, and how the little coaster ran for shelter to the Island of Col in the darkening night in a fierce storm of wind and rain, and how Johnson lay below apparently cheerful and undisturbed, one can better appreciate his pluck.

Wordsworth, under the existing conditions of Highland travel, had many advantages over Johnson, who was sixty-four, with a sedentary, valetudinarian life behind him, and whose ordinary exercise had been a walk down Fleet Street or a stroll with Mrs. Thrale in her garden at Streatham. For Wordsworth and his sister were still young, accustomed to ramble about the Westmoreland hillsides, to be much in the open air, and to live a frugal and simple life.

If the contrast between the dispositions and the habits of the tourists was remarkable, their appearance on their travels was equally noteworthy. Johnson, from necessity, was from time to time obliged to ride and was even more uncomfortable on horseback than Wordsworth was with the whip. His great body, enveloped in a large brown coat, swayed backwards and forwards as he brandished his large oak stick and laughed at the gillie who, as he led the horse, tried to amuse the rider by his shrill whistling. Wordsworth, an excellent walker, but a bad driver, drove an animal which had a partiality for backing up steep banks or sidling into the parapets of bridges, as the poet sat in an old one-horse car, dressed in a suit of russet brown, with a broad flapping straw hat to protect his weak eyes.

Johnson and Wordsworth not only differed markedly in character and in mental outlook, but went to the Highlands in quite opposite frames of mind. Johnson was primarily an in-

telligent traveller, who was, says Boswell, to see as much of Scotland as he could during August and September. He was interested mainly in the country as it affected the inhabitants, for he thought that in the Hebrides he "might contemplate a system of life almost totally different from what he had been accustomed to see"—a strange social order in fact. This was the germ of the project. Johnson desired to observe the Scotch at home as elements of a particular part of society. "In a foreign country," wrote Gibbon, "curiosity is our business and our pleasure." Curiosity, in the widest sense, was certainly a pleasure to Johnson and Scotland he, like his contemporaries, regarded as a foreign country. Wordsworth, on the contrary, started for the North with no inquisitive eye, with no determination to acquire positive knowledge. He has told us himself his simple object in the lines in which he bade farewell to his home, and which, though not of the best, are autobiographically interesting. He went

> To cull contentment upon wildest shores
> And luxuries extract from bleakest moors.

The essayist and the poet were therefore typical of two different classes of men, whom we may call the intelligent and the reflective. They are irreconcilable, for even in our time they regard scenery from different points of view. Wordsworth neither desired nor needed either grand or beautiful scenery, for the suggestions of a scene however homely permeated his mentality. When his eye perceived a sea loch—Loch Long or Loch Fyne—winding among the mountains, his mind penetrated the hillside and the water lapping their rocky brink—

> And with the coming of the tide,
> Come boats and ships that safely ride
> Between the woods and lofty rocks;
> And to the shepherds with their flocks
> Bring tales of distant lands.

Thoughts like these never arose in Johnson's unimaginative brain; he regarded material objects as remarkable phenomena, and he looked at everything from this point of view. They did not arouse his emotion. The scenery of the Highlands was in

fact repulsive to Johnson. On the way from Fort Augustus to the coast the party halted for an hour at noon on a fine day in a glen which Johnson grudgingly describes as "sufficiently verdant." It does not take much imagination to realize how delightful it must have been—the varying lights, the soft air, the stillness broken only by the ripple of the burn. But Johnson found no pleasure in the place. "Before me," he wrote in his journal, "were high hills which by hindering the eye from ranging forced the mind to find entertainment for itself." The remainder of this portion of the *Journal* is in the same vein—the best that can be said for the locality was that there were worse places to be found.

In Hardy's *Return of the Native* most of the action of the story occurs on or near a barren tract of land which he calls Egdon Heath; and which waste he endows with vitality. "The place"—night is approaching—"became full of watchful intentness. Now, when other things sank brooding to sleep, the heath appeared slowly to awake and listen." Single passages of a continuous description cannot do justice to it but this description is referred to because we see in Hardy's pictures of Egdon Heath how far we have gone in appreciation of scenery since Johnson sat musing by the burn near Glenshiel. Johnson did not make the smallest effort to penetrate as did Wordsworth—sometimes perhaps too painfully—into the heart of a natural object, however small, a daffodil, or a daisy, and to grasp its relation to human life. Mountains, lakes and trees passed before his eyes and were forgotten, while the poet on the contrary retained scenes, and individuals identified with them, in his mind till, after long germinating, his thought bore fruit in the form of expressed reflections. For Wordsworth the tour from beginning to end was constantly touching emotional chords. No object was too insignificant to be remembered, and we see the result in many poems, as in *The Highland Girl* and in *Roy Roy's Grave*.

Johnson was also impelled to verse, but he wrote Horatian odes on Skye and on Mrs. Thrale. No personality could be more opposite to the wild western Highlands than the mistress of what Boswell called the "elegant villa" at Streatham with

its comfortable culture. And the very fact that Johnson spent an evening in Skye composing a Latin ode to the lady whom in it he designates "Thralia dulcis" shows that his heart was not in the Highlands but in London. From beginning to end of the tour he never got or tried to get below the surface of things, and had no perception of the suggestions of nature. He could never have felt the pathos of the simple scene which Wordsworth has embodied in *The Highland Girl.*

One sees the difference of personal temperament vividly by following the travellers over one route, and noting the contrast in their reception of their surroundings. Johnson and Boswell on their return from the Western Islands landed at Oban, and rode to Inverary, thence round the head of Loch Fyne and over the lonely pass of Glencroe. This pass debouches on to Loch Long, and they followed its shores and went round its head to Arrochar and then across the neck of land which separates the sea loch from Loch Lomond at Tarbet. Next, skirting the lower part of this loch, they reached Dumbarton and its rock—anyone can take the same route to-day and have no difficulty whatever, so little is changed, in appreciating Johnson's ride. Wordsworth and his sister journeyed in an opposite direction but went no further west than Inverary, when they turned inland to Loch Awe. Johnson probably enjoyed himself most at Inverary. Why? Because he was made much of by the hospitable Duke of Argyll, by whom he was entertained at dinner at the Castle, where he enjoyed the sociability of the evening. One expression is characteristic. Speaking of the Castle, he said, "What I admire here is the total defiance of expense." Not a word about sunset or sunrise, about lights or shades on mountain sides. Presently he approached the charming scenery of Loch Lomond with its wooded islands clustered on its lower reaches; of these he says in his *Tour:* "Had Loch Lomond been in a happier climate it would have been the boast of wealth and vanity to own one of the little spots which it encloses, and to have employed upon it all the arts of embellishment." Need we be surprised after this that Johnson, as he quitted the house near Dumbarton of Commissary Smollett, remarked with obvious delight, "We have had more solid talk here than at any place

where we have been"? This is the expression of the lettered, the urban, the sociable man who does not enjoy nature, to whom she is a sealed book and who is pleased to be again in the company of clever men.

Yet we need have no contempt for Johnson's incapacity to understand the æsthetic value of the Highlands, for in his age the appreciation of nature scarcely existed. "Gloomy hills assailed by the winter tempest, lakes concealed in blue mist and cold lonely heaths," is Gibbon's idea of Scotland. After all the Highlands are bleak and barren. One of the most inhospitable tracts is the Moor of Ramoch, which can yet in changes of light and shade arouse in some a strong emotion. But even to-day those who can appreciate the charm of the Highlands are a minority, for among the mountains and glens most people obtain their enjoyment from sport or physical exercise, while the interest of others is mainly excited by a difference in the landscape from that in which they habitually live. Few possess what Bagehot called the mystical sense which "finds a motion in the mountain and a power in the waves and a meaning in the long white line of the shore and a thought in the blue of heaven!" Johnson certainly did not, and we understand him better when we realize the negative as well as the positive side of his character.

Wordsworth, on the other hand, with trained and sympathetic eye, found in every yard of the same journey some new and suggestive picture. He and his sister approach the bleak summit of the Pass of Glencroe. "The sun had set before we had dismounted from the car to walk up the steep hill at the end of the glen. Clouds were heavy all over the sky. Some of a brilliant yellow hue shed a light like bright moonlight upon the mountains." At the summit is a stone seat with the inscription, "Rest and be thankful." Johnson, when he saw it, would most likely make some incisive remark to Boswell such as, "Sir, this is a foolish inscription; a traveller should not rest and be thankful till he reaches his journey's end." As it was, in his *Journal* he merely states the inscription and says of Glencroe that it is a bleak and dreary region. Yet this is the pass which Dorothy Wordsworth describes so delightfully, and which affixed itself in Wordsworth's brooding memory. Among the poems

which have been ascribed to a tour in Scotland, many years later, in 1831, is one entitled *Rest and be thankful at the Head of Glencroe:*

> Doubling and doubling with laborious walk,
> Who, that has gained at length the wished for Height,
> This brief, this simple wayside call can slight,
> And rest not thankful? Whether cheered by talk
> With some loved friend or by the unseen Hawk
> Whistling to clouds and skyborn streams that shine
> At the sun's outbreak as with light divine.

These lines probably embody impressions absorbed on that beautiful autumn evening which Dorothy Wordsworth depicts as she and her brother attained the highest point of the glen, rather than the thoughts of later years.[1] Presumably they would leave the stone and move along the level bit of road which is the beginning of the descent to Glen Kinglass, and then "We saw the western sky a glorious mass of clouds uprising from a sea of distant mountains, stretched out in length before us towards the west, and close by us was a small lake or tarn. From the reflection of the crimson clouds the water appeared of a deep red, like melted rubies, yet with a mixture of grey or blackish hue; the gorgeous light of the sky, with the singular color of the lake made the scene exceedingly romantic." Wordsworth and his sister so resembled each other in mind and temperament that one feels she describes as much his as her impressions of the evening in these mountain solitudes, Johnson's "bleak and dreary region," to him quite uninspiring. It is true that Johnson crossed the pass in wind and rain, and that the Wordsworths saw it in fine weather, but it will be remembered that when Johnson rested, in a charming noontide, near Glen Elg, the scenery around him was no more attractive than was the summit of Glencroe on a wild autumn day.

E. S. Roscoe.

[1] Wordsworth does not himself state when he wrote these lines. I have some doubt whether he and his daughter went to Glencroe in 1831. It is said in Knight's *Life* that they returned from Mull to Kellin, Glencroe and Loch Lomond. Glencroe is not in the route from Kellin to Loch Lomond.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MEMOIRS OF A STYLIST[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

As you put down Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's story of his literary life, you may recall that perfect line spoken by the gifted Miss Fanny Brice in her impersonation of Camille, the pearl of Mr. Ziegfeld's *Follies:* "I may not have been a good woman, Armand, but I've been awful good company." Of course we have no thought of insinuating any reflection upon Mr. Hueffer's personal or civic virtue; but he would be the first to admit, nay, he would, and does, trumpet the fact, that, from the point of view of conventional æsthetic probity, he has been joyously and flagrantly irregular—a critical, philosophical, and creative rebel against every traditional *cliché* and prepossession. And as to his being singularly good company, the reported testimony of Joseph Conrad, Henry James, and others, is there to prove it. The reports come *via* Mr. Hueffer himself, so there can be, naturally, no question of their indubitable authenticity.

Mr. Hueffer admits with impressive candor that he has not been, as a poet, adequately recognized by the public. But it is a fate that he shares with Keats and Tennyson. "How many complete volumes of Keats," he wonders, "have been sold since Adonais died? A million? How many *hundreds* of millions of Anglo-Saxons have gone to the grave since that day? How many readers could Tennyson be sure of? 60,000? I do not believe it." Mr. Hueffer suffers a like inexplicable neglect. "For myself," says he, "I used in my time to be as much belauded in the press as any verse-writer of us all." But what was he to Hecuba? What use, after all, are publicity and réclame and the tributes of discerning critics to fine work? "I do not believe," he tells us, "that any volume of verse by myself has found as many as 2,000 purchasers." It seems impossible.

[1] *Thus to Revisit: Some Reminiscences.* By Ford Madox Hueffer. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

But, as we began by saying, Mr. Hueffer has enjoyed that most exquisite of rewards, the appreciation of his colleagues, brother poets, brother fictionists, brother critics—his peers, in fact: though these, necessarily, are not many. Mr. Hueffer was in sore need of such informed appreciation. He was very lonely during the later 'nineties. "I think," he says, "I used to be alone among English-born writers in worrying, in bothering my head, primarily, about the 'how' of writing"—about verbal color, and cadence, and euphony, and *le mot juste*, he means. He was enormously preoccupied with "the simple expression of fine shades". Naturally, he was almost unique in the England of that day. Of course there was Conrad—but Conrad was not English-born; neither was Henry James, nor W. H. Hudson, nor George Moore. You might think that they contributed something to the history of English prose; but since they were born out of England, they don't count. For the same reason, of course, there is nothing in the stubborn popular impression that César Franck contributed matter of high consequence to the music of France: for César Franck was born in Belgium. So Mr. Hueffer, lonely and unread, tended with passionate devotion the slowly maturing sprout of English prose in the late 'nineties.

In those days he was collaborating with Mr. Conrad, and Mr. Hueffer remarks playfully that Mr. Conrad used to tell him that he "could not write". But you know, later, with a surge of relief, that this was only friendly jocosity on Mr. Conrad's part: for does not Mr. Hueffer tell us about that letter he received from Mr. Conrad in 1897, in which the author of *Lord Jim* invited him to collaborate with him? It came about in this way: Mr. Conrad had consulted the prickly but generous W. E. Henley concerning his difficulties with English prose, and had said to Henley: "Why should I not find as collaborator the finest English Stylist?" Mr. Conrad's letter of invitation to Mr. Hueffer was, we learn, the result of Henley's recommendation. Of course Mr. Hueffer is deprecatory in recounting this stirring bit of literary history; but he contrives, nevertheless, to get it before the jury—which, perhaps, was what he wanted.

Those must have been wonderful and rewarding years that he and Conrad spent together, ostensibly collaborating, but really

discussing without end the problems of literary craftsmanship. "Buried deep in rural greennesses," they used to ask each other how, exactly, such and such an effect of light and shade should be produced in very simple words. They read Flaubert, of course —tirelessly, insatiably. Occasionally they turned aside and dipped into Stephen Crane, becoming enthusiastic over a phrase such as "the waves were barbarous and abrupt." Or they would go together to Rye and have tea with Henry James.

Mr. Hueffer confesses that it was he who was most preoccupied with the expression of fine shades. Mr. Conrad seems to have been indifferent to the acquirement of this desirable art, and you wonder idly why it is that he seems to write, to-day, rather well. Was he inattentive while Mr. Hueffer, "the finest English Stylist" (Mr. Hueffer spells it with a capital S, as of course it deserves to be spelt), was initiating him into the subtleties of English prose? One gets that impression. For Mr. Hueffer says that while he, the Initiator, was engrossed in the heart-breaking difficulties of English composition,—striving, specifically, for "a non-literary vocabulary,"—the carefree Mr. Conrad was seeking "a New Form for the Novel". So let us study the spectacle of Mr. Hueffer engaged in his thrilling quest—a quest "for a formula for the *Mot Juste*" [Mr. Hueffer has an eighteenth-century passion for capitalization: it is almost his only bow to the Past].

Here, says Mr. Hueffer, was the way the literary world of those days presented itself to his view: "On the one hand was the respectable journal, critic, or author whose desire was to make a not difficult living. On the other side of the fence were those literary alchemists who aim at attaining immortality by means of jewels five words long. The respectable journal could not wish to be forced to use any more actual verbiage than the *cliché* phrase—the phrase that has been mumbled so over and over by tired jaws that you can write it half asleep and 'peruse' it without disturbance during the degustation of your post-prandial port. Speakers according to this dialect are always 'cordially received'; they 'do not anticipate a large exodus of Jews to Palestine'; they oppose one thing or another on the grounds that the proposals are 'novel and of far-reaching character'. The Critics and supporters of these Respectabilia did not object to the fabri-

cators of the jewels five words long, because when such a jewel has been a jewel long enough, it can be imported into diurnal columns and be hallowed as a *cliché*. But they *did* object—and very wildly—to *le mot juste*. . . . *Le mot juste* meant 'every word a sparkler'. That was a conception that appalled our friends."

Well, we all know that jargon—the jargon of Congressional oratory and Inaugural Addresses and official Lives and the more expensive kind of newspaper editorials. It is a wonder that Mr. Hueffer was bothered by this sort of thing, which most writers who have a preference for athletic English pay no more attention to than a race-horse pays to the cows at the side of the track. The absurdity of mentioning such literary droning in the same breath with talk about *le mot juste*—the absurdity of regarding it at all in any discussion of the art of English prose—does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Hueffer. It is as if one should turn aside, in the course of a discussion of the art of writing for a string quartet, to sputter angrily over the style of *The Rosary* or one of the anthems of Sir John Stainer. But Mr. Hueffer really seems to think that he was faced by a genuine literary dilemma: he saw, on the one hand, the writers who say that they "do not anticipate a large exodus of Jews to Palestine"; on the other hand, the writers who deal in "jewels five words long"—though what sort of writer Mr. Hueffer means to indicate by this latter characterization we have no idea. "A woman clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of stars" might perhaps be called a quadruple cluster of "jewels five words long". Certainly it is reprehensibly gorgeous; yet we had supposed that it, and a thousand other passages of which it is typical, were fair examples of good English prose.

But it seems not. For we learn a while later that what Mr. Hueffer was aiming to achieve was prose written "as simply as the grass grows". He wished to become master of a style so simple that you would notice it no more than you notice the unostentatious covering of the South Downs. "Our most constant preoccupation was to avoid words that stuck out of sentences either by their brilliant unusualness or their amazing aptness." That, admittedly, is an excellent ideal for any writer.

No one but a literary fop spends his time hunting for words that will "stick out of sentences", unless he is amusing himself, or unless the word, unusual or not, happens to be the most precise expression of his thought. Not all admirable writers, however, seem to care for the grass-grown style. Mr. W. H. Hudson works in it, with beautiful effect; but it is not invariable with him: there are many passages in *The Purple Land*, for instance, the style of which is about as inconspicuous as a garden of hollyhocks and larkspurs. And when someone in that once estimable piece of English prose, the King James Version, wrote of the horse that God had "clothed his neck with thunder," he used a five-word jewel that sticks out of his sentence with so blazing a magnificence that you are not likely to forget it as long as you live. There is something, after all, perhaps not better, but at least more wonderful, than writing like the grass, and that is writing like a genius.

Nevertheless, it is disheartening to observe, in Mr. Hueffer's own practice, that he has been untrue to his declared principles as a stylist. He speaks of having "*flagitiously* forgotten" to mention someone. Now *flagitiously* is a worthy and useful word, and it happens not to possess any "brilliant unusualness" for some of us who are zestful and inquisitive students of the English tongue. But we will wager that even so avid an educationalist as Mr. Edison could not tell, on reading Mr. Hueffer's book, what the word means without looking it up. For Mr. Edison is not by trade a writer, and people whose craft is not the nerve-racking one of trying to turn thoughts into their most exact equivalents for print are not likely to bother with words like *flagitiously*. They are much more likely to say "flagrantly" or "criminally" or "scandalously" or "outrageously," or something that does not mean quite the same thing, and be content; though *flagitiously* was a better word for Mr. Hueffer's purpose, because it combines all of those meanings and several others besides.

However, we are not going to quarrel with Mr. Hueffer because he uses words that stick out of his sentences by reason of their "brilliant unusualness", but because he exhibits the far more depressing fault of using words that obtrude by their ineptitude and their inexpressiveness. There would be no special occasion for

pointing this out, were it not for the fact that Mr. Hueffer represents himself as the savior of English prose in his time: as the one man in the England of the late 'nineties who cared ardently for fine English, and who knew how to achieve it. It is asking too much to expect the awed recipient of these communications to take them at their face value when he finds their author doing the sort of things that Mr. Hueffer does again and again in this book. Mr. Hueffer calls himself blithely "an innovating purist". But what are you to say to a man who hands you his card with "innovating purist" written on it, and then proceeds to talk to you like this: "Until *that* date I had been usually treated by reviewers to praise *that* you might have called fulsome—and *that* for writing *that* was exactly similar in tone to *that* of the James book; analytical stuff *that* was not particularly good, but *that*, rather vaguely and without great purpose or vigor, now and then illuminated. . . ." etc., etc. [our italics.] "If *that* is Apollo Belvidere," said Mr. Clyde Fitch's unforgettable Mrs. Perkins, gazing upon the statue, "give me Perkins." If *that* is purism, give me corruption! the flabbergasted reader might well exclaim after struggling through this sentence of Mr. Hueffer's, and many another equally cluttered with verbal weeds and underbrush. And there is that extraordinary group of sentences (the curious may find it on page 91 of his book) in which Mr. Hueffer's vocabulary fails him so tragically that he can think of no epithet to express his emotions except the adjective *immense*, which he uses six times on one page. And what are you to think of a writer, coyly commended to our notice as "the finest Stylist in England", who sends to press a sentence like this: "You are not progressively highly cultured if you insist on having your food brought to table in dishes succulent;" a writer who can speak soberly of "lady representatives"?

The trouble with Mr. Hueffer, of course, is, first, that he is quite humorless, and, secondly, that he has no more business to be writing pontifically about English prose as a fine art—or even a merely utilitarian art—than a groundhog would have to dogmatize about meteorology simply because he has some reputation as a barometer. There is no reason, of course, why Mr. Hueffer should write admirable prose, or even good prose. It is no one's

duty to treat English as an art—indeed, it is largely a waste of time to do so. There is an almost microscopic market for fine prose; there is an immense and flourishing one for bad prose. Mr. Harold Bell Wright and Dr. Frank Crane are read by multitudes; Mrs. Meynell and Mr. Max Beerbohm by a handful. We do not hold it against Mr. Hueffer that he is willing to publish phrases like "lady representatives", and "progressively highly cultured", and "brought to table in dishes succulent". It is every man's right to utter his thoughts in banal and slovenly English; and Mr. Hueffer's English is often as crude and fly-specked as a railroad lunch-counter. We would never have mentioned the fact if Mr. Hueffer had not seen fit to come before his readers in *Thus to Revisit* as a master of exemplary prose. If he were amusing or gaily impudent in his incredible conceit, one might easily rejoice in him; but he is merely shrill and bumptious, and that is not easily to be borne.

We realize that it is a dangerous matter to criticize Mr. Hueffer. You run the risk of setting yourself down in his eyes as one of those "Typical Critics" whom he so deliciously pins upon his card of literary specimens. This Typical Critic remains "dominantly Victorian". He wears habitually a butterfly collar, a well-brushed dark-blue Melton overcoat, and a bowler hat of conservative lines. He is Editor of the *Literary Journal*, adviser to three leading publishers, admires Alexandre Dumas père as a stylist, has no use for *Les Jeunes*, and is, generally speaking, "the safe critic of Anglo-Saxondom, a literary politician, ready to hound to death any Keats whom he might suspect of being allied to some anti-Court Party . . . ready to kill *any* new poet with a sneer." And he is adept at playing safe. Especially, says Mr. Hueffer, "he would like to abolish *me*, and, when this book falls under his reviewing hands, will seek to do so".

Lest we ally ourselves with this horrifying type, we hasten to declare that we would not abolish Mr. Hueffer if we could. We found his matter, apart from his manner, uncommonly rewarding and admirable. He has courage, candor, insight, flexibility, a singular vividness in projecting a condition, an experience, a personality, a picture, which comes through and registers in spite of the sometimes execrable style that has to serve as its medium.

He is exhilaratingly untrammelled by prepossessions or taboos or genteel academic reverences. He has small use for the literary stuffed-shirt, for the pompous and sterile Respectabilities who are mere chair-warmers of the seats of the mighty, and who exert themselves only to obstruct and obscure: who do not know that the contemporary scene is vibrant with new life, and that they themselves are dead. He is not afraid to throw bricks and barbs and hand-grenades (in the effectually ruthless manner which he learned at the Front from 1914 to 1918) at these able and threatening adversaries.

Mr. Hueffer says that he has been called "the only critic in England"; we are prepared to be convinced, though we are still on the fence. It may also be that Mr. Hueffer is, as he says Mr. Ezra Pound says, "one of the only four poets in the world"—let us guess: Mr. Pound, Mr. Hueffer . . . who can the other two be? We must take Mr. Pound's word for it, for we have not read Mr. Hueffer's verse. But we like him best of all when he is exhibiting one of those half malicious, half affectionate portraits of his friends which are scattered through his book.

Is it possible that anyone—even that egregious thing, a Typical Critic—could wish to "abolish" anyone who can convey the hue of truth so memorably as Mr. Hueffer often does? Almost we forgive him, because of his vivacity and charm in portraiture, for being (as they say in Holland) so "very fine-stylished".

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

PREPARATIONS for the Conference on Limitation of Armament proceed with the same fine discretion and seriousness of purpose that marked the act of the President in inviting the other Great Powers to what may well prove to be the most profitable international congress the world has known. It is not too much to say that not one false step has been taken, not one false word has been spoken, by those in responsible authority. There were some attempts, indeed, by those who were neither responsible nor authoritative, to make the Conference appear to be committed to courses which would have discredited and defeated it in advance. Chief of these was the persistent effort to make it popularly known as a "Disarmament Conference," which may have been merely stupid but which really seemed at times to be inspired by a malicious desire to misrepresent it, to arouse and to encourage expectations that it would undertake something which was in fact never contemplated, and thus to bring reproach and condemnation upon it for its failure to realize an utterly false standard. This was finally baffled by a note of sharp rebuke and correction from the Secretary of State. Another mischievous thing was the demand, somewhat blatantly put forward, that the American members of the Conference should be representatives not of the whole nation but of certain classes, federations and what not. This was admirably met and disposed of by the President in appointing four men who, probably above any other four that could have been selected, were meritoriously and authoritatively representative of the whole nation and its Government, without regard to section, class, or any other special interest.

The wisdom of confining the Conference to the five Great Powers is so obvious as to be challenged by none save a few who, with strange fatuity, attempt to contrast it to its disadvantage

with the much more numerous League of Nations. The chief result of that attempt is, of course, self-stultification; for while the League nominally consists of forty-odd members, it is notorious that all real power is reserved for a Big Five. The difference between the two is that the League is a close corporation of a few Powers assuming to dictate to all the rest, while the Conference at Washington will be a combination of a few Powers attending strictly to their own business. The logic of this restriction of the Conference is impregnable. The only Powers qualified to deal with the question of armament are the armed Powers. That is axiomatic. "Let Messieurs the Assassins begin!" was the shrewd response to a demand for abolition of the death penalty. If the world is to be freed from the burden of vast armaments, it must be by the action of the Powers which have such armaments. Moreover, from either the militant or the irenic point of view, these five are—with all respect for the others—the only Powers that really count, for the purposes now in view. They would have, if it were desired so to do, sufficient physical strength to impose peace upon all the world. So long as they remain at peace, there can be nothing like a world war, nor one that could seriously and widely affect the welfare of the human race. If they find and agree upon a basis for the limitation of armaments on sea and land, we may be sure that there will be no development of bloated armaments elsewhere.

Wise, too, is the Conference in its restriction of its agenda to a few practical subjects, relating to means at least as much as to the end to be attained. In this respect it presents a noteworthy contrast to some of those former gatherings with which it is almost inevitably to be compared. First of these, naturally, was the Holy Alliance, of a century ago; following, like this, the greatest war that Europe had thus far known, and consisting, like this, of a few Powers. Its essential faults were, in contrast to this Conference, that its principles were hopelessly vague and its practices entirely sordid. It aimed to have the world governed according to the principles of the Christian religion; though there was no subject on which men generally—and particularly the men at the head of those Powers—more radically and passionately disagreed

than that of what those principles were. It proceeded in effect to attempt to dominate and oppress other nations in order to serve the selfish interests of its own members. Another great international conclave was the Congress of Berlin, in 1878; which was one of the most cynically self-seeking and unscrupulous bodies that ever did homage to the principle "You tickle me and I'll tickle you!"—a congress which was the fecund source of the majority of the international bickerings, jealousies and wars which have since scourged Europe, and which could scarcely have been a more perfect *agent provocateur* of the World War if it had been called and conducted for that sole purpose. The two Peace Congresses at The Hague also demand consideration. They led to more results of practical beneficence to the world than any other such meetings which the world has thus far known, and failed to accomplish still more because of the very faults which the present gathering has avoided—the faults of comprising too many nations and of attempting to do too many different things. These latter faults reached their fullest and deadliest development in the late Paris Conference and the League of Nations which it created; aiming to include everybody and to attempt everything. The Conference this month at Washington will differ from its predecessors in consisting solely of interested, qualified and efficient Powers, in aiming at only a few specific and pertinent objects, and in seeking to attain those objects not by taking a blind "leap in the dark" toward them regardless of all that may intervene, but by "doing the next thing" with scrupulous attention to each successive step and means by which the end is to be reached.

"If you do not button the first button," said Goethe, "you will never succeed in buttoning up your coat." However far this Conference may or may not go, it purposes to begin by buttoning the first button.

The attitude of the League of Nations toward the Conference has been significant, as manifested during the meeting at Geneva held simultaneously with the making of the preparations for the gathering at Washington. On the part of some conspicuous delegates there was an air of dejection, of almost querulous complaint,

and, it is to be feared, of ill-concealed jealousy. Non-participation by the United States was again charged with responsibility for the weakness of the League and its failure to accomplish more; and a feeling of pessimism concerning the future of the League, even as a moral force, was not to be disguised. On the other hand there were those who frankly recognized the right of the United States to stand aloof from the League and to call a conference according to its own designs, and who cordially wished success to the Conference, as an enterprise seeking the same end as the League though by a different way. Most significant of all was the final determination of the League to undertake no action looking to the reduction or limitation of naval armaments, but to leave that matter entirely to the Conference at Washington, which was thus conceded to be better fitted and more efficient to deal with it than the League.

Proverbial "neatness and dispatch" marked the disposition of the Mandate problem. Changes had been rung for months upon the unfortunate loss which the United States had suffered through not ratifying the Treaty of Versailles, and in thus being excluded from any interest or rights in the vast series of mandates which the League had given over former German and Turkish territories. After the iteration of this folly had sufficiently run its course, our Government very quietly but very firmly and convincingly reminded the world that declining to ratify one treaty did not automatically abrogate another treaty; that by abstaining from membership in the League of Nations the United States has not renounced nor forfeited any of the rights under treaties or international law which it previously possessed; and that since the United States essentially contributed to the winning of the war and thus to enabling the establishment of those mandates, it was entitled to have and would insist upon having a voice in the administration of them. If any opposition has been offered to this logical and just requirement, information thereof has not yet been imparted to the world. Thus the sum total of the much-exploited disadvantages, losses and sacrifices which this country was to suffer through not ratifying the Treaty of Versailles expeditiously approaches the vanishing point.

More and more the Latin American countries appear to be losing their illusions concerning the League of Nations, and to be turning back toward the principles of the Monroe Doctrine and the Panama Congress of 1824. At the recent Geneva meeting Bolivia sought the intervention of the League for the settlement of her long-standing controversy with Chili over the Pacific Coast frontage of which the latter country deprived her as a consequence of war; a demand based upon the principle enunciated by President Wilson in his contention, in his "Fourteen Points", that Poland—and therefore Bolivia, argued the representatives of that country—should have free and secure access to the sea. The Chilian representative promptly announced that, on the basis of Article XXI of the Covenant—the Monroe Doctrine article—Chili would dispute and refuse to recognize the right of the League thus to meddle with a purely American matter. In the face of this, remembering Argentina's withdrawal from the meetings of the Assembly last year, and seeing that already eight Latin American countries were absenting themselves from this year's meeting, the League prudently refrained from intervening, but, with Chili's careless assent, referred to a commission the question whether it had any right to take action in the matter. If the decision is affirmative, it is assumed that instead of intervening *per se* the League will content itself with recommending that the disputants refer the case to the International Court of Justice which it is now establishing. To that Chili may or may not assent. We recall that the first case presented to the Permanent Tribunal at The Hague was the purely American dispute between the United States and Mexico over the Pious Fund. It is one thing to have European arbitrators or jurists adjudicate an American controversy; it would be quite another thing to have a European political combination meddle and dictate in American affairs. The postlude to this episode at the Geneva assembly was the blunt declaration by the Colombian delegate that his country would hasten to seek membership in a new association of nations on the basis set forth by President Harding, should the United States take the lead in its formation, and his expression of belief that all the other republics of South and Central America would do the same.

An auspicious step toward closer relationships between the United States and its southern neighbors was taken by the Pan-American Postal Congress at Buenos Aires, in agreeing that each country should be free to fix its own foreign postal rates, provided that they did not exceed a certain maximum. That, it is assumed, will mean in the near future reduction of our rate to those countries from five cents an ounce on letters to two cents. The former rate, now prevailing, is the maximum permitted by the agreement; the latter is not only our domestic rate but also our rate to Mexico, Cuba, Panama, the Dutch West Indies, Santo Domingo, and all parts of the British Empire throughout the world. It certainly seems illogical for us to send letters to Australia and South Africa for two cents, and charge five cents on those sent to Colombia, Venezuela and Brazil. Reduction of rate would temporarily reduce postal revenue, but in a short time that loss would be more than recouped by the increase in mail matter carried and, more especially, in the increase of commercial and other relations which would thus be induced. A uniform postal rate of two cents among all countries in the Western Hemisphere would be a most pertinent and efficient corollary to the Monroe Doctrine. Another perhaps still more important step in the same direction would be the adoption of a uniform unit of monetary value. We should not expect any nation to give up its own design of coinage or of paper bills, or its own monetary nomenclature. But under different names and bearing different designs the various coins and bills could all be of equal value. Such a system was adopted many years ago by more than half a dozen nations of Europe, with advantageous results. France retained its franc, Spain its peseta, Italy its lira, Greece its drachma, Roumania its leu, but they were all made of precisely the same intrinsic value and thus indiscriminately interchangeable. The convenience and practical value of this arrangement, in commerce and in travelling, could scarcely be over-stated. Since measures of time, of temperature, of electrical force, and other important things, are uniform throughout the world, and the extending application of the metric system is making measures of distance, area, capacity and weight similarly uniform, it certainly seems to be time to consider a similar standardizing of monetary values.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

A JOURNAL OF THE GREAT WAR. By Charles G. Dawes. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

As compared with the biggest kind of big business, the work of providing and distributing supplies for the Allied Armies in France stands out as a task of unprecedented magnitude and difficulty. The complexity of the factors involved, the immense importance depending upon decisions that had to be made quickly, the almost superhuman efforts required of all concerned, show that those behind the lines, no less than those at the front, were engaged in a desperate struggle, calling for all they had to give of nerve and brain, and that the situation could have been dealt with only by men of extraordinary ability and of unbounded devotion.

This book, then, *A Journal of the Great War*, may be called the epic of Charles Dawes; for though it is mainly a somewhat hurried record of day-to-day activities, a record often detailed and technical to a degree, the greatness of the theme, the tensity of feeling aroused by crisis after crisis, the heroic exertions described, make it a kind of epic in the rough. The book is not exactly fit for digestion by the average reader, but a Carlyle would find in it historic materials —materials of human nature, strong personality, great work—that would exercise his genius.

In June, 1917, soon after the United States declared war upon Germany, Charles Dawes, then fifty-one years of age, was commissioned as Major in the Engineers (17th Regiment, National Army). The Major, who happened to be a bank president, rode to Atlanta in a private car, but there was no suggestion of habituation to privilege or luxury in the way in which he devoted himself to the work of drilling and organizing. Within a month he received his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel. Soon after his arrival in France, the Commander-in-Chief, his personal friend, made him General Purchasing Agent for the American Expeditionary Force in France. Subsequently he became a Colonel and then a Brigadier-General, but his military rank is not so important as the fact that he was the keystone of Allied coöperation behind the lines. From the first it was his object to make coördination in securing and purchasing supplies *inter-Ally*. In April, 1918, he addressed to General Pershing a letter urging the creation of the Military Board of Allied Supplies. The French readily accepted the principle of unification; the British authorities, though averse to what seemed to them a doubtful innovation, came into line by the beginning of June. Thus was set up an agency of the utmost importance in the winning of the war. "If we get the Service of Supply of the Allies in a firm military control,"

wrote Dawes in May, "so as properly to use our resources, to match the military unification of control at the front, it will be the sure beginning of victory." After the creation of the Board, he rejoiced because "we can officially clear the way for common sense—the ultimate king of all successful wars—to have its day in the rear of the armies." Later he wrote: "The longer I am connected with our Military Board, the more I realize the tremendous advantage its earlier organization would have been to the Allied armies, even before America entered the war."

The work with which General Dawes was more or less directly concerned as Purchasing Agent may be measured by its results. The Purchasing Board saved approximately ten million ship tons in transportation from the United States—through what strenuous planning and difficult negotiations, it requires a book even partially to tell. But the duties of the American member of the Military Board of Supplies are even more eloquent of strain and distraction. On one day, the securing of an order to the French Army, "through which it is hoped that we shall secure a larger number of German prisoners at the points where French and American troops act in conjunction"; on another, a conference with M. Tardieu, "relative to the method to be pursued in coördination of wireless apparatus behind the lines—programmes, codes, etc." There is no end to the variety of problems to be considered, crises crowding one upon another, plans to be made in view of a future concerning which nothing was certain except that preparation could not exceed requirements.

Coördination itself is an obvious idea; the difficulty is to apply it. Nothing is more contrary to human nature than coöperation requiring any considerable relinquishment of authority, real or nominal, on the part of the coöperators. "I am thankful," wrote Dawes in June, "that when we started, nearly sixty days ago, this effort to coördinate the rear of the armies, we did not realize the enormous obstacles in the way of it, having their root in individual selfishness and ambition. When a man looks at a proposition involving the common interest only from the standpoint of how it will affect his own authority, he is a hard man to persuade—in fact, you cannot persuade him. The only way you can move him is so to expose his opposition to reason to all those about him in official position that his self-clogged soul suddenly realizes that if it longer opposes reason it will be hurt more than by acquiescing in it." Thus, there was continual need of resolution, of unconventional brusqueness; of the ability to "dissipate the formal atmosphere which the weak always allow to retard their purposes"; of the exercise of "power with patience"; and above all, of that persistence in direct and forcible statement which is necessary to make sound reason prevail even against honest opposition. And so it results that by putting together General Dawes's incidental remarks about his work one could construct a discourse quite equal in wisdom to Bacon's essay on *Despatch*.

To the author himself, the most important conclusions to be derived from his experience seem to be those connected with the principles of army purchase and supply; his second volume contains a valuable monograph on the subject.

In brief, he found that, great as is the value of coördination, independent departmental purchase is a necessity in war time—business principles being of limited application because the aims of war and of business are utterly different. In this matter the author's conclusions are of the highest authority and afford a solid basis for future organization, should such organization on a huge scale ever again become necessary—as perhaps it may! But apart from this, General Dawes's book is destined to be much quoted and often referred to because it contains materials for a just measurement and true appreciation of the administrative work accomplished by Americans in France.

LIFE OF VENIZELOS. By S. B. Chester. New York: George H. Doran Company.

There are few men now living whose biographies one would begin to read with more curiosity and interest than that of Venizelos. To say nothing of the fact that his career is, as Mr. Chester remarks, "the most amazing political romance of our time," the man's character and abilities have made a profoundly favorable impression upon public opinion outside the former enemy countries. We have high authority, moreover, for considering the popular estimate of him correct. When Venizelos was a young advocate in Crete, M. Clemenceau predicted that in a few years the whole of Europe would be speaking of him. Prince Lichnowsky declared that he was easily "the most distinguished personality" at the Balkan Conference of 1912–1913. President Wilson is said to have rated Venizelos highest in personal ability of all the delegates assembled at the Peace Conference in Paris.

Curiosity tends to centre especially upon that earlier period in the life of Venizelos which is not a part of the history of the war. But unfortunately the very nature of the subject makes this portion of the story obscure. Crete, before annexation, seems to have been not so much a country as an international problem; its politics were a welter of more or less blind antagonisms and religious animosities, Turkish corruption, insurrectionary movements, diplomatic fumblings, tentative interventions. It is not at all easy to see, in all this, what is important and what is not; and the author's style is somewhat less competent than that of Grote—as no doubt his sources are in some ways less clear.

We have first a succession of Turkish governors, and the usual story of Turkish maladministration, very slightly tempered by protest, and with the ordinary accompaniment of assassinations. The one thing clear about the Cretan people is that all who are Christians long for union with Greece. At last the protecting Powers are brought to the point of sanctioning the appointment of Prince George of Greece as High Commissioner of the island. Compared with Turkish misrule, the sway of the High Commissioner is bland and beneficent. But the Cretans desire annexation as passionately as the Irish long for independence. Prince George, moreover, turns out to be the usual princely egoist

—well intentioned in his way, but ostentatious and incompetent. He shows a tendency toward a kind of petty absolutism, he interferes with the freedom of the press, influences the elections, and disgusts people by the paternalism of his government. Venizelos has to remonstrate against his proposal to build a palace on the island. The High Commissioner heartily sympathizes with the popular desire for annexation, but wants all the credit for himself, and thinks he can accomplish the desired end through his family connections. He makes a round of visits to European courts. His worst fault, however, the narrative makes it appear, is that he falls out with Venizelos.

Venizelos announces a plan to make Crete a Principality after the analogy of certain Balkan States—this as a step toward annexation. But he is generally misunderstood, and the High Commissioner, seeing his advantage, denounces the plan as unconstitutional and ill advised, and deprives Venizelos of power. That wily politician soon sees the wisdom of advocating annexation outright; he has no intention of tying his political fortunes to a particular programme. Soon we see Venizelos in revolution at Therisso, where he and his friends adopt a platform of which the principal plank is—annexation.

In this Therisso episode, it is difficult not to see something gravely comic. It is impossible not to feel that the narrative, because not sufficiently interpretative, does not do full justice to Venizelos, leaving the reader to imagine him as just what the author says he was not—a "careerist", a man constitutionally in opposition.

For lack of interpretation, too, American minds may find difficulty in conceiving the circumstances under which Venizelos was called to power in Greece. The Greek Military League demands the expulsion of Prince Constantine and his brothers from the army; there is military rising in Athens and then a naval mutiny. The government is paralyzed, and Venizelos, fresh from his successful defiance of Greek authority in the person of Prince George, is summoned to Athens as a mediator. Does not this impress one a little as if the United States, unable to cope with insubordination in the army and navy—supposing such a thing possible—should call in General Obregon to take charge of affairs? Doubtless the matter wears this curious aspect only because at this distance we cannot readily appreciate the instability of the Greek situation or the manner in which Venizelos loomed up. Doubtless he was all the time the far-sighted statesman placing the true value upon issues petty in appearance and finding opportunities for future great accomplishments in what might seem purely factional strife. But one wishes that the author had been able so to describe the political settting that one might see more of the woods and less of the trees.

A great statesman Venizelos unequivocally appears to be in the Greek portion of the narrative. The story of the man who created the Balkan League, made Greater Greece a reality, represented true Greek sentiment and real Greek interests in spite of a pro-German King, is well and clearly told, though the recent fall of Venizelos from power is left unexplained. Everywhere, how-

ever, the man's strong judgment, his phenomenal will, his power of dealing with "impossible" situations, are clearly apparent. It is worth noting that Venizelos was a supporter of monarchy so far as monarchy meant stability. He has been criticized for not stirring up a revolution when on October 5, 1918, he was forced by the King to resign, though he had a majority in the Chamber. "But those who have made this criticism," said he, "seem to be lacking in psychological insight. No man is changed in twenty-four hours from the responsible adviser of a country with a regularly established form of government into a revolutionary leader. . . . But even if this could be regarded as an accusation aimed at me on the ground that I did not prove to be a man of quick decision, I should still have to answer that it was impossible for me to follow any other course than the one I did. At that moment it was not possible for me to make a stand for the liberties of the State. Such a contest would have provoked a civil war."

BACK TO METHUSELAH. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's.

A prophet is a person with a simple but terrifying message, a critic whose comments upon his contemporaries are unsparing to the verge of abusiveness, a preacher unconventional enough to shock his hearers and visionary enough to inspire them. This, if not a satisfactory definition, is a fair description—and it applies to Shaw.

His message, in *Back to Methuselah*, is the simple and terrifying one that evolution is *creative*, and that the same power which created mankind can and will destroy it and put something better in its place, if the human species proves inadequate. It is a message which places upon every person a kind of cosmic responsibility. His satire, ranging over human life from the Garden of Eden to the confines of an incomprehensible future, exposes forgivable human weakness or inexcusable imbecility, in no despairing mood, but with a kind of cheerfulness and zest which can be felt only by one who has a disagreeable mission from on high. Crabbed or gentle, subtle and dexterous or comic with an extravagance bordering on horseplay, he damns human nature with a grin and at the same time proclaims its inherent greatness. His visions, if not beautiful, at least go far toward convincing one that the human race can do what it will.

Any competent imaginative writer could build up an entire new order of things upon the supposition that certain human beings in some way acquired the power of living for three hundred years or more. Only Shaw could perceive that the long-lived ones would be shy of second marriages, that they would get into trouble with the pension authorities, that the prospect of long life would increase the horror of rheumatism; or could have foreseen the effect upon the short-lived people of the thought that they too might be of the elect. Only he could have worked the play into such a shape that he could make a Chinese "Chief Secretary" tell a British "President", with entire convincingness and with assured superiority, that he was nothing but a good-natured barbarian,

congenitally incapable of understanding the art of government. The thing takes every conceivable turn, and it all seems true.

But when we reach the last of the five plays which make up the book—the one called *As Far as Thought Can Reach*—we get into a region where satire becomes pessimism in spite of itself. Human progress is here conceived no otherwise than as a hypertrophy of intellect accompanied by an atrophy of feeling. It is a shrewd and deep stroke which reveals all art as essentially a matter of playing with dolls; but the long-lived "ancients" of this play are really almost as distressing as the Struldburgs—those unhappy immortals imagined by Swift. They are so aimless that despite their vast powers they appear to be in a kind of terrible second childhood. The trouble seems to be that Shaw conceives the creative will, not as inner self and inner law in one, but as a kind of cosmic magic that may be used for the satisfaction of whim. Hence it is seen to be as lawless and cruel as the justly despised "Circumstantial Selection" of the non-creative evolutionists. Aimlessness strikes one as no better than mechanism.

Exaggeration, which is of the essence of the comic method, is illuminating up to a certain point, but breaks down and proves misleading when it deals with final questions. Comedy, the great revealer of human nature to itself, cannot conceive problems of destiny, and when forced to make the attempt imagines monstrosities, mere distorted figures, neither amusing nor significant.

THE MASTER OF MAN. By Hall Caine. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

There is no question, of course, about Hall Caine's new novel being melodrama. It has even the superficial marks—to such an extent that just as one has yielded to the appeal of a tale which—melodramatic or not—is well plotted and "strong", one is jarred by some such cliché as, "Not a leaf stirred." But it will not do to be merely supercilious. There is a real question about this novel—namely, Does its being *spiritual* melodrama make it better or worse?

The pivotal character of the story is Victor Stowell, son of a much respected and justice-loving Manx deemster, or judge. Victor falls in love with Fenella Stanley, the Governor's daughter—an angelic young woman; but during her long absence from the island, he commits an indiscretion with a young peasant girl, Bessie Collister. His honorable traditions constrain him to marry Bessie, but first he sends her to live with some elderly maiden ladies who undertake her education. Then two things happen, both seemingly fortunate for Victor: Fenella comes home and falls as deeply in love with him as he with her; and his best friend, Alick Gell, falls in love with Bessie. A little blind on the moral side, he conceals from Alick the fact of Bessie's misstep, and with a blindness less easy to understand, he is quite unprepared for what follows. Bessie is at

her mother's house when her child is born. In fear of her cruel step-father, she half intentionally, half by accident, stifles the infant. Her attempts at concealment are unsuccessful, and she is arrested. Stowell, who has meanwhile been appointed to the office of Deemster, is placed in the dreadful situation of being obliged to preside at her trial. He hopes to get her off, but Fate is against him, and she is condemned. Unable to endure the prospect of her death at the hands of the law, he, the judge, arranges her escape from prison; and she and the faithful Gell leave the island on a tramp steamer, which, fortunately for stage purposes, is able to anchor near the castle where Bessie is confined. Then, of course, nothing is left for Stowell but public confession, after which Fenella marries him in prison.

Certainly no author has succeeded in involving his hero in a more terrible false position. Whether this is exactly the method of Providence in the punishment of sin and the salvation of souls, one must beg leave to doubt. That process by which the consequences of a man's fault are pyramided, as it were, until at last he is made to bear the responsibility of a great mass of grievous consequences and collateral misfortunes and misdeeds, seems hardly fair—and hence scarcely legitimate material for a moral tragedy. Of course, if there were anything in the character or circumstances of Stowell to make his fate especially appropriate, the case would be different. But the contrary is true; in fact, the sentiment aroused by the story depends in large measure upon an arbitrary and unreal contrast between Stowell's character and the things he does and suffers. He is not a weak man; he is carefully portrayed as a strong man from his youth up—hero through and through. In a word, he sins but to be saved—in the most approved manner, by Providence and a good woman.

In certain parts of *The Master of Man* there is evidence of an honest dramatic skill such as may raise ordinary melodrama above contempt as an entertainment. This is particularly true of the court scenes and of the escape. A certain simplicity and directness of style, and a rather thin though persuasive effect of primitiveness in the Manx environment, deepens the impression. But the novel as a whole is condemned by its sham inevitableness and its reckless idealizations.

Mrs. Farrell. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Nothing could well seem more unpromising as a scene for a novel than an old-time New England farm boarding-house—a summer refuge filled with "old fogies, decayed gentles, and cultivated persons of small means". The life of such a place seems to have been necessarily trivial and insipid. Modern amusements had not been invented. The automobile was unheard of. Women trailed through woods and pastures in long skirts, collected flowers and ferns without the aid of "nature books", gossiped, went to church, painted cat-tails, and when all else failed had more or less interesting spells of ill-health. Men

smoked and went fishing; it is not upon record that they did anything else to amuse themselves. In general, during their brief sojourns, they made no secret of their boredom.

It is easy to see how an unmitigated realist could make such a setting terribly dampening to the spirits. Howells himself almost did this in a later book, *The Vacation of the Kelwyns*. In this latter story nothing supports one except the author's philosophy and humane feeling.

But in *Mrs. Farrell* Howells is not an unmitigated realist, and he is at his best. His pleasantry plays with lively zest over the fatuities and commonplaces of the situation; but this sprightliness is not the chief distinction of the story; there is a difference of method between this novel and his later work. Whereas in *The Vacation of the Kelwyns* the author appears to *study* his characters (with sympathy, it is true) and to *observe* them, and whereas in that powerful narrative *The Leatherwood God* he with almost saintlike tolerance and sad insight studies human nature, in *Mrs. Farrell* (written in 1875, though now first published in book form) he is warmly imaginative. He interprets his characters, breathes the breath of life into them. The reader is made to feel their atmosphere, their interests, what it is that makes them go. This is because the author has put into the story the richness and resilience of his own personality —not merely the more or less inspired workings of his reason and conscience.

Later, there seems to have been a stiffening of his philosophy, and in time he came to feel (it seems a pity) that he could no longer write of love and mating. But here he betrays no consciousness of inner difficulties—even in writing of flirtation. In place of a too obtrusively guiding philosophy, we have a quick impressibility, transforming the commonplace, rendering it amusing or thrilling —precisely the sort of thing that makes a man the best of good company. Philosophy comes in only where it should—in guiding the course of the story and in the epilogue.

The charm is remarkable—it surrounds Mrs. Gilbert like an aura, so that one likes her and stands in a somewhat childlike awe of her, despite one's perception of her very human limitations; it triumphs over the artificiality of Mrs. Farrell, so that one likes her, too; it gives a mellowness to the rather terrifying morality of Easton, and relieves the stark idealism of the Damon and Pythias relation between him and Gilbert. It throws a glow over Mrs. Stevenson's painted cat-tails. It is the charm of the writer's personality—the secret of one who knew how to enter intimately, but always with the artist's detachment, into the lives of others, and so to create.

This infectious story is what every good novel should be—a victory over boredom; in other words, a reinforcement of life.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A PROBLEM IN DIVISION

SIR:

It often happens in reading your very valuable publication, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, that one article will seem to me to be of especial interest to one member of my scattered household, and another article to another member. I separate them from the magazine and mail them in various directions. Sometimes one article will overlap in the paging so that they cannot be separated. It has occurred to me to wish that each one might be printed in such a way that it could be detached without destroying the preceding or the following production. This method in a large issue would of course, require a considerably larger amount of paper, and therefore not be practical. However, I feel sure that you will not be inhospitable to the suggestion, and will infer from it, that I hold the periodical in high esteem.

ELIZABETH G. (MRS. M. WOOLSEY) STRYKER.

Rome, New York.

"OUR FEAR OF EXCELLENCE"

SIR:

If I had the awarding of a prize for the most worth while thing I have read this summer, it would go to Miss Margaret Sherwood for "Our Fear of Excellence" in the August REVIEW. Upon turning to your convenient word about contributors I was delighted to find she was the author of six books I have not read. I procured the "Worn Doorstep", and it was not disappointing. I hope Miss Sherwood continues her connection with Wellesley, as I have a small grand-daughter I should like to bring under her safe and sane influence.

I was not surprised that there was one who wrote a demurrer to the premises and conclusions of "Our Fear of Excellence". The demurring writer skimmed the surface, and found nothing but pessimism! I hope to see other articles by Miss Sherwood, and thank you for introducing me to this calm, deep thinker.

F. W. BARRETT.

Atlanta, Georgia.

FOLLOW THE PRESIDENT

SIR:

Nothing could have been more timely, as a corollary to President Harding's epoch-making call for disarmament than Mr. Vernon Kellogg's article on "The Simplicity of War" in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for August. The sad

mess that we are in, he justly says, is "largely because of our own indecision and delay in positive action." Well, the President is certainly chargeable with no indecision or delay. With superb promptness and decision he has performed "positive action" of the most inspiring and auspicious character. He has thus done all that in him lies to do, to cause this nation and the world to act in peace as efficiently as in war. It now rests with Congress, and with those who control the business affairs of the nation, to follow his example in their respective provinces. Follow the President, and peace will be simpler than war.

CHARLES TITUS.

Trenton, N. J.

"LIGHT AND LEADING"—NOT DRIVING

SIR:

At the outset I wish it understood that Mrs. Cannon's article in your current issue is as searching as it is interesting and as true as it is fascinating. But Mrs. Cannon, who, I believe, is not merely a writer but an evangelist as well, makes a mistake common to evangelists. Though giving her reasons for the national weakness which considers optimism as the foundation of Americanism, though making it plain that she understands and perhaps forgives the weakness, she nevertheless raises her voice in protest, and, in vehemently proclaiming that the time for a changed mental attitude toward life has arrived, forgets her compassion and, instead of leading her hearers, begins to drive them.

America needs the mentor with a Cornelia Cannon mind, but will learn nothing from the Cornelia Cannon brand of teaching. As nations go we are much too young, much too prosperous, much too optimistic to mend our ways in the quick fashion urged by your contributor. Kindness, patience, sympathy and understanding are needed. Before Mrs. Cannon can bring her countrymen to her level she must first, for brief periods, descend to theirs. She must become more intimate with the president of the local Booster's Club, the local chamber of commerce, who not infrequently is rather proud of his intellectual attainments, to appreciate the type and to know it. Closer contact and a deeper sympathy will teach Mrs. Cannon that not all is lost yet, that not all is as bad as she seems to think it is, and that hope lies in leading and not in driving.

DONALD HUSTED.

East Orange, New Jersey.

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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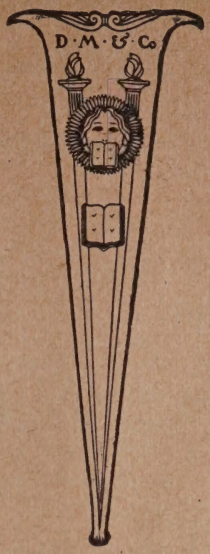

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1921

AN UNEMPLOYMENT RESERVE FUND

BY WILLIAM McCLELLAN

"For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do"—and for idle minds to think. This is the grave menace of unemployment. In the long run, the disturbances to industrial peace which follow unemployment are much more serious than the financial loss due to stopping production, expensive as this may be. When men are busy earning an income to which they are accustomed, their minds are calm and changes in industrial relations are quite likely to be brought about without violence. In addition, the possibility of unemployment ever hovering over the workers is also a constantly disturbing factor in all efforts for industrial stability. Under present industrial conditions the working man cannot think without considering this menace. He never knows when a long continued period of employment under reasonably satisfactory conditions will be interrupted suddenly by a panic of some sort. Suddenly a shut-down of the factory or mill occurs, because orders have stopped coming in and the product of the workmen's hands is apparently not needed for a time. Naturally he wonders why, and begins to blame someone. He knows that the employing class at the same time has ceased to make money, which forces him to conclude that bad management by somebody is the cause. As recent movements in the labor world prove, he is quite likely to wonder if he could not manage better himself if given the opportunity.

The working class has some right to expect that the managing

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class will prevent unemployment, especially as it would be to the latter's own advantage. The workman cannot provide himself with continuous employment. He is an employe, and of necessity looks to an employer for employment. Not long ago I heard the chief executive of one of the largest manufacturing businesses in the country say that his workmen had a perfect right to expect him to keep them busy all the time. This was his business, and if unemployment came it was his fault, or the fault of his class. The man was not a rabid Socialist, but is accepted by capitalists and conservative business men of the country as one of their own. Unquestionably, his state of mind must become more general if unemployment troubles are to disappear or even lessen in severity.

Conferences such as the recent one held at Washington are futile for immediate needs. Not a single remedy proposed is actually available for any real results. Every quick-acting remedy assumes tacitly that the industrial world has merely stumbled, or has temporarily lost its way. Work is always waiting somewhere else, or can be made to order. Employers could do something if they could only see what; which perhaps a conference can discover. But few employers are ignorantly stopping their production when it might just as well proceed. The only municipal work which can, or should, go ahead is that which has been carefully planned, financed, and is ready to go ahead at the time. To put all employes on half time instead of working half on full time is not practical, as a rule. Usually, when the working force is reduced, the younger and less attached, with smaller responsibilities, go first. To put the married and single, the old and the young, all on half time, would be to spread the disaffection deeper and broader and make the whole situation worse. To recommend a general system of employment agencies as a cure-all is not to know the conditions of the unemployed, physically or mentally. The unemployed is not a homogeneous class, which just wants work. Not to understand the several types of unemployed is to misunderstand the problem entirely.

Surveys of various sorts which have been made show that there are three distinct mental types among the unemployed. There is the skilled mechanic or trained laborer. He has a family in a home which perhaps he owns. His children are at school and the

family have their local social ties. Such a workman perhaps has "worked up" to a more or less special position in the "works". Tell him that he can get a job fifteen hundred miles away and he is not interested. Tell him that he can work as an ordinary laborer at strange labor on the new city bridge, and he does not follow you. This man can only wait where he is until conditions change. He is the "attached worker".

Next there is the "unattached workman", either skilled or unskilled. He does not mind moving, but rather likes it. He never stays in any job very long. He does not care much just what he works at, if it is attractive when offered. To such a one, a system of employment agencies may be useful and may help him to work. When unemployment is general and widespread locally and industrially, however, the employment agencies are of relatively little use, even to the unattached worker.

Finally, there is the man whose earning power has been given a false rating by war or other conditions. He has lost his job which paid him high wages, and he will take no job which pays less. Such a one must be disillusioned, or rather he must disillusion himself in course of time. No outside agency can reason with him or help him. He is the "unbalanced worker". Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to consider "unbalanced workers" as a sub-class of the "attached" and "unattached" workers jointly. They are numerous, and I believe largely of the "attached" class, and principally in the unskilled or slightly skilled portion.

The hurriedly called conference stage in our present difficulty is what we have been accustomed to in the financial panics of the past. All of a sudden industry stopped, failures commenced, and the whole business world seemed tottering. J. P. Morgan in his day, or some other accepted leader, called a conference on financial emergency measures, just as the President did recently for unemployment. Schemes of all sorts were discussed and some help given here and there, but time was the only restorer. Gradually the people got over their scare and went back to business, somewhat subdued in spirit and with new resolutions to be circumspect in the future.

After a number of such experiences, it dawned on the minds

of many that machinery ought to be devised to prevent such "financial" panics. The Federal Reserve System was designed and put into operation, and financial panics are gone, apparently forever. But while money is readily available now wherever it is needed, in a certain sense there is as much unemployment of it as of labor. This fact powerfully illuminates our problem. Even if we could invent a Federal Employment Reserve System we should not be free from unemployment at times. All the more reason, therefore, to have such a system for both normal and abnormal times. Can a Federal Employment Reserve System be designed?

The first difficulty we face is the concreteness of labor. There can be no transfer of labor credits from Pittsburg to Des Moines, as in finance. It is as if the gold itself had always to travel where it was needed. Even this would not be as impracticable for gold as it is for labor. For, generally speaking, labor is immobile. The only labor that can be moved back and forth like gold is military labor.

It has been shown that at best only the unattached worker is at all mobile, and there are varying degrees of attachment. Nevertheless there is a respectable volume of unattached labor which is mobile and would be specie for a Federal Employment Reserve System. Such a system obviously must consist of well organized employment agencies, established at the proper centres and efficiently related to each other so as to mobilize the "unattached" labor reserve.

The Labor Unions of the country, if they were wise, would organize such a reserve system at once for all labor, skilled and unskilled. To a certain extent the best organized unions provide such a service in their own crafts. They would make the reserve self-supporting and would accept or permit only supervision and regulation by the Government, under a law generally similar to the Federal Reserve Law. I say this because I firmly believe that no Anglo-Saxon government can successfully be paternal. It is contrary to its genius. I say it also because just as the Federal Reserve Bank was almost the first unselfish act of capitalism, even though for its own protection, so the establishment of a Federal Employment Reserve by the representative organizations of labor

would be a constructive act toward industrial peace irrespective of any selfish motive.

It would be a happy solution if some means could be found to banish these periodic spells of widespread unemployment. Consumption would have to march in almost even step with production. This indeed seems impossible under our present industrial system. Such gigantic changes cannot be hoped for in a short time. Large bodies move slowly in the commercial and industrial world as in the physical world. The industrial world is a huge, headless, quivering mass, totally unorganized, its members subject to varying forces causing at times severe dislocations. Certainly management may be expected to consider the banishment of unemployment as its ultimate goal, but progress in this direction is bound to be slow. Perhaps means are at hand to accelerate the process, but at best the end is still very far off. For many years to come the periodic spells of unemployment, for one reason or another, will descend on the industrial community, and the question is, how they shall be overcome quickly, and meanwhile the suffering be reduced to a minimum.

Preparedness becomes a major virtue when emergency measures are relatively insufficient or ineffective. Moreover there is usually some unemployment ailment, in a more or less acute form, in our industrial organization. Any machinery devised for a widespread emergency would find some use most of the time. The Federal Employment System could make sure that every open job was filled as long as there was an unattached worker, but could do nothing to take care of the great residuum of unemployed when production had been greatly curtailed or interrupted. Assuming that an excellent employment system is in operation, what shall be devised to relieve the minds and bodies of the still unemployed?

Before taking up the question, it is desirable to recognize clearly certain changes which seem to be going on in the general industrial organization. The changes are important because they fix responsibility more definitely and thereby give rise to hope for more rapid progress. In the past there has been no distinct managing class. In academic discussion there have been constant references to *entrepreneurs*, but in practice they have not existed

independent of capital's power and influence. In recent years a new conception has arisen. A class of professional managers has been growing up which operates to put both capital and labor to work in industry so that the greatest efficiency of production and distribution may be expected. Such a manager holds his position and makes his decisions by reason of his professional authority. He stands between capital and labor, with the purpose of balancing the beam. His desire is to keep both the capital and labor in his enterprise working constantly. To such a mind, capital does not employ labor any more than labor employs capital. He employs them both, and he must keep both happy. How will he do it during these spells of widespread unemployment?

Capital itself while in control of management has taken care of itself by a very excellent scheme. It is known in accounting circles as "surplus" and "reserves". It is considered bad business to pay out all capital earnings in dividends or interest. Reserves should be created and a surplus accumulated for various contingencies, especially for the time, always expected, when production will fall off and dividends not be earned. Here and there will be found an enterprise which does not, or cannot, afford reserves or a surplus. As soon as capital finds this out it is less willing to work for such a concern. Putting capital to work is commonly called investment, but this is a mere term, for the more opportunity there is for capital to work in an enterprise, the more willing its owner is to invest it in that enterprise. More than this, the more reason capital has to expect constant or increasing earnings irrespective of good and bad times, the more willing it is to work.

Is not this just as reasonable a position for labor to take? In fact, should not capital and management want labor in this very position, even though for their own well being? It is but a step farther to ask if a financial reserve for labor is not as reasonable as one for capital. No suggestion is made that capital should decrease its earnings, or make any contribution to provide for labor. If done at all it must be taken out of labor's share at the time. Moreover the creation of such a reserve for labor has nothing to do with any struggle labor may be making for a larger share of the returns of business. Irrespective of what wages or salaries may

be paid, labor, just as capital, must refrain from taking all to which it has title at the time, in order to build up a reserve and surplus for the rainy day.

Other plans—for example, unemployment insurance and government unemployment funds—have been suggested and tried to some extent. In essence they may be quite equivalent to an unemployment reserve maintained by industry. In all these plans the funds would be accumulated directly or indirectly by the workers not receiving at the time all the earnings to which they had title. There are marked differences, however, on the moral side.

In unemployment insurance the workmen would seem to be paying the bill instead of the business doing it. If the business takes out a general insurance policy for the purpose, the scheme partakes of the character of semi-charity. Moreover it is not strictly insurance if all the risks are to come due at one time as in times of general unemployment.

A State unemployment fund is objectionable on several accounts. Payments from the fund are likely to seem like pensions. The State could not justly add anything to the fund except by taxation of business or of the workers themselves. The State would then be merely stake-holder and distributor. Such a burden should not be added to the State's already heavy and complex responsibilities unless there should be no other satisfactory plan. Moreover even the most decentralized administration of such a fund, would be an almost impossible task for the genius of an Anglo-Saxon government. Most important is the consideration that business ought to make any such vital factor a part of its own organism. The very notion of business is gain, and proper reward, under acceptable conditions, for every part of the enterprise. There can never be permanent industrial and business stability until the team of capital and labor are driven and cared for impartially by management.

The immense advantage of an "unemployment reserve" accumulated by each business organization is that it does enable management to hold exactly the same relation in this field to capital and to labor. Each particular management asserts its desire to have capital and labor flow to its organization in adequate

amounts, and takes the same measures to insure both a constant return. This discussion has no interest in how the total earnings shall be divided between capital and labor. The plan and the necessity for it are independent of the relative heights of dividends and wages. It has no interest whatever in where the ownerships or direction of the enterprise are vested. The business simply pays both capital and labor not only what is taken out as it is earned but also what is reserved for future hard times. The reserves for capital and labor would be separate of course, since they are the result of self-denial by different groups. To be effective in the largest sense this distinction would have to be clear and prominent. The unemployment reserve should never be misunderstood as a contribution by capital. It should not be a reserve out of surplus. It should be transferred from the annual income account to the balance sheet by the side of the annual profit and loss. It should be charged monthly by the side of the payroll and preferably be a percentage of the payroll so as to be included in the total labor account.

Difficulties, some imaginary and many real, loom up in the presentation of such a scheme. One company cannot start such a reserve without placing itself at a disadvantage in competition. The reply might very well be that only a most progressive, ably-managed company, considerably ahead in competition, would decide to start such a reserve. It could easily afford to take advantage of its position to become stronger still. Few would have the hardihood to deny that the introduction of such a plan would have some favorable effect on the psychology of the workers, resulting in some improvement in quantity and quality of production. The turnover in employes which is so expensive would certainly be reduced. Then someone will say that employes are changing and those who created the fund might not be there to share it when unemployment comes. The answer is quite easy. The employe would not change unless for his own advantage and with a full knowledge of the fund and his relation to it. Is he in any different position from that of the stockholder who sells his stock? You may say that the price received for the stock is influenced by the presence or absence of a large reserve, but in exactly the same way the worker's decision to drop his present job

and take another is influenced by the presence or absence of a large reserve where he is leaving or where he is going.

Someone will say that an unemployment reserve fund would induce loafing. It is not difficult to find some safeguards here. Ordinary, average, human honesty must be assumed on the part of management, capital, and labor. Then, those who are at work are going to be very observant and critical as to who gets money from "their" fund. Of course there will be established rules and principles for both the accumulation and distribution of the funds. The status of an employe who is entitled to share in the fund will have to be fixed just as the status of a stockholder entitled to dividends must be definite. And so the process of objection-raising might go on *ad libitum*. The interesting fact is that the scheme is already in operation in England and seems to be working. Schemes not different in principle though different in application have worked in America.

One might hear that the unions would oppose such a scheme, and I fear some of them might; at least some of their present leaders. And then if they accepted it, their demands to share in management might be reënforced. The practical fact is that neither labor nor capital is establishing this reserve fund, but that management is doing so. Any opposition of unions can hardly prevent it. If it increases the struggle of management to rid itself of any control of both capital or labor, so much the better. The end of the struggle will be brought nearer.

The relations of union, labor, capital, and management are far too complex and extensive to be discussed here, but it is certain that these relations must be improved by a scheme which induces peace of mind and at the same time strengthens the thinkers.

A parting word to the friend who insists that general unemployment ought to be made impossible. He must be reminded that the industrial organization is a very complex machine, with many delicate parts, many of which are human. The selfish interests of these human parts are frequently opposed. Every mechanical device, even though it be the invention of the best minds, breaks down sooner or later. How then can more be expected of the industrial machine operating in the world-wide fields of production,

distribution, and consumption? General unemployment is merely an indication of breakdown. The breakdown must be repaired and this takes time, no matter how expert the repair-men. Often when the repairs are finished the machine is better than before, and less likely to break down so soon again. When the machine is perfect, and so perfectly handled that it cannot break down, the whole world will be one hundred per cent perfect, and there will be nothing to worry about forever. Such a place has been called Heaven. While waiting for that time and place, the thing to be realized is that there is no need for suffering and disaster while the repairs to the machine are being made.

WILLIAM MCCLELLAN.

SOCIETY AND POLITICS IN CHINA

BY CHANG HSIN-HAI

It is said that people live by catchwords. The democratic tendencies of the age, however, often create those desirable forms of illusion through which the ordinary men and women are made to believe that howsoever they are guided both in their thoughts and in their actions by external forces, they are strictly individualistic and self-dependent. The man in the street, in all complacency, scarcely admits that the government of his country could be true to the spirit of the age without his moral support and sanction: for, he says, his private ideas, acting in concert with those of his fellows, constitute the essence of what we call public opinion, without which no government could be said to be proceeding along democratic lines. It is enough for him that when the policies of the nation express those views which he and his fellows hold dear, they are what they should be, the product of their desires and aspirations. How and where, in his self-respect, what he calls his views originate and derive their compelling force, he hardly knows, nor is he interested in enquiring.

With nations where the government, the social heritage, and the complications of mental habits have a continuous history behind them, this political irony does sometimes bring many advantages. For though the moving ideas which the mass of the people fondly regard as their own owe their material and content to a selected and esoteric group of thinkers and men of insight, they do not, in our modern times, frequently get registered and sensibly realized except through the instrumentality of the populace. The fundamental sanity and efficiency of political systems often reduces itself to the soundness of the original ideas and to the degree of success with which these ideas are expressed and brought to bear upon the operations of the government. This is true of the progressive democracies of the West, which undergo continual change in proportion as fresh and weighty ideas become the prop-

erty of the many. But underlying the change, which not infrequently takes the form of very terrific and violent upheavals, there is a natural sequence, a unifying force in the light of which the different episodes may be explained and seen to have their causal relations. For the ideas which are responsible for the establishment of the new order of things grow out of the nature of the preceding *régime:* the one inevitably and spontaneously emerges from the other. Tocqueville, we remember, in commenting upon such a stupendous event as the revolution of 1789, dared not hazard the opinion that it was an exotic thing which of a sudden created a society different, in its fundamental constitution, from that already existing. Although the links were all but invisible, he said in effect, it was certain that they bound the two societies before and after that momentous event into one and an inseparable whole. And the reason is that both the change and the thought which was the moving spirit of the change were the natural product of the *ancien régime.* The one and inseparable whole is exactly what has been shattered to pieces in Chinese society to-day.

The present disorder and chaos in China are not so much the result of conflicting ideas as some of these conflicting ideas are purely irrelevant exoticisms which embody elements foreign to the genius and habits of the people. If the revolution in China in 1911 had been the result of a conflict of tendencies which grew out of the very nature of the people and of the circumstances and the heritage to which they have been accustomed for forty centuries or more, the present disorganized state of affairs, even though it is likely to be prolonged for many years to come, could easily have been controlled. Such upheavals had taken place successively in Chinese history when one dynasty perished giving rise to another, and the current of affairs, in spite of the new aegis, retained its essential aspects although taking a somewhat different course. But the revolution which China has been going through during the last ten years is one that is different in nature from all previous changes of society. It is not an attempt to remould and remodel the existing society according to a definite pattern demanded by the mind and the habit of the people: it is a substitution of one society for another. But if from the very beginning,

there had been a central organ of control that could act as purveyor of the foreign ideas which stimulated the revolution, the attempt would probably have been more successful, for one of its most important functions would have been to impose a censorship over these ideas and gradually accustom them to the habits of the people. As it was, and as it still is, the people do not have the advantage of the necessary guidance, but proceed themselves to appropriate from the stock of imported thoughts. The result is an attempt at the reform of the society which was profound from the start, but which is confused, irregular and haphazard, because there is no organization and no discrimination. It may be objected that ten years of experimentation can hardly be seriously reckoned with among a people who thinks of change in centuries, but it is not unreasonable to say that unless a new twist is given to the present endeavor, and unless there is evinced a more tactful manipulation than there has been up to the present of the numerous ideas which are continuously pouring into the country through more intimate contact with the West, it is difficult to see that any permanently satisfactory result will be likely to be achieved.

The fundamental difficulty that is responsible for the unrest and disorder which now reigns supreme in Chinese political and social affairs can be traced accordingly to the appearance of foreign ideas and, what is more important, to their rampant dissemination. Foreign ideas, merely because they are foreign, are not taboo: on the contrary, they should be warmly received. But differences in time and place require the exclusion of those which have no special bearing upon the Chinese people and upon their problems. The tendency in China at present unfortunately is towards taking over everything foreign—good, bad and indifferent, with perhaps a greater attraction for the bad and the indifferent, of which there is a full supply in the treaty-ports where the common people receive strictly first-hand knowledge of the West. This is as it inevitably must be when the ideas lack control and concentration; and the ultimate result is that not only do they become dangerous catchwords which, because they are strange to the mental habits of the people, are deprived of all their original meaning and content, but they also render useless

those native ideas which for centuries have formed their mental support. The Chinese mind to-day is, to all intents and purposes, loosened from all moorings. It has been drifting, especially within the last ten years, whither no one knows: neither is there any group of competent men of power and influence to whom it may look for guidance, nor is it itself capable of finding a definite aim to direct its endeavors. It has no definite aim because it is impossible that the common people should be able to find themselves possessing the requisite intelligence to pass judgment upon the new ideas. It has thus come to pass that instead of making for progress and enlightenment, these new ideas have been making for danger and turmoil.

It is unfair to say that as a consequence of the dissolution of the old society, China is in great need of men of intelligence and insight to realize the dangers of the present turbulence, or men of power to remould and refashion society in accordance with modern tendencies. There are, as a matter of fact, quite a number of such men to-day who are in touch with the contemporary thought of the world and whose large and comprehensive sympathy, whose broad views and keen intellect qualify them for the important work of spiritual regeneration among their countrymen. But these "physicians of the age", much as they are able to point to their country "thou ailest here and here", and are able to suggest constructive plans, can scarcely make themselves heard and see their plans executed in any satisfactory manner. The reason is that, not being influential officials of the state themselves, they find the government, which is the only legitimate organ for the effective execution of their ideas, virtually impotent and even embarrassing. For as we have seen, the only means through which the new forces now playing upon Chinese society may be successfully utilized to leaven the mass, is an organ of central control, and this organ must be lodged with the government.

I wish to emphasize the establishment of this organ in view of the fact that the more intellectual men have very largely rallied themselves with the common people and turned their back to the government. They are working on the theory that in order to raise any nation to power and strength, the people form the ultimate element which needs discipline and reform, and that

being so, it requires more immediate care and attention than the machinery of government. Such a theory, as applied to the peculiarities of Chinese society now obtaining, is easily seen to have its flaws: for agreeing, as we all must, with the statement that the people are what we must ultimately look forward to, we object to the means through which this end may be brought about. The government, when it is properly organized, will unquestionably bring more astonishing reforms to the nation as a whole than the present dissipated energy of the few will ever hope to achieve with the people. It comprises a centre of authority. And when it is filled with men who are imbued with modern thought and possess lofty public-spirited ideals, it is the only important instrument which, by virtue of its centralization and its all-embracing influence, will be able to lead the people along the path of progress. The desired effect can be arrived at more systematically, in a more methodical way, and eventually in much less time than is possible for the uneven and sporadic leaps which characterize a disorderly and unorganized procedure. Moreover the exigencies of the moment require that the government shall in the least possible time be set in its best working order, if only because also in such practical every-day affairs as foreign relations, numerous advantages can be obtained which are of vital concern to the sovereignty of the people. The grip of the foreign powers on the resources of China remains in much the same force as in the last few decades. Nor is it likely to be loosened, as long as the present government continues to function in its spiritless and ineffectual manner, although in other aspects of the national life there may be signs of steady improvement.

It is true that these men would not have been so unconcerned with the reorganization of the government of their country if the problem of reorganization were not in itself an extremely difficult one. So far as they can see, there is no hope that the government can ever be improved. The state of impotence into which it has fallen within the last few years is enough to discourage the spirit of the warmest enthusiast. For it is the *fons et origo mali*. It has accomplished nothing of permanent importance, while it has made itself a destructive force. And this is no doubt advanced as one of the irrefutable reasons why the nation's intellectual

resources must be conserved for the reconstruction of society rather than for that of the government. But in the present state of affairs, the two phases of the national life are related in such a way that unless a sound and efficient government is established which is able to afford an opportunity for the realization of the more worthy ends of life, of culture and civilization, little of really permanent value can be accomplished. And especially with a moribund government in a country which is surrounded by those who will remorselessly attack and despoil it whenever an opportunity presents itself, scarcely anything is possible.

The world has been surprised by the almost miraculous rise of Japan to the position of one of the great Powers. Although we are the enemy of Japan for the way in which she has been treating her continental neighbor, we cannot blind ourselves to this unusual phenomenon, or fail to inquire into the causes of the success. Given the identical circumstances, the identical civilization (for Japanese civilization is after all derived from Chinese civilization), and consequently the similar mental habits and outlook upon life, we should reasonably expect that China could be just as successful as Japan under the new dispensation. The present discrepancy has brought forth various explanations. One man would say that the extent of the territory in the one country was an insuperable barrier. This is scarcely acceptable, however. The difference of mere size might be a serious difficulty in the city-states of Ancient Greece, for instance, where all the people had a direct concern with the government; but in the modern world a set of forces that could successfully transform one nation could similarly be applied to transform another nation of much larger size and achieve just as notable results. Another would say, and this has greater cogency, that the sense of pride with a people whose civilization has permeated the greater part of the Far East must have necessarily shown unwillingness to consider foreign things as worthy of attention. But the disillusion, the patent facts of successive defeat, and the ultimate realization of the invading force as one to be reckoned with and not to be ignored, followed one another almost synchronously in China and in Japan.

A more satisfactory explanation than either of the two is to be

found, perhaps, in the circumstance that in Japan there was an exclusive aristocracy, a central organ of control, in short, upon which the whole nation depended; whereas in China the central government existing at the time had little vital connection with the every-day life of the people. The Japanese aristocracy, fortunately for Japan, as soon as they became conscious of the need for reform in the country, immediately dedicated themselves to the task. The change of the mental attitude of the few at the head of the nation meant the change of the mental attitude of the people at large, for the people had been accustomed to look up to those above them for guidance and initiative. And the harmonious coöperation between the two classes rendered easy the rapid innovations which took place in the last three-quarters of a century. The *débâcle* of the Tokugawa *régime*, the installation of the Meiji era with an enlightened ruler, the establishment of the Constitution in accordance with the spirit and the general tendency of the world, the encouragement given to students for the pursuit of knowledge in foreign lands and the appropriate utilization of their special knowledge—all these irresistibly worked for the strength and power of modern Japan. The reform embraced the whole nation; it won the sympathy of all the clans; and its success was surprisingly triumphant.

On the continent, however, the rather sluggish and unenergetic efforts in the similar work proved the undoing of the empire. I would not attribute the fault to the people, but to the unhappy moment. The impact of forces from without found the country under the rule of incapable men of an incapable period in a dynasty that was drawing to a close, and the strength of these invading forces hastened the end. As the "cult of incompetence" among the officials became more manifest and more intolerable, the people themselves aspired to follow the example of Japan, and the revolution became inevitable. But there was the irony of fate! The noble attempts of the young men were useful only in so far as they were reactionary, and reactions are negative. As soon as they found themselves occupying those responsible positions which had been vacated by their predecessors, they turned out to be equally unable to cope with the task of reform, the

scope and difficulty of which they had hardly realized in their enthusiasm for destruction. But the fact that they were mere youths whose intellects had not been sufficiently submitted to discipline and training, their lack of insight into the specific needs of the country, and, above all, their ignorance of their national history and institutions and of the principles and fundamental ideas which have given rise to the civilization they desired partially to adopt, made them hopelessly unfitted for a sound and successful reform of their country. The confusion became worse confounded. The unrest and turmoil which grew spontaneously out of a condition which found no one to control it became the opportunity for those in whose grip China still lies groaning, and who are now holding the reins of government with nothing to guide them except their predatory instincts. The necessity that the intellectual class, those who have made themselves familiar with the best thoughts and ideas of the world through patient study of them, should take greater interest in the government, becomes here clearly important, for it is obvious that accepting the situation as it is at present will lead China into a most awkward plight. No one who has the welfare of the country at heart can be so callous. The paramount duty of the nation at present is the entire removal of the irresponsible officials: failing that, there is danger of dissolution.

We think that the calamity will be averted. But it will be possible only when the reigning *régime* is swept away, to be followed by really sound constructive work. Mere destruction is not difficult: we must be prepared for the task of rehabilitating the scene of destruction. The revolution of ten years ago has not been successful, simply because attention was directed to the defeat of the Manchu dynasty and not sufficient emphasis laid upon the work to be done after the defeat. To train men with the qualifications for this constructive work, and to enable them finally to run the governmental machinery in an honest and intelligent manner, are thus the ultimate questions which China has to face to-day.

We cannot be too often reminded of Burke's saying: "Constitute government how you please, infinitely the greater part of it must depend upon the exercise of powers which are left at large

to the prudence and uprightness of ministers of state." This is a truth which all political philosophers, I take it, will acknowledge, no matter what theories of the state they advance. It is a truth that in both ancient and modern times, in both the East and the West, people have regarded as inexpugnably established. It is also the view of Plato. In laying down the principles for the state that he hoped to see established, Plato, we remember, had an eye on the political degeneracy of the Athenian state then existing; and the two most serious abuses which were the cause of that degeneracy he demonstrated to be selfishness and ignorance. If he were alive and in China to-day, it is conceivable that he would fancy the Athenian scene was being repeated. He would apply the same criticism. It would not take him long to find out that China is suffering from the oppression of the ignoramuses in much the same way that the Athenians were under the spell of the sophists. The men by whom the governmental machinery is now operated in China he would call a veritable host of Thrasymachuses. The Greek of that name in *The Republic*, we recall, was convinced that the State was "for the interest of the stronger": it is precisely this idea that is guiding the actions of the majority of the Chinese officials.

The smart young radicals who, in trying to inaugurate the new era, begin by abolishing everything Confucian and everything distinctively Chinese, have, we are sorry to confess, made a wrong and dangerous start. Confucius they have considered a man no longer worthy of respect. Although this is a refreshing and startling discovery, we still hope that there is salvation for them to believe in the verdict of the ages that he is rather "the master of those who know". He too, we recall, laid emphasis on the "ministers of State", on the "philosopher-kings". He too, we believe, like the two illustrious personages of the West, made an eternally true observation. It is when we have the "perfect men of virtue", men who besides are in touch with the main currents of thought and have knowledge and experience of the πολιτικὴ τέχνη, that a really modern and progressive China can be solidly established. The present officialdom will not and cannot fulfil the desires and the hopes of the more intelligent classes who are clamoring for reform: it has neither the character and the

moral stamina demanded by the best traditions of the country, because it has never been brought up and nurtured in that tradition; nor does it have the breadth of view and the keenness of insight which come only from an intimate acquaintance with the world's best thought, for the tremendous task of nation-building. It is ultimately on its ignorance and its selfishness that we must lay the blame for the present society in China,

> Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born.

The time when the best could have been expected, when the most sound and steady reform could have been instituted, has already passed. We have lost the opportunity, because the men who were at the head of the government then were just as impotent as they are now, just as unenlightened and as unconscious of the needs of the country. Were they awakened to the importance of the new era as the aristocracy in Japan was awakened, they would have created a new atmosphere, in which the people would have naturally felt its refreshing and invigorating effects. But that opportunity has passed never to return. And our present hope lies in the growth of a new intellectual class which, as it waxes in strength and power, we hope, will assure us the better days to which we are all looking forward. That class is already assuming gigantic proportions, but mere size without reaching a consistently high level of attainment is what we have to guard against. The majority of the men are young and inexperienced; many of them are pseudo-intellectualists. What we desire to see is the rise of a truly intellectual class with men of different ages, of different experiences, of different views, but of equally high distinctive achievements and of equally thorough equipments in their several differences. The value of this class of men will be to render the experiment of democratic government in China a really profitable affair; for, to end as we began, they will provide the content for the catchwords by which the mass of the people are everywhere guided, and thus direct the nation's forces to the practical realization of their aims.

CHANG HSIN-HAI.

JUGOSLAVIA TO-DAY

BY PIERRE DE LANUX

AMERICA has played too decisive a part in the liberation of the Jugoslavs for American readers to ignore the elementary geographical definitions which were so badly needed in 1918. In the remote days when Austria-Hungary was occupying so much place on the map, and no free nationality had a lawful right to existence in Central Europe, there was universal ignorance on the subject, even among responsible diplomats. To-day we all know (at least I hope we do) that Jugoslavia is a country of about thirteen million inhabitants, with a surface equalling roughly that of England, Scotland and Wales; that it faces Italy from the eastern shore of the Adriatic Sea, and comprises Serbia, Montenegro and the southern provinces of the late Austro-Hungarian Empire. As an independent nation it has existed, *de facto*, ever since the last days of the Hapsburg monarchy, in October, 1918, when independence was proclaimed at Zagreb at the same time that the Czechoslovaks proclaimed it at Prague. The diplomatic existence of Jugoslavia was sanctioned at the signature of the treaty with Germany, when instead of the appellation "Serbia", which was officially used before, the nation was called for the first time "The Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes." The Serbs, Croats and Slovenes are the Southern Slavs, "Jug" meaning South in their language, and thus "Jugoslavia" "the Land of the Southern Slavs".

Jugoslavia is neither an artificial combination of races and territories nor a caprice of diplomats. It is a real unit, geographically, politically and humanly speaking. A great deal of obstinacy and ignorance was needed on the part of Europe, and especially of Austrian statesmen, to believe that the formation of a free Jugoslavia could be indefinitely prevented, for the sake of a sacrosanct *status quo*. A better knowledge of the Southern Slav problem could have saved us from the World War. If the Balkan Al-

liance of 1912 had been maintained and the rights of self-determination respected at that time, Germany and Austria would have been so obviously powerless in front of a united and peaceful family of nations that there would have been no temptation to attack the divided Europe of 1914. It must not be forgotten that the scandalous Austrian ultimatum to Serbia had its sole motive in the desperate condition of the Austrian rulers in face of the growing spirit of emancipation and revolt in their Southern Slav provinces. The revolver-shot of Sarajevo was an episode. But the persistent unrest among Croats and Slovenes under the Hapsburg oppression was the direct cause of the war.

It is to the honor of America that as soon as she had taken part in the World War she began to demand serious information about the aspirations of the various peoples involved in the struggle. Public information about real war aims made little progress in 1917, as the United States was not yet at war with Austria-Hungary. In the spring of 1918 the great Czechoslovak leader, Thomas Masaryk, arrived in Washington almost unnoticed. Then there was an instance of America's wonderful capacity of adjustment to new problems. In the course of a few months, not only had the public gained a clearer knowledge of what ideals of freedom were at stake in Central Europe, but in June the American Government had followed the example given by France in recognizing the Czechoslovak claims, and taken the initiative in giving a sympathetic recognition to the Jugoslav national aspirations. In September, Czechoslovakia was recognized as an independent nation. The result of these moves was quickly felt in Austria-Hungary. America and Thomas Masaryk were acclaimed in the same breath, in revolutionary meetings at Prague and Zagreb. America's recognition really tipped the scales, and an enormous proportion of Slavs who were still doubting if the Allied victory would bring them complete liberation understood that the time for the final rush had come. The public meeting at Carnegie Hall on September 15, when the highest representatives of the oppressed, including Masaryk and Paderewski, declared their decision to dismember Austria-Hungary, had a wild repercussion in the Empire. At the same time the victorious offensive of General Franchet d'Esperey in Macedonia broke the resistance of Bul-

garia and opened to the Serbian troops the way back to their mutilated country. They first reëntered Serbia, then the Jugoslav provinces, and never stopped until the whole nation had hailed their red, blue and white flag. In the last days of October the Croats and Slovenes rose up and entire regiments mutinied on the Italian front. The Hapsburgs were obliged to surrender the Imperial fleet to the Jugoslavs, who formed the largest part of the officers and crews. The revolution had been bloodless. The Italian forces took the offensive on the Piave, and the phantom Empire vanished in a great and joyous tumult of liberation.

Jugoslavia is a kingdom under the Karageorgevic dynasty, with a democratic constitution. The government and the National Assembly are in Belgrade, the former capital of Serbia, which lies at the meeting of the Danube and the Save, and at the crossing-point of two European high-roads. One of these is the so-called "Line of the Forty-fifth Parallel", travelled by the new Orient-express which theoretically connects Bordeaux with Odessa, through the Northern Italian cities and the Balkan capitals, Belgrade and Bucharest. The other is the former line of penetration of the famous *Drang nach Osten*, starting from Germany, passing through Vienna and Budapest, branching off at Nish, and reaching Salonica and Constantinople. It is the Berlin-Bagdad road. Ethnically, the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes are a link in the long chain of small racial units extending from Scandinavia to Greece, through the Baltic lands, Poland and Roumania.

The Serbs, Croats and Slovenes speak practically the same language, and have common traditions. The differences between them can be traced to the fact that some were oppressed by Turkey, some by Hungary and some by Austria. Under a common administration, these differences will almost disappear. Still the various provinces keep their geographical individuality.

The Slovenian land extending west of Gorizia and Trieste is now under Italian sovereignty, and all names of villages and stations have been covered by new sign-boards. Piedicole has replaced Podbrdo, Ternova has become Torrenuova, Kamnie is Caminia, and so on. From all that part of the Jugoslav population not much is to be learned, as the inhabitants have been too long under

the exceptional armistice *régime*. But after passing the frontier, everything changes. No more armed force, no more camouflage of geographical names. It is a free country which enjoys self-determination.

Liubliana (Laybach under the Austrians) is the chief city of the northwestern province. The Slovenes, who number about one million and a half, are Roman Catholics, as are the Croats, their neighbors. Most of them live in the mountainous and picturesque districts of the Alps, where landscapes are similar to those of Tyrol and Switzerland. It is a hard, honest, peasant race, whose standard of education is very high, as Vienna's direct administration was far better than Budapest's.

If one goes further and penetrates Croatia, at once there is a difference. Some parts of Croatia (the Lika, for instance, south of Fiume) are in a very backward condition, as the people's interests were regularly sacrificed to those of the Magyar rulers. But Zagreb itself, the capital of Croatia, is a rich city, where the most important business activities of Jugoslavia are concentrated. The main Jugoslav banks are in Zagreb.

Before reaching Belgrade, the Orient express joins the track running south from Vienna and Budapest, and touches Semlin on the Danube, opposite Belgrade, then Belgrade itself. The capital of Jugoslavia is built on a hill. For centuries it was a Turkish stronghold, and it still keeps the citadel erected in the time of Empress Maria Theresa. In the war, Belgrade was first bombarded and taken by the Austrians, then retaken by the Serbians after their victories of December, 1914; bombarded again, lost again when the great invasion of Germans, Austro-Hungarians and Bulgarians overwhelmed Serbia in 1915; and finally reconquered in 1918 after the Macedonian offensive of the Allies. One house out of every five was destroyed, but reconstruction is going on and the traces of war are disappearing. The population is already larger than before the war, owing to the fact that Belgrade is now the capital of thirteen million people instead of five.

Further south, war and invasion have left deeper marks. Serbia was first a battlefield, then a source of scandalous pillage for the victors. Terror was rampant there for three years, and an interminable list could be written of the exactions and cruelties of

the enemies toward the defenseless population. From Belgrade to Nish, then to the Greek and Bulgarian frontiers, the land was methodically robbed and the inhabitants were treated as slaves.

In Sarajevo the population is largely Moslem, though of Serbian race; more than one hundred mosques rising above the modern Austrian buildings. These were meant to impress tourists with the well-being of this recently acquired province; but the real condition of the people was very bad. Leaving Sarajevo for Mostar, the hard and stony capital of Herzegovina, are to be seen the purest elements of the Jugoslav race; very like the tall, indomitable Montenegrins, their neighbors. And then at Ragusa one finds the sea.

Ragusa is unique, lying by the blue, sunny Adriatic, and surrounded by thick walls that are reminiscent of the time when the proud little Republic knew an independence which no other place of the Balkans could enjoy. She had ambassadors of her own, and was known everywhere for the cleverness of her diplomats, the high culture of her citizens, and the wealth of her shipowners. Ragusa, the Dalmatian islands with their olive-trees and vines, the grey cliffs and black-green cypresses, the splash of sun on white walls, the lanes of stairs cut in the rock, and the lazy barks swaying in the inlet, the handsome Dalmatian sailors, aristocrats of the coast and grandsons of the old Adriatic pirates who frightened Venice and the Turks!

But it is Split (Spalato), the principal city of Dalmatia, which has perhaps the most brilliant future of all Jugoslav cities. For the present, it lacks railroad connections with the inland regions, and cannot reach the economic development to which it is entitled by its excellent geographical position.

Further north, after passing the quiet city of Trogir with its delicate and dignified old monuments, is the part of the land which has been for two years under Italian occupation. The secret treaty of London promised all Northern Dalmatia to Italy. But Italy herself recognized that it would be disastrous if she kept it against the will of the 300,000 Slav inhabitants, and for the doubtful benefit of less than 18,000 Italians, practically concentrated in Zara. Dalmatia severed from its hinterland would probably languish as surely as did Fiume while enduring economic suffoca-

tion under the *régime* of d'Annunzio, for lack of relations with the surrounding country.

The political divisions among Jugoslavs are of two kinds: First, on party lines, Conservatives versus Liberals, as everywhere; then on a classification based on provincial differences. Let us insist that, in spite of the rumors to the contrary that are periodically circulated, no serious idea of separatism appears in any part of the kingdom, and no antagonism exists on the ground of religious differences, except perhaps in the local politics of Bosnia. Croats and Montenegrins, just as Dalmatians or Macedonians, have local privileges to vindicate and have a tendency to resist a too sudden centralization. But when one corner of the national territory is endangered, as in the case of the Adriatic dispute with Italy, you find the most absolute unanimity of opinion, from the Alps to the Vardar and from the Banat to Cettinje, and the same readiness to defend, by arms if necessary, the common patrimony. Still, in each province a party exists, generally composed of men with conservative tendencies, who see things first in terms of their provincial ideas and interests. That is perfectly normal and appears in every country, and the "gentleman from California" who sees all national questions in the light of the Japanese problem is of the same family as the Slovene Clerical, the Croat Coalitionist or the Serb Radical. Mr. Pashich in Serbia, Mr. Laginia in Croatia, Mr. Koroshets in Slovenia, are leaders of these parties, each one predominant in its particular province. Against them, there is a very strong minority of Liberals or Democrats, who with the help of the few Socialist deputies almost control the Parliament, because their party extends over the whole Jugoslav nation. Pribichevich is their leader. For a year, the contest went on between these two main groups, each one being strong enough to check and overthrow the existing government, but not to substitute a stable one.

Whatever party gains the upper hand, a number of reforms are to be carried out and measures taken, to which the whole nation agrees. One is the multiplication of railroads, ports, canals, the lack of transportation facilities being the worse drawback to the country's prosperity. The other reform concerns public education, which was largely neglected by Austria-Hungary, its budget

being sacrificed to that of the army, the police, the building of prisons, and other means of gentle persuasion. There is a province where the yearly expense for schools has gone up from three million to sixty-eight million crowns since the shifting of the capital from Budapest to Belgrade!

Many plans will gain the unanimous support of the country, because they answer a unanimous need. But the most striking unanimity is to be found in the realm of exterior politics, where even Socialists would fully support the claims of the government, if not on the ground of patriotic principle, at least on that of self-determination.

Jugoslavia has a common frontier with Austria, a land now reduced to seven million inhabitants and perhaps the weakest neighbor after having been the arrogant ruler. In Carinthia a just territorial settlement was hard to attain, because of contradictory reports concerning the will of the population. The Peace Conference decided for a plebiscite, with two zones, the northern having a majority of Austrians, the southern of Slovenes. The result of that plebiscite, fixing the fate of Southern Carinthia, was favorable to Austria. Further east the frontier follows pretty exactly the ethnographical boundary, and no trouble should be expected from new territorial claims. The same can be said of the Hungarian borderland, where all ethnical elements are badly mixed, no one being entitled to claim an absolute majority.

With Roumania, the frontier traced in the Banat sacrifices an almost even number of Serbians on the Roumanian side, and of Roumanians in Jugoslavia. But the Roumanians have strongly protested against the breaking of the Banat's unity and the cutting of Transylvania's waterways, while the Serbs insist on the necessary protection of Belgrade by the possession of a stretch of land beyond the Danube. A great deal of superfluous bitterness has been spent in that dispute. The frontier line in the Banat has been drawn almost unanimously by the experts of America, England, France and Italy, who in that case were most probably disinterested, both Roumania and Serbia being Allies.

Toward Bulgaria only slight rectifications of the frontier have been proposed, with the purpose of giving a better protection to the Nish-Salonica railroad, often attacked in the past by irregular

bands of Bulgarian comitadjis, as it ran, in some places, less than six miles from the 1913 border. But the Bulgarians still fully maintain their claim to the largest part of Macedonia, and this will doubtless provoke more discussions with Jugoslavia and Greece in the future. The relations between Bulgaria and Jugoslavia have a tendency to betterment, under the influence of the Croats and Slovenes, who had no particular quarrel with Bulgaria, while Serbia still bleeds from the invasion of her territory and from the shameful acts which ensued.

With Greece the relations are excellent. No modification was proposed by either party, at the Peace Conference, of the common frontier adopted in 1913 by Messrs. Venizelos and Pashich. Such an understanding was a remarkable lesson to European statesmen, as the Greco-Serbian frontier was fixed without the help of any big nation, by two small States and to the satisfaction of both, while the interference of great Powers on other points have often brought despair, revolt and the germs of new wars.

In the Adriatic discussion, some Italian propagandists claimed the eastern coast of the Adriatic on the ground that Italy's own western coast was of insufficient military value; and they demanded Zara on national grounds, part of Carniola on geographical grounds, Fiume on sentimental grounds, a bit of Bosnia on economic grounds, Tarvis on no grounds at all, and many more on the ground that it was part of the Roman Empire. Yet peace demanded a settlement based on the consent of the people at stake. That, the average Italian knew well, having felt the influence of Mazzini and Garibaldi more deeply than that of Crispi and Bismarck, and having fought for the liberation of Trent and Trieste, not for the enslavement of 600,000 Croats and Slovenes. With the burden of those desperate "Irredenti" in their midst, the descendants of the great Italian Liberals would have been badly handicapped. They knew it so well that, in spite of the artificial excitement created by too zealous annexationists, they turned down the annexationist party completely in the last elections and the peaceful settlement of Rapallo was finally arrived at, in November, 1920, between Mr. Giolitti and Mr. Vesnitch. Italy keeps Zara and the islands of Cherso, Lussin and Lagosta. Dalmatia, and its other islands, are Jugoslav.

I will not dwell on the particular case of Fiume, although there is enough instructive material on that subject. Everybody knows that M. d'Annunzio took over the city from the hands of the Royal Italian troops, that he stayed there undisturbed, tolerated at least by the High Command; that the Croats preferred to see all the wrongs on one side, rather than resort to violent expulsion. It is no news to hear that Jugoslavia and Fiume herself have been bitterly suffering from what some Italian papers call "the Comedy of Fiume", and from the closing up of the country's only outlet on the sea. Fiume is now independent, after forty Italians died in fratricidal, useless fighting.

Above all, Jugoslavia is a peasant nation, with a great number of small estates, especially in Serbia. About forty-two per cent of the land is cultivated, with wheat and corn for the larger part, fifteen per cent is pasture, and about thirty per cent is covered with forests. In Bosnia, sixty per cent is forest-land. The mineral wealth is richer in promise than in actual output, but some mines, like the copper mines of Bor in Serbia, have given satisfaction to their stockholders. There is iron-ore in Bosnia, iron and coal in Slovenia, and lead, mercury, silver, etc., in various localities.

Industries are still in an undeveloped condition. The total exports amounted, before the war, to 900,000,000 francs, and the imports to 700,000,000. The largest percentage of trade was with Austria-Hungary, the big neighbor. It can be expected that commerce will split along a double front: in the north, where many railroad lines run perpendicularly to the border, Jugoslavia will continue to do business with her immediate neighbors and with Czechoslovakia. On the southwestern front, which is the water-front, a new development of trade is to be expected, especially after the proper railroads connecting the Jugoslav ports with the hinterland have been built. The Dalmatian ports can be made excellent, and when Jugoslavia has rebuilt a merchant marine of her own, her flag will often be seen on the sea-roads of the world.

Finances are in a difficult condition, as the total yearly expense of the State amounts to 1,500,000,000 francs, out of which 240,000,000 represent the interest on the debt, and 500,000,000 the

pensions paid to the 120,000 mutilated and 400,000 relatives of soldiers killed. The losses of Serbia alone, in dead, were five times those of the United States.

Jugoslavia lies at a meeting-place of great human currents. Latins, Germans, Greeks, Mongols border her territory. Her task will be to conciliate and blend these influences, and that task is not new. In old times the influences of Rome and of Byzantium met on the Dalmatian coast. The Adriatic is crossed and recrossed by the Latin and Slav languages, and there Orient and Occident are face to face—not for new wars, but for mutual profit, knowledge and understanding.

PIERRE DE LANUX.

CANADIAN RECIPROCITY AGAIN?

BY D. M. LEBOURDAIS

IT is safe to say that not since the early 'nineties has there been such a strong feeling throughout Canada for reciprocal trade with the United States as there is at present.

Reciprocity with the United States had been a prominent plank in the platforms of both the Conservative party and the Liberal party from 1854—when Lord Elgin negotiated the Reciprocity Treaty of that date—until 1891. Conditions had never been so prosperous in Canada as during the term of that Treaty, and, after it was abrogated by the United States in 1866, each party hoped to be able to effect its renewal. More than one Canadian minister journeyed to Washington with that end in view. The Conservative party in 1878, however, adopted the policy of Protection, although reciprocity with the United States still remained part of their programme until 1891. Upon the advent of the Liberals to office under Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1896, overtures were made by the new Liberal Government to the administration of the day in Washington, but without success. A resentment grew up in Canada after that against these humiliating and fruitless "pilgrimages to Washington", and Canadians turned their eyes in the direction of Great Britain. In the tariff revisions of 1897, provision was made for preferential tariffs in favor of goods coming into Canada from the United Kingdom. Excepting amongst small groups of free traders, reciprocity ceased to be an active political issue.

During the period 1854–66, Canada consisted of what now comprises the provinces of Ontario and Quebec—although the Treaty included the maritime provinces as well. At that time practically the only settled portion of the country was that territory lying east of the Great Lakes. The Canadian Pacific Railway was not completed until 1885, and for many years it traversed a vast territory still untouched by civilization.

Gradually, however, the tide of immigration began to flow into the free lands of the North West, comprising settlers from the United States, from Eastern Canada and from Europe. It was a life of much hardship; money was scarce and times were not propitious. Means of communication among the settlers scarcely existed, and political activity, therefore, was practically negligible. Out of a House of 213 members in 1896, only 17 were elected from all that great territory between Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean.

After the turn of the century a great change took place; railway development advanced with giant strides; and the vacant lands of the prairie provinces began rapidly to fill up. In 1905, two new provinces, Alberta and Saskatchewan, were carved out of what had been formerly known as the North West Territories. With the coming of the settler and the wire fence, the cattle men moved farther and farther back: the steady stream of box-cars, laden with "number one hard," which has made Winnipeg the coming wheat metropolis of the world, began its flow.

The wheat-grower cannot deal directly with his customer. There must, of a necessity, be a middle man. This middle man arrived in due course in the guise of the elevator owner, who soon gave place to the great elevator company with elevators at every railway-station and siding. The elevator companies require large amounts of money to finance their operations. They soon established close connections with the banks, which, in Canada, are very powerful organizations and closely associated with the railway corporations—the other link in the chain of grain marketing.

Between the elevator companies, the banks, the railways and the Winnipeg Grain Exchange—all more or less working in co-operation—it became increasingly harder for the grain-grower to produce his product at a margin which allowed him a scanty livelihood. Many homesteaders gave up in despair. Others hung on through sheer inability to get out of the country.

It was only natural that organization should be met by organization; and on December 18, 1901—a memorable day in the history of the agrarian movement in Canada—a small group of farmers, prominent among whom was W. R. Motherwell, after-

wards Minister of Agriculture in the Saskatchewan Government, met in the little town of Indian Head, Sask., and took the first steps towards the formation of an association which should advance the interests of the grain-grower. Out of this little meeting grew the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association, which, at the end of the year 1920, had an active membership of approximately 35,000.

The success of the movement in Saskatchewan soon led to the formation of similar organizations in the provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, Ontario, Quebec, British Columbia, and New Brunswick.

At first, the farmers organized for the purpose of bringing concerted strength to bear upon provincial and federal governments by means of deputations and by resolutions so that their interests might be considered by political parties in the formation of platforms, and in the framing of legislation. This was not found to be fully effective, and the complementary coöperative associations, composed mainly of the same membership, but distinct organizations, came into being in order that the farmer might buy and sell to the best advantage without having to leave the larger share of his legitimate profit in the hands of the middleman.

The first evidence of the organized farmers' consciousness of their growing power in the land, and the realization of their increasing proportionate importance as an active factor in the affairs of the Dominion, was when a deputation of 800 grain-growers "invaded" Ottawa during the summer of 1910 to demand a relief from the burdens of the customs tariff, and other reforms.

This incident, undoubtedly, was one of the causes of the decision which led the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, during the winter of 1910–11, to conduct negotiations with the Taft Administration at Washington, out of which grew the Reciprocity Agreement, presented to the Canadian Parliament by the Hon. W. S. Fielding, one of the Canadian negotiators, in January, 1911.

As reciprocity had been, as we have seen, a plank in the platform of both political parties—and had really, at first, been abandoned by them only because of their inability to come to agreement with the United States—the Conservative Opposition in Parliament at the onset made little objection to the proposals.

In fact, they were somewhat apprehensive that the Government had succeeded in engineering a rather shrewd political move.

At this time the Laurier Government had been in office for fifteen years. They rose to power on a platform of lower tariffs, but, with the doubtful exception of the British preference, the customs-tariff still remained throughout their *régime* the corner-stone of Canada's fiscal policy. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was at the zenith of his power, and had a majority of 47 in a House of 121 members. On the other hand, the Conservative Opposition lacked confidence in their leader, and their hopes of defeating the Government did not look bright.

The Government's most bitter opponents were in the Prime Minister's own province of Quebec—the Nationalists. They cared very little for fiscal questions, but they were highly incensed at Sir Wilfrid's proposals—advanced in 1910—for the creation of a Canadian Navy. This policy, in their view, meant but the thin edge of the wedge of participation in British wars—a course against which they were most determined. They were led by Henri Bourassa, a former lieutenant of Laurier and a forceful speaker and writer. In the autumn of 1910 a Nationalist candidate had won a by-election, after a hard-fought contest, in a constituency which the Government had been quite confident of their ability to carry. The Conservatives and the Nationalists had absolutely nothing in common excepting their mutual enmity towards Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Government. But, for the purpose of defeating Laurier, an alliance was formed between these two incongruous political groups.

While the Reciprocity Agreement dealt with natural products only, the manufacturers of the East thought they saw the beginning of a free trade onslaught upon their privileges, and they were soon solidly lined up against the measure. They were backed by the powerful financial corporations centering in Toronto and Montreal, and supported by a large and influential section of the daily press. The railway companies were particularly opposed to anything which would tend to deprive them of their long-haul and turn the course of traffic north and south rather than east and west. Sir William Van Horne, one-time head of the great Canadian Pacific Railway, and a former

United States citizen, was most emphatic in his denunciation of the project.

Indiscreet statements made by the late Hon. Champ Clark and others in the United States, regarding the possibility of annexation as a result of reciprocity, were widely published and enlarged upon. The Reciprocity Agreement was no longer discussed upon its merits as a question of economics: it became a deliberate attempt upon the part of the Liberals to throw Canada into the arms of the United States. "No Truck or Trade with the Yankees!" became the slogan.

Encouraged by this wave of hostility throughout the country, and also by the promise of the support of the Nationalists in Quebec in the event of an election, the Conservative Opposition in Parliament took heart and, by a policy of determined obstruction, forced the Government to ask for a dissolution of Parliament on July 29, 1911.

At this time the standing in the House of the respective parties was as follows: Liberals, 134; Conservatives, 87. The Conservative stronghold was Ontario, with 50 seats as compared with the Liberals' 36; the latter held 54 seats in Quebec out of 65. In the Maritime Provinces, the Liberals had 15 and the Conservatives 12; British Columbia stood 5 to 2 in favor of the Conservatives; and in the Yukon the single representative was a Liberal.

Both parties went to the polls on September 21 with confidence: the general feeling was that the Government's lead of 47 would be cut down considerably; but few expected that it would not only be wiped out, but that an Opposition majority almost as great would be piled up.

The hysteria which broke out during the campaign had done its work. A new administration held the reins of office at Ottawa.

In Quebec the former Government's representation was cut down to 38; in Ontario the Conservatives gained 22 seats, leaving the Liberals with only 14; in the maritime provinces the Conservatives gained 7; and in British Columbia, they gained 2,—making a "solid seven" from that province; they also captured the Yukon seat. Only in the prairie provinces did the Liberals hold their own: in the provinces of Manitoba and Sas-

katchewan the representation was unchanged: in Alberta the Liberals gained 2 seats.

Once again it was said that reciprocity with the United States was dead beyond recall.

The Underwood tariff, placing Canadian wheat and livestock on the free list, gave a great impetus to agricultural production in Canada. The dire predictions of 1911, that reciprocity would close Canadian mills and packing-houses, were not fulfilled.

The war came on in 1914, and domestic questions gave place largely to the greater problems arising out of Canada's participation in that conflict. Rising prices for the products of field or factory, with a demand in excess of the supply, made the question of tariff policy one for academic discussion rather than a matter of general political interest. Economic reforms rarely receive much attention during eras of prosperity—no matter what the basis of that prosperity may be.

In 1917 the Union Government was formed. It was under the leadership of Sir Robert Borden, but contained in its ranks about an equal percentage of Liberals and Conservatives. Among the former, but representing more particularly the organized farmers, was Mr. T. A. Crerar, president of the United Grain Growers, Limited, who became Minister of Agriculture. In view of the divergent nature of their views on domestic questions, it was specifically understood that such controversial subjects as the tariff should be left in abeyance until after the war.

In spite of the formation of the Union Government—which was overwhelmingly endorsed at the polls—there was much discontent throughout the country as the war continued. The Government, by its failure to tax the corporations which were making huge profits out of the war, and by resorting to borrowing in order to carry on the cost of the war, came in for more and more criticism. The rescinding by Sir Robert Borden, early in 1918, of his promise made previous to the elections of 1917 that farmers' sons should be exempted from the operation of the conscription measure, caused wide-spread dissatisfaction among the farming communities.

In 1916 the Canadian Council of Agriculture had published a political platform embodying such reforms as Prohibition,

Woman Suffrage, Direct Taxation, a lowering of the Tariff, and Reciprocity with the United States. No definite action was taken, however, by the organized farmers to enter actively into the political arena until the spring of 1919, when the United Farmers of Alberta, under the leadership of Mr. H. W. Wood, declared their intention of entering the field of politics as a political party. Ontario, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and the other provinces followed soon after. In Ontario, particularly, aggressive efforts were made in view of the fact that a provincial election was due to be held in the approaching autumn. A Conservative administration had been in power for many years, and its return to office (though with, perhaps, a reduced majority) was generally conceded. In spite of the fact that the disabilities under which the farmer labored were more in the realm of federal than provincial politics, the United Farmers of Ontario kept up a vigorous campaign until the elections on October 20, when it was found that the United Farmers had secured 45 out of the 111 seats, and would constitute the largest group in the new Assembly. A coalition with a number of elected Labor members was arranged, giving the requisite majority over all, and Mr. E. C. Drury became Premier of Ontario—heading the first "Farmer" administration in the history of Canada.

In the meantime, in June, 1919, the Hon. T. A. Crerar resigned from the Government and crossed the floor of the House, taking up a position on what became known as the "cross-benches." He was followed by a number of western representatives, and a third party in the House of Commons came into existence, becoming known to its adherents as the National Progressive Party.

In December, 1920, Mr. Crerar was elected Dominion leader at a meeting of the Canadian Council of Agriculture, representing 250,000 organized farmers in 7 provinces.

Out of 17 federal by-elections held during the past two years, 7 have been won by members of the National Progressive party, and 5 each by the Liberals and the Government, respectively. The most significant of these was held in Medicine Hat, Alberta, in June last, when the National Progressive candidate defeated the Government nominee by over 9,000 majority, in a constituency having less than 15,000 registered voters.

In February, 1919, Sir Wilfrid Laurier died, leaving the Liberal party leaderless and still somewhat disorganized as a result of the defections of many influential members who had joined the Union Government in 1917, and the defeat of the remnant of the party in the ensuing elections. In August, 1919, a national convention was held in Ottawa, attended by over 1,000 Liberals from all parts of Canada. The Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, former Minister of Labor, in the late Laurier administration, was selected leader, and a progressive platform was enacted.

A prominent plank in this platform asserted the adherence of the Liberal party to the principle of reciprocity with the United States, and pledged the party to renew negotiations with the Republic, leading to acceptance of the Agreement of 1911, in the event of its being returned to power. The resolution containing this provision was moved by the Hon. W. S. Fielding, one of the negotiators of the Agreement of 1911, and it was enthusiastically adopted by the convention.

On April 13 of this year Mr. Fielding moved in the House of Commons a resolution which was supported by members of both the Liberal party and the National Progressive party. It was defeated by a straight party vote resulting in a Government majority of 21. The resolution was as follows:

> In the opinion of this House, the Government should bring in a measure to approve, ratify and confirm the agreement respecting reciprocal trade between the United States and Canada signed at Washington on the 21st day of January, 1911, by Hon. P. C. Knox, on the part of the United States, and by Hon. W. S. Fielding and the late Hon. William Patterson, on the part of Canada, which agreement remains on the statute book of the United States.

Thus it will be seen that two out of the three political parties are pledged to the principle of reciprocity with the United States, and there is every indication that it will be a prominent feature in the forthcoming election campaign.

In Canada general elections are not held at any set date. Parliament is elected for five years, but an election may be called at any time during that period at the discretion of the Government of the day, unless, of course, in the event of a government defeat, when an election follows upon the resignation of the Government. So it has come to pass that an election will be held

shortly, although the legal term of the present administration does not expire until February, 1923.

Since the elections of 1911 the membership of the House of Commons has been increased to 235, and a greater proportionate representation has been given to the West because of the increase in population there. This will accrue to the advantage of the National Progressives. Another change from 1911 is that, whereas in that year 4 of the 9 provinces in the Dominion were controlled by strongly-intrenched Conservative Governments—namely, New Brunswick, Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia—Liberal Governments have since been elected in each of them with the exception of Ontario, where, as we have seen, a Government has been elected which is more radical than either of the two historic parties. On July 18, last, the United Farmers of Alberta carried 39 out of 61 seats in the provincial legislature, thus following the precedent set by Ontario in 1919.

The party represented by the present Government is known officially as "The National Liberal and Conservative Party", owing to the presence in its ranks of a few former Liberals; but its programme is hardly distinguishable in fiscal matters from that of the old Conservative party; and it is recognized that it is only a matter of time until the old name will be definitely adopted.

The Government's fiscal policy is based upon protection, which, of course, does not admit of reciprocity. Mr. Meighen, who succeeded to the Premiership last year, upon the retirement of Sir Robert Borden, while perhaps not an extreme Conservative, still retains, in fiscal matters, much of the hostility towards the United States which he exhibited in 1911.

The old slogan of 1911—"No Truck or Trade with the Yankees"—has few supporters to-day. Reciprocity sentiment prevails from the Atlantic to the Pacific, excepting for a very few localities where American competition is feared. The people of Canada have had ten long years in which to consider their folly; they have heard Sir Robert Borden, who rose to power over the ruins of the Reciprocity Agreement, most earnestly advocating closer relations with the United States in pleading with his successor to appoint, without further delay, a Minister

Plenipotentiary at Washington; they have seen the duty taken off Canadian wheat and other farm products going into the United States without the destruction of Canadian milling and packing industries so tearfully predicted in 1911; they have lived to see Ex-President Taft, who was accused by British financiers in 1911 of trying to annex Canada, act as special representative for a group of these same financiers in the matter of the Grand Trunk Railway arbitration proceedings arising out of the proposed acquisition of that road by the Government of Canada; and, finally, they view with real alarm the belated efforts of United States politicians to revenge the rebuff of 1911 by such stringent legislation as the Fordney Bill.

Whether the people of the United States are disposed to consider such a proposal or not, there is good reason to believe that emissaries will soon issue from Ottawa, the capital city of the Dominion, en route to Washington, there to lay before the administration of the day, with suitable expressions of regret for the delay, a proposal for the negotiation of another agreement similar to that which the Canadian people so thoughtlessly declined a decade ago.

D. M. LeBourdais.

THE NEW MARKETING

BY CAROLINE E. MACGILL

A DOZEN years ago a seminar in a certain great University busied itself with a study of Malthus and his dicta concerning population. Famine, it was decided, was no longer to be counted among the checks, because the development of transportation put all parts of the world in close touch with each other, and a shortage of food in one quarter would be quickly met by shipments from another. We acclaimed the advantages of our age by which we ate lamb from Australia and butter from Denmark, we who dwelt in the chief dairy county of one of the leading dairying States of the Union. We were offered cheese from a State a thousand miles away, in spite of the fact, which perhaps we did not know, that a dairy forty miles off was consistently taking prizes for the best cheese made. At the same time in the economics classes we were being taught, or teaching, that the law of diminishing returns had one curious exception, the railroads. For them there was an unlimited possibility of use with proportionally resultant profit. It was, however, acknowledged that the field of distribution was the least known, and the least tilled, within the economic estate.

These ideas were reflected in the popular economics of the political arena. The railroads were the victims of laws and investigations without number, whose end was pretty much a foregone conclusion. The newspapers and leading orators of the Granger States forgot the extent to which they owed their existence to the railroad, and put fares down and regulated rates and put taxes up with a merry insouciance which recalled the gleeful possessor of the goose in the fable. In self-defense the railroads tried various schemes, such as the pooling of freight traffic. At once the vigilant suspicion of the demagogue pounced upon them, and pools were made illegal. They dimly perceived that it cost more per ton mile to haul goods a short distance than a long one,

and that wholesale business could be carried more cheaply than retail. The ignorant and sometimes arrogant public pounced again, and we heard of the iniquities of charging more for less than car-load lots and for short hauls than for full train-loads and through traffic. No slogan was politically more auspicious for the would-be Solon than railroad regulation.

The railroads have been the greatest single economic factor in the development of the United States. Yet no other industry has been so persistently fought by the very people whose whole economic existence depended upon it. It began with the first charters. Many cities forbade entrance to the new device, like Providence and Buffalo. The State of New York hampered the building and extension of railroads in a fashion that would have been economic suicide if Dame Nature had not decreed, several æons earlier, that the route from the West to the East which could be best utilized by a railroad lay through the Mohawk Valley. Then there were the burdens of ignorance. The mistakes of the first builders were funny beyond measure, if we do not look too closely and see what tragedy lay in them. The road, for instance, which was built for eternity, with sills of granite; and which in less than three years had to be torn up and relaid. Or the road which was built on stilts, to avoid the danger of grade crossings; which also had to be rebuilt, because the rapidly increasing weight of the trains was too heavy for the structure. Or the many years when dead weight was carried over the driving wheels of engines, to increase the *stiction* and prevent them from dancing gaily off the tracks provided for well-behaved locomotives.

But the ignorance of the consuming public was the greatest of all. No one knew, or could accurately forecast, what the capacity of the new vehicle was to be. Therefore it suffered from both sides, from underestimation of its powers and from impossible demands. The public has demanded that the railroad serve it when and how it wills, for special service, and at short notice, without stopping to find out whether the payment has been adequate for service rendered. But the fact that the roads have built up an enormous contributory traffic territory largely by their own exertions has resulted in another form of

pressure from stockholders demanding big incomes from their investments, whether legitimate or illegitimate.

The war taught us much. For one thing, that suave, world-economy, famine-impossible idea received a blow from which it will never recover. We have seen famine in the most highly civilized of countries. We have seen it threaten our own rich and over-prosperous land. People in New England had a bad scare, if they did not close their eyes to the facts, during the winter of 1917–1918, and to some extent the following year. The lesson ought to be still with us. We realized, all over the industrial East, indeed, that anything which disturbed the equilibrium of our transportation system threatened us in that most vital spot, our food supply. Prices soared. Some things were not to be had at any price. Coal, upon which our living depended quite as strictly as wheat, could only be had in the fire-proof qualities, which were poor comfort in a New England winter. We saw, or half-way saw, that something was wrong with our national economy. We were too much detached from our sources of food-supply. So we had a great fad of war-gardens, amused ourselves with putting up beans and peas for winter, and secured some healthy exercise out of it, as well as sometimes a valuable addition to our dietaries.

Someone was once heard to ask, Why have our great Eastern cities preferred to buy food from Nebraska and Oregon, rather than that grown in New York and New England? There are several reasons. One is that undeniably the Western farmer has been more of a business man. He has realized the nature of his market, what his competition would be, and has been willing to work to gain control. Take for instance the item of cheese. The Wisconsin cheese makers, under the guidance of the State University, have developed their industry to a very high degree, and their cheese sells in the Eastern markets in a bewildering variety. They have studied the tastes and needs of the city consumer, and put up many brands in neat and inexpensive packages, small in bulk, to suit the nature of city life, where often supplies can be laid in but for the day. New York used to make good cheese, but under the influence of heaven knows what passed a law making the finer kinds of cheese impossible to produce, largely because

the framers were ignorant of the chemistry of cheese, and thought it the same as butter, "only different."

Apples form another item of food, eminently good and wholesome, but have almost gone out of the dietary of the low-salaried city dweller, because of their price. New York State produces some of the finest apples grown in the world. So does New England. Yet all one can find on the stands are the very poor and inferior qualities, or the big beauties from Washington and Oregon at five to ten cents each.

The industrial cities of New England eat bread made from flour brought from Minnesota. Some of it perhaps comes from Manitoba. They eat rice from Louisiana. These States and Province have spent millions for draining their swamp lands and opening them for the cultivation of food-grains, with many others. And these are the States and Province which to the Eastern mind are composed of limitless acres of fertile prairie. Yet Massachusetts contains five hundred thousand acres of cultivable land which could be cheaply drained and made available to lessen the cost of food to her toilers in the factories. The State Secretary of Agriculture has written and talked for years about the wisdom and need of this improvement, but he is laughed out of court by the farmers and legislators, who tell him fatuously that the thing cannot be done.

Now it is demonstrable that a large part of our complicated and criss-cross system of marketing is due to the kind of transportation we have. The railroads, beset on all sides, developed the traffic which best enabled them to pay dividends. Of course, economically, goods should be sold as near the point of origin as possible. The larger development of marketing means a stabilizing and equalizing of products and prices, which is of great advantage to the consumer, but it should not displace that economic independence upon which each region depends, and must depend in any time of stress or disturbance. It is well to remember that the railroad started as an improvement upon the stage-coach and freight wagon. It was meant to run over common roads, slightly improved, and to be at the command of each producer for his own individual needs.

Nicholas Cugnot, in 1771, invented a locomotive engine whose

outline and plan is far nearer to the modern motor truck than it is to the steam locomotive with which we are familiar. We have forgotten that he existed; only the curious know his name or fame. But in the modern development of his dream lie the "New Marketing" and the solution of our transportation problems. Anyone who has travelled much upon the highways leading between our cities knows the tremendous growth of the "ship by truck" idea. It is the one economic method by which we can produce and market our goods nearly together. This does not mean that the railroads are to go out of business. There will always be an enormous business in the very articles which for the railroads form the cream of their traffic. We cannot grow coal where we will, nor sand, nor gravel, nor ore, nor wool, nor leather, nor meat, nor machinery, nor many other things which are in their nature peculiar to a certain locality. We will probably continue to carry shoes and cotton cloth all over the world, and import coffee and sugar, not to mention thousands of other things. But there is no need that five hundred pounds of anything consigned to Owatonna, Minnesota, should necessitate the stopping of a whole train going through to the coast. Much better that a trainload of similar articles be delivered to St. Paul, and thence to Owatonna and all the neighboring towns by the fast, free-running, accommodating motor-truck.

It has been stated that the railroads to-day are losing not less than $50,000,000 a year on less-than-carload business. The gross earnings of the roads upon local business probably averages about eight per cent of their total earnings, or approximately $350,000,000 a year. Most of the loss and damage expense of the railroads, which has been increasing until it now amounts to over two per cent of all freight earnings, is in local business. This item would take about fifteen to twenty per cent of the gross earnings from that source.

Again, the bulk of the heavy investment of the roads for terminals, and most of the freight-house expenses, are for local traffic. This is also responsible for much of the second greatest source of waste and loss that the roads must make up for in some way, light loading. Shippers and consumers have united in forcing pressure on the roads to send out trains loaded to less, often

much less, than maximum capacity. They have been reinforced in some States by legislation. Of course this has been made to bear the specious appearance of public necessity for prompt and frequent shipments, but, as we are learning by our present costly experiment, it is more in the nature of shifting a tax on posterity, for the roads cannot keep going under such handicaps, nor can we get on without them. Someone must ultimately pay the bill.

There must be a differentiation between the long and the short haul business, and division between the two methods of carriage. Each will get that which is most to its advantage, a situation not infrequently the result of a division of labor, in spite of often expressed fears to the contrary. The paying business of the railroads is the long-haul, through traffic. Let them take it and keep it, making shipments only between the great jobbing centres, except in the case of a producer, such as a mine, a grain centre, or a great industrial plant or group of plants, whose products are large enough to permit of carload or trainload shipments. The local, short-haul business, unprofitable for the roads, but very profitable for trucks, should be handed over to the latter, either by the formation of trucking companies, such as are appearing already, or by means of trucks owned by individual shippers or consumers. Without doubt both systems will develop side by side, to meet particular needs. They are already doing so. The "ship by truck" campaigns are merely one expression of a movement that is greater than most people realize, to reorganize our transportation business upon an economic basis.

The reorganization of distribution is of still greater importance. It has been a fact that Washington State was nearer to New York City than the Champlain Valley, economically speaking. Thus New York was placed in a position of economic dependence upon a region so far distant that its lines of communication were easily cut. That has meant high prices for foodstuffs in New York, and low prices for land in Northern New York State. Long distance food-carrying is expensive and often a loss to the railroads, from damage and spoiling during shipment. The producer gets only a fraction of the market price of his goods, while the consumer pays several prices, for each of the hands through

which articles have passed. These evils are apparently now being corrected through the medium of the motor trucks. Their number is growing by leaps and bounds. The limitations upon their usefulness, such as the difficulty of economic employment where frequent stops are to be made, at short intervals, may reasonably be expected to disappear in a few years, with increasing efficiency of design. The heavily loaded trucks are already a familiar sight upon our roads. It is one of the most hopeful features of the life of our time, this development of a flexible, free-running, easily adaptable means of transportation. The railroad, superior beyond a doubt in its own field, has been a cumbersome device for local and package traffic. It has always had to be supplemented by some variety of truck for individual deliveries. Therefore, there is one transhipment eliminated, and every handling less means so much lower cost for labor and possible damage.

From the point of view of population, the railroad has tended towards the increasing of urban centres. The truck and the passenger car can easily have the reverse tendency. The city has, undeniably, advantages that we are loath to forego, once we have tasted them. But with a flexible and speedy means for ingress and egress, for bringing out city comforts and luxuries, and carrying in farm products in such a state that they will command the best prices, at a minimum cost for carriage, the tide may be turned the other way. To some extent, this is already happening in the districts where a "barge" or auto-bus is used to collect the school children, and take them to a central, well-equipped school. It is being done to solve the labor problem on the farm, as well, and could easily be more commonly employed. Men are brought out each day from the city or town to their work, and returned at night.

As a prime factor in that long-neglected, little understood field of economics, distribution, the motor truck has possibilities never before dreamed of, either for population or goods. It seems to combine every necessary requisite. It is flexible, not confined to a set of tracks, with the delays of sidings and waits for passing trains, or the expense of duplicate railways. It can go almost anywhere. It has all the speed one could wish; it is capable

of carrying large loads, either in weight or bulk. It can be kept to a schedule, if necessary, or can be quickly ready in an emergency. Delays and accidents on the road are decreasing, and will continue to decrease, in proportion to the number of vehicles in use, as design and manufacture improve.

With such an adjunct, it is not difficult to forecast the change, especially as it is developing rapidly. Naturally, the effect is first to be seen from the city outward. That has always been the economic law of the market, the extension of the city business. But the converse is also near, the development of a more adequate food-supply within the radius of the city's sphere of influence. It ought not to be possible, in another ten years, for a city to be in the plight which faced Boston in 1918, in the midst of an unusually hard winter, a famine in food and fuel. The fuel must be brought from a distance, the food need not be; certainly not to the extent that it has been in the past.

Nor is Boston necessarily peculiar. Almost any industrial city of the East could easily be in the same danger, given an unusual state of affairs which clogged up the railroads. New York knows what could happen if trains running into the city were to stop. But even a strike of a chauffeurs' union could not seriously interfere with traffic, when the means of transportation can be operated so easily. There are too many men and women, even children, who can run an automobile, to permit a strike to be successful. The "natural monopoly" of the railroad, which we studied in Economics a scant dozen years ago, is gone, and forever. Nothing can remain a monopoly which is within the capacities of every normal human being.

The "New Marketing", therefore, like many new things, is essentially old. It is a return from the complicated to the simple, often the most genuine mark of progress. It embodies, as the first factor, the relation of the city to its surrounding country, and the country to its focal point, the city. The two have grown too far apart, both economically and spiritually. Yet in fact their interests are identical; they form one community. The trouble has been that the railroad, from the economic necessities of its existence, has forced apart the two, in bringing places far apart into contact. That has been useful, but it should not have been

permitted, either for our social or material well-being, to destroy the closer geographical relationship.

Some of the railroads are bitterly opposing the coming of the motor truck. In the same fashion did the great wagoning companies oppose the coming of the railroad. It is quite useless. And moreover it is actually to the advantage of the railroads, as we have shown, to hand over their local, less-than-carload-lot business to the motor truck. It means a simpler, more direct marketing of goods, both from and towards the city; a swifter, more economical distribution of people and goods, with a result of the elimination of expensive handlings, waste, and loss from spoilage or accident, consequently lower prices for the consumer, and proportionally higher prices for the producer; and a far greater stability in the conditions of supply and demand, because producer and consumer can keep in closer touch with each other. Capital investments can be lessened, because of the more rapid turnover, and for the same reason much of the seasonal character of certain industries, like the shoe trades, can be rectified. That foggy region of Economics, Distribution, seems in a fair way to yield to the explorer, and to permit its country at last to be efficiently mapped.

CAROLINE E. MACGILL.

WORK AND WORKS

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

HARDLY anything in creation is more overworked than the word "work" itself. It has more to do than any monosyllable, however solid and sonorous, could hope to accomplish. The French, who subtilize so happily, are in this respect better provided with two variants; yet even so, instinct compelled them to introduce a further resource by giving the same noun two genders for its different but related meanings. Yet for all that, I would defy the subtlest Frenchman to give a clear and coherent exposition of what is meant by "work," divided into what is expressed by *œuvre* in the masculine, *œuvre* in the feminine, and *ouvrage*. The matter is too complex. Nothing is more concrete than work, nothing more abstract; nothing more personal, nothing more impersonal, according to the sense in our minds. The work may be there, visible, tangible, efficacious; the man who made it, who did it, vanished, extinct, forgotten, really unimaginable, these thousands of years; yet who can separate in imagination a man and his work, if the word work is to bear its full significance? The work is the man—and yet is not all the man. He ought to be master of it. If the man is not expressed in work he is a man without meaning and useless. But if his life goes out in work over which he has no control, then it is not his work, he is its slave.

"Wage slaves" are slaves of someone else's work. A man can make others sell their bodies to his work; it has been done by thousands to millions, for no one seriously denies that there has been economic slavery under the name of freedom. The word "work" has been used where "task" gave the true meaning. "Work" belongs to the free laborer. Yet it is extraordinarily difficult to enserf a human being completely, and many a bond-slave to the task of others has found room to express his nature in works of his own freedom. Joubert has a phrase which illustrates this distinction

and also the advantage which French writers have for expressing it: *Tout homme doit être l'auteur, si non de bons ouvrages, au moins de bonnes œuvres.* He adds a sentence which shows that in saying this he thought only about persons of quality. *Il ne suffit pas d'avoir son talent en manuscrit et sa noblesse en parchemins.* A claim to distinction, in short, must justify itself by good work or good works. Joubert probably regarded the undistinguished as material upon which suitable candidates for distinction might distinguish themselves; he did not realize that humanity is an obligation just as strong as nobility or that good works are at least as frequently performed by those who claim neither rank nor talent as by those who do. What he did see is that a man should express his being somehow, whether in good work or good works. It is quite possible for the man who becomes a slave to someone else's work to lose all power of finding this expression. When the routine was to be up daily at five in order to sign on at six for your place at a machine, coming home at six in the evening left space for little but to eat and sleep that you might not be late next morning. A man or woman living this life may have been doing good work in a sense, helping to produce cheaply for humanity something that humanity needed—pins, for instance. Yet nobody, I think, could say that the result in work justified the kind of existence: and certainly no such worker of this kind ever pretended that he was living in this way for the work's sake.

That claim comes from quite another quarter—from those who of their own choosing become slaves to their work: who sacrifice to it not only themselves but those nearest to them. There are two ways of lowering the standard of living, and a man is certainly justified in inflicting upon himself material privations that his work may gain; perhaps also, in inflicting them on others who voluntarily accept his purpose. It is customary to applaud the artist or the missionary who in pursuit of an ideal brings his family to the brink of starvation. Yet before giving the applause, one should be very sure about two things—first, that the ideal is worth while; secondly, that the family are consenting parties. Let us omit the consideration that common prudence advises another course;—common prudence, if it had

been listened to, would have left us a very backward universe. But it should never be forgotten that the feverish pursuit of work "for work's sake" is in one aspect a ferocious egoism. Consciously or not, it is an effort after external realization of one's own personality. I set aside again the vulgar case of a gluttonous worker who pursues merely the rewards of success. But the general, the statesman, the stockholder, the artist, each feels the thrill when the desired effect begins to develop in his field of action.

Nature doubtless knows her business, but a man cuts a poor figure when he finds at last that he has been unkindly chasing a shadow and neglecting the substance—which was, if nothing else, the doing of kind things. Anyone who has followed politics can accumulate instances of those who for the sake of a political enthusiasm spoilt their own lives and the lives of others and achieved nothing, yet who were, by the common standards, disinterested persons. They wanted, that is, nothing but the work they chose—nothing but the attempt to realize their vision in some form outside their imagination. In the hope to do this, which they could not do, they left much undone that it would have become them to do. There are others, too, great workers, who by a passion of concentration that has made them hateful to live with, have actually done something—achieved perhaps what will represent two lines in a history book, a science primer, a record of engineering. How does their work compare with the works which they neglected, for which they found no leisure? The best work of all, after all, is a life and very few of those whom I have known laboring thus inhumanly, slaves to a self imposed task, seem worth one very simple gentleman, a soldier who has worked all his life, and enjoyed his work, yet never brought to it the least touch of egoism; who works now a happy and capable farmer, with all imaginable zest, yet will always on any fair occasion leave the work that is his main interest for calls of courtesy or kindness or even mere good comradeship.

So to work as not to cease to be a gentleman is a modest precept, and it certainly does not bar a man from bearing hard on himself or on others. But it bars egoism. There is no limit to the service that a man will get, to the help he may have in his work, provided that he can make his helpers feel that the work is

theirs, not his only. Those who care most for the work to be achieved and least for the realization of their own personalities in it, must surely win this devotion; it is the reward they earn. Acceptance may be the supreme giving; for the worth of a gift lies not in its exchangeable value but in the way of giving, and there is no greater gift than to admit another to partnership. Great captains of all kinds have always had the secret of multiplying their power by thus extending and communicating their personality. If you think your work worth dying for, and are ready to die for it, there is no egoism in letting someone else die for it instead. But the claim that for your work's sake you may do what lowers the standard of your nature, and ask or accept from others a similar sacrifice, runs, I think, against the supreme human interests by which the value of all work must be tried. There are things which every man confronted with them knows to be dishonorable. You cannot discard honor temporarily. Is it even worth while for the sake of any result achievable to abolish honor? Napoleon certainly thought so. That may be why he succeeded. Or it may be why he failed.

It all comes back to the question whether being or doing is the supreme end. Your work is the realization of yourself, of the forces that are in you, outside of yourself; it is your doing. Your "good works," or the most precious of them, are not so deliberate; they involve small effort or none; they are oftenest the natural issue of companionship; they are sympathy in some easy manifestation; they proceed almost automatically from your being. If your existence is all merged in the effort to externalize itself, there will be none of them; your self will have no time to be aware of other selves, save as material to be utilized.

Of course there is a case to be made for the supreme efficiency of utter concentration on a purpose. This, however, at least is true. You may be admired for your work; it is for your works you will be loved to the last. The most endearing of all records are the little kindly things told and remembered of men who with all their greatness found time to be lovable.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

DISCIPLINING AMERICANS

BY CAPTAIN STUART W. CRAMER, JR., U. S. A.

"*Il n'y a pas de victoire sans discipline,*" wrote Napoleon to Paris upon taking command of his first army, "*Je raménerai la discipline dans l'armée, ou je cesserai de commander à ces brigands.*" About the same time Bouthillier expressed substantially the same thought in a more academic fashion: "Discipline is the soul of an army. Without it, without subordination, it would be without force as well as without means of execution." The most successful commanders, ancient and modern, have preached the necessity for good discipline. But what did they mean by discipline?

Helvetius, writing in the eighteenth century, defined discipline as being "the art of inspiring soldiers with more fear for their own officers than they have for the enemy"; although Gittins, an English writer, had announced a hundred years before that "a soldier ought to fear nothing but God and dishonor". For a more recent definition, take that of Murray, in his *Suggestions for Young Officers:* "Discipline is the long-continued habit by which the very muscles of the soldier instinctively obey the words of command; even if his mind is too confused to attend, yet his muscles will obey."

Judging from the above, there appears to be a noteworthy difference of opinion even among reputable authorities as to just what constitutes discipline. Let us turn to the dictionary, which tells us that the word discipline is derived from the Latin *discipulus*, meaning pupil. Combining the essential qualities of the first two definitions given, we obtain a fairly concise formula, but broad and general in its compass: "Discipline is a system of training and exercises designed to bring and keep under control the mental, physical and moral powers, and to secure their harmonious and effective action."

Military discipline is only a special kind, with a specific instead of a general object in view. Making the obvious substitutions, we obtain: "Military discipline is a system of training and exer-

cises designed to develop soldierly qualities, and to secure their harmonious, effective and coördinated action." The word coordinated is inserted because of the enormous importance of that element of action to an army: if we hold to our broad definitions it might be possible to have an undisciplined army nevertheless, composed of individuals each a well-disciplined entity.

If we accept the above definition, the next step in a discussion of the nature of discipline is to note that the greatest differences of opinion on this subject may be laid to the diverse conceptions taken of it, and that the majority of really sound attacks against it are actually due to a misconception. For example, nothing could be more illogical than the cynical definition of Helvetius quoted above. Fear is certainly not numbered among the soldierly qualities; in fact it is the last thing we would want to inculcate in a warrior. Punishment, too,—a word so often used synonymously with discipline,—is revealed by the light of our basic definition to be not discipline itself, but only one of the many instruments of discipline which we reluctantly admit to be a necessary part of the art. Morale and *esprit* are also closely associated with discipline, but neither do they quite cover the field, for they do not contain the elements of uniformity, cohesion, coördination, and coöperation that are so essential to the smooth and efficient working of a war machine. Such terms signify that the soldier is filled with a strong desire to do the right thing, but not necessarily that he has either the knowledge or ability to carry it out. For instance, at the opening of a Plattsburg camp, it might be truthfully said that the morale was unsurpassed, yet they could not be called a well-disciplined command, for they had yet to go through the system of training and exercises which was to give them the necessary technical dexterity and coördination which would enable them to function as an efficient fighting machine.

Discipline has been referred to as an art. It is an art rather than a science because the personal equation is bound to play such an important part in its application. No two commanders can get the best results from a single rigid set of rules; each must modify them according to his own personality and for his own use. Reversibly, no such set of rigid rules can be applied to any two men with uniform results and best results; each individual must be

studied and the rules modified to fit individual cases. It is well that it is so, for if it were not, instead of being the most interesting thing in the world, there would be nothing quite so dull and stagnating as the command of men.

It does not follow, however, that the art is not susceptible of standardization within reasonable limits. On the contrary, analysis and experience will enable us to pick out and enunciate certain broad and general principles, which will form the framework of any sound disciplinary structure. We may say that a certain course of action will produce such a result not invariably, but assuredly in the vast majority of cases. And if we do not devote too much time to minutiæ and details at the expense of the beams and rafters, we may build up an edifice that will stand on its own foundations and weather the most violent storms.

Now, to trace the origin and development of discipline in the American Army. "The bastard issue of Prussian doctrine upon a corrupt British standard"—that is the genealogy of American Military Discipline. The British Colonial Army and the Prussian volunteer patriot von Steuben: these were the parents of our own system. As a matter of fact, there was good blood in both, as we will attempt to show; it is nevertheless quite obvious that our system has not its roots imbedded in the national character to the degree that has the French or Prussian.

While still under British sovereignty, American colonists served with British troops in the French and Indian Wars, as well as participating in the capture of Havana in 1762; these colonists were, therefore, familiar with the rules and regulations governing the English Army, and in fact knew no others.

When, therefore, the Colonies declared themselves independent, prepared to sustain their independence by force of arms, and set about organizing an army for that purpose, it became necessary to formulate laws and regulations for its government; and the most natural as well as the most expeditious way of accomplishing this was to take over those to which they were accustomed. This was accordingly done, the original American Articles of War being adopted from the British Articles and laws governing the British Army at that time, and, differing very little from the original, were recognized and continued in force under the Constitution.

In the mean time the infant American Army was to feel the profound influence of a man who came voluntarily from Prussia, where he had served on the staff of the world's foremost exponent of militarism, Frederick the Great, to espouse the cause of the struggling colonies. This was Frederick William, Baron von Steuben, a name that stands with those of Lafayette, de Kalb and Kosciusko in the love and grateful esteem of the American people. Probably to no man except to George Washington did the young colonies owe more in their struggle for freedom than to Steuben. Franklin, in Paris, had declined to make any agreement with him on the part of the Congress. Yet he came without contract or commission, to join Washington at Valley Forge in that dark winter of 1777–78. Washington, quick to see in Steuben the agent sent by Providence to fill his great need, secured for him from Congress the rank and pay of a Major-General, and appointed him Inspector-General. In this capacity, with a free rein, he set about with indefatigable zeal and energy to reorganize the army.

The magnitude and difficulties of the task confronting him may be inferred from his own words: "I found here neither rules, nor regulations, nor system, nor Minister of War, nor pardon, nor reward . . . " and of his favorite aide-de-camp and intimate friend, William North: "Certainly it was a brave attempt! Without understanding a word of the English language, to think of bringing men, born free, and joined together to preserve their freedom, into strict subjection; to obey without a word, a look, the mandates of a master! That master once their equal, or possibly beneath them, in whatever might become a man!"

The tremendous power vested in Steuben by Washington naturally excited the jealousy of other officers, who formed a cabal against his authority. This resulted in a wise curtailment of his powers, but not until he had laid a sound foundation for the work which he carried on with exceptional efficiency and unflagging devotion till the end of the war.

Now a word as to this Prussian discipline. In deference to the enormous influence exerted upon our army by our greatest teacher of discipline, it might be appropriate to give an inkling into the point of view of Baron von Steuben. This we will do in his own

words. In his *Regulations for the Order and Discipline of the Troops of the United States*, we find the following passages:

> His (a captain's) first object should be to gain the love of his soldiers, by treating them with every possible kindness and humanity, enquiring into their complaints, and when finding them well-founded, seeing them redressed.
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> . . .
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> It being on the non-commissioned officers that the discipline and order of a company in a great measure depend, they cannot be too circumspect in their behavior towards the men, by treating them with mildness, and at the same time obliging everyone to do his duty. By avoiding too great familiarity with the men, they will not only gain their love and confidence, but be treated with a proper respect; whereas by a contrary conduct they forfeit all regard, and and their authority becomes despised.
>
> . . .
>
> In a word, the commanding officer of a regiment must preserve the strictest discipline and order in his corps, obliging every officer to a strict performance of his duty, without relaxing in the smallest point; punishing impartially the faults that are committed, without distinction of rank or service.

Now let us return to our British ancestry, from which, as has been said, spring the very roots of our own military system. The British Army of 1775 had little resemblance to her splendid fighting machine that bore so heavy a part of the brunt of the World War. British military histories tell us that the latter part of the eighteenth century marked one of the low ebbs in the condition of the British Army; thus what we inherited from England in that respect was about the worst that she could ever have given us.

The Age of Chivalry, with its knights and varlets, had left among its heritages a very pronounced line of demarcation between officer and enlisted man. Thence comes our American saying: "An officer and a gentleman, by Act of Congress." Together with the Law and the Clergy, the naval and military services constituted about the only occupations supposed to be fitting for the younger sons of the nobility, and commissions were almost exclusively confined to that class. So well recognized was this principle that rich commercial families frequently paid enormous sums for commissions for their sons, thus using them as social stepping-stones.

As might be supposed, such conditions conduced neither to

professional zeal nor democratic standards. On the contrary, the British officers of that period as a rule knew little about the military art, and cared less. Gallant they were, always, and with occasional flashes of genius, but measured by present-day standards of the duties and responsibilities of an officer, they were sadly wanting. They often would not and sometimes could not drill their commands, leaving that disagreeable routine to the sergeants-major. It was a common saying that the non-commissioned officers were the backbone of the British Army.

So much for heredity. Let us now consider the environment of our young army.

There was much virtue in the American Army as it emerged from the Revolutionary War, but it had inherited three dangerous tendencies: first, a caste system; second, consequent aloofness of officers from the men; third, a rigorous method of obtaining subordination, not it is true, entirely unmingled with appeal to the higher instincts.

The first tendency has been largely eradicated. In spite of the fact that appointments to West Point are made political patronage by law, the wise selection of the appointees, the sound democratic principles upon which that institution is based, the influence of the Civil War and of officers coming into the service from civil life and from the ranks, have prevented the officer from getting the idea that he is any better than anyone else.

So much cannot be said of the second tendency. Enlistment in the ranks offered little to the best and most ambitious type of young American manhood, and the consequent low caliber of the majority of the enlisted men did not tend to promote personal relations between officers and men. Then too, life in the old army was not generally broadening and progressive, but rather calculated to standardize and crystallize established precedents and preconceived ideas; each post—usually isolated—was a city in itself, with its own life, laws and separate existence. The young officer or soldier, joining singly or in groups such an organization, found himself at once drawn between the wheels of a machine which revolved slowly and certainly, according to well-established and immutable laws, gradually but inevitably grinding him out into a uniform and orthodox pattern.

The third tendency is the hardest to trace satisfactorily, since so many factors enter into it. In the first place, the line of demarcation referred to above inclined to impersonal and merciless administration of discipline, by lessening the human touch. Secondly, the inferior quality of the enlisted personnel necessitated coercive and repressive measures to an abnormal degree; there were so many good-for-nothing ne'er-do-wells who had to be "disciplined", compared to the generally fine material obtained under the draft. On the other hand, the results were really not so bad as one might suppose; since most officers took serious thought of the subject of discipline, carefully tried out the experience of their superiors and their own theories, and arrived at a fairly workable solution. Yet the individual views and methods as to the best way of handling men encompassed the most violent extremes. Naturally, the handling of men is so delicate and elusive an art that little can be laid down definitely by regulation, or even in text books. And there, perhaps, lay our principal trouble; the officers were left too much to work out their own individual schemes. It is significant that American military literature affords only the briefest and most meager information on the subject of discipline, the art of commanding and military custom, while the French and German bibliographies contain numerous fine studies.

To sum up the influence of heredity and environment upon American military discipline, it appears that the traits most open to attack are the line of demarcation between officers and men, lack of uniformity as to the psychology of command, and too strong a trend toward coercive measures.

We are now in a position to analyze the way discipline worked in our Army during the World War. Since dissatisfaction is one of the most important by-products of indiscipline, let us try to diagnose its undeniably wide-spread prevalence among the officers and men who served during the war in the National Army. One of the most common causes of discontent and criticism is due to the limitation of the individual point of view. An individual observes some action taken which appears to him unwise; his judgment may be good in the matter, so far as his vision goes, and he is prone to condemn that action unreservedly, and harbor resentment against whoever was responsible for what seems to him

an unnecessary hardship or sacrifice inflicted upon himself or his men, or for losing a splendid opportunity. This is a thing which is bound to happen in any great organization, and the only remedy is to try to impress upon all ranks the fact that they are only small cogs in a giant machine which must function as a team to win, regardless of individual chagrins.

Another obstacle to the contentment of troops in war time is physical discomfort. It is hard to be cheerful when you are lying in a shell-hole filled with icy water, and have missed one, two or even three consecutive meals. Yet these things happen, and always will, in war, even in the best-run armies. Such hardships, however, produce reactions which are mostly temporary, and they can hardly be said to contribute toward an enduring grouch. Invariably the men who have suffered them are boastfully recalling the same incidents very shortly after their occurrence.

Then comes that great blanket which is so often invoked to cover countless sins; the difficulties of expansion from a peace-time basis to a war footing. When any organization is expanded to twenty times its normal size, suddenly and without opportunity to work out the details of reorganization, and under such urgent pressure of haste that it must virtually take its own form as it grows, there will inevitably be confusion, lack of coördination, errors of judgment and of execution, and imperfection of design and operation of the machinery. A large reserve of trained officers is the only means of helping this. There must be pieces ready that are not only capable of fitting into their proper places in the machine, but also sufficiently indoctrinated with the Army's point of view to help assimilate the raw material into a homogeneous whole. The Army can do very little toward this end. It is for Congress to determine through legislation what is the proper balance between efficiency and militarism.

All the above applies equally to officers and men. Let us now investigate the particular problem of the officers. Their case is easier, for on the whole they had little to complain about. And such complaints as they had to make resolve themselves nearly always, through one channel or another, into the question of the clannishness of the regular officers. Certain officers of considerable business, scientific or social prestige, especially if attached to

large headquarters, were freely received into the brotherhood of regulars, and never experienced the outcast feeling that so many emergency officers felt. Taking the general run, however, as you saw them with troops, in Paris, Chaumont or Langres, there is little doubt that the regular officers inclined to flock together, when off duty. This was a perfectly natural and apparently harmless enough tendency on their part, but when thoughtfully considered it may almost be said to be the root of all evil, so far as this particular subject is concerned. Had they realized the great opportunity they missed by yielding to this natural inclination, they would have behaved differently; theirs was a sin of omission, not of intention. For no finer body of men has ever been seen, in any land at any period, than the temporary officers of the American Army. Yet the regulars, from force of habit, generally foregathered with their old friends, whom they knew; for lunch, dinner in town, to play cards occasionally in the evenings—in short their whole social intercourse took the line of least resistance; among each other it was "Bill" and "Buck", but for the outsiders there was often a considerable formality of titles, or at best last names. This unconscious aloofness on the part of the regulars could not help militating against securing the maximum development of not only the temporary officers, but also of themselves, for they missed the broadening influence of the high-class associations they would have formed.

In the case of the enlisted men, most of their bitterness can be traced to the line of demarcation between officers and men. The ramifications of this artificial and illogical cleavage are unending. The strongest conviction of the average American is that he is as good as anybody else—or perhaps a little better. This feeling in him cannot be eradicated by any repressive measures, and is harmless if properly directed. The American does not acknowledge officially sanctioned social barriers, and never will; so we might as well work along other lines. On the other hand, he is intelligent, admires and submits to superior qualities, and is usually willing to play his part like a good sport on any team, provided only that his position on the team is limited only by his own capabilities, and not by any arbitrary conventions.

While no attempt is made in this article to cover the scope of a

treatise on the general subject of discipline or the elements of command, it is essential right here to enunciate and stress one of the most important principles, for fear that the radical suggestions made above might mislead some misguided enthusiasts who believe that an army can be run on pure brotherly love. For let it be clearly understood that an army can hardly have a discipline too rigorous for its own good, though subordination should not carry humiliation with it. Let us state it: "The utmost cordiality and sympathy should exist between all ranks, but too great intimacy of a superior with his own subordinates should be discouraged." The reason for the second clause is apparent: suppose that Captain A is a great chum of Corporal B, and they are seen constantly together; then even if Captain A is so conscientious that he leans over backward in his official treatment of Corporal B, any preferment, advancement or leniency accorded the latter will always be attributed to favoritism by the men who do not hold the same place in the captain's personal affection and esteem, with resultant loss of morale. On the other hand, the same laws hold for the relations between a colonel and his captains, except that the higher intelligence of the latter classes would to some degree diminish the harm done by violating the principle.

It is thus evident that although it is sound policy for a senior to exercise a reasonable amount of restraint and judgment in selecting intimates from among his subordinates, there is no more reason for drawing a line of social and personal cleavage between the Second-Lieutenant and the Sergeant than there is for putting it between the Lieutenant-Colonel and the Major. There are those who will say that a finer officer corps, with better *esprit*, will result from having officers come only from the "gentleman" class, and that this spirit is best fostered by preventing their intercourse with the men. While there may be a modicum of truth in that theory, its discord with democratic principles and methods is so apparent as to require no comment: Americans can get better results by means more in harmony with our national genius.

It is not intended to recommend that all officers should have to cultivate all enlisted men in a social and personal way, nor that every enlisted man should have a vested right to intrude himself into the personal intimacy of any officer; those are questions

which can and ought to take care of themselves just as they do in civil life: all people reserve the right to choose their own friends and intimates on a basis of similarity of tastes, identity of interest, appreciation of cultivation, and so on. All that is desired is to remove the enlisted man's official disability.

The following is a concrete example with many lessons: In the winter of 1917–18 a Regular Army camp was located on the outskirts of a small southern city. The people of the town wished to do everything possible to make life pleasant for the soldiers, and gave such entertainments for them as the size of the town afforded. At a dance at the local country club a Lieutenant was introduced to a Sergeant by a young lady who was a friend of both. The Sergeant, who happened to belong to one of the most prominent families in the town, was a member of the club, and as such one of the hosts of the officer, extended his hand in cordial greeting. The Lieutenant ostentatiously put his hand behind his back, with a remark to the effect that it was not the custom in the army for officers to shake hands with enlisted men. It should be remarked that this officer could not have been representative of the Regular Army point of view, for his commissioned service was limited to a matter of a few months only—few officers of longer service would have behaved in like manner.

This incident naturally created a considerable stir locally, and because of its similarity to others throughout the country was widely exploited in the press, and to some extent on the floor of the Senate, in the form of a resolution designed to ascertain whether any prohibition existed in the army forbidding officers to mingle socially with enlisted men. The General in command of the camp was besieged for his views on the issue, and confined himself to a brief reply to the press to the effect that too much such familiarity was in fact discouraged, and that he was much too busy with the main job of preparing his command to fight to be greatly concerned over such side-issues.

In opposition to the above situation is the case of the large camp at American Lake, Washington, where the Commanding General took the initiative by urging the free and friendly intercourse of all ranks when off duty. The lack of uniformity in the views of these two high officers on the same subject is striking and

illustrates the necessity for getting together on these questions. The existence of the precedent is also admitted by the one case, while the other indicates the growing trend in progressive circles to break away from it. As a matter of fact, nine-tenths of the officers of all grades and arms interviewed by the writer stated flatly that they considered the action of the Lieutenant in the incident quoted as wholly absurd, in view of the exceptional conditions resulting from a state of war; to admit the propriety of inviting enlisted men, in normal times, to dances at which officers would be present, they were more reluctant. Should we not go a step further, exterminate the prejudice root and branch, and leave only such limitations upon social intercourse as are dictated by logical psychological considerations?

"From reports reaching me, I understand that there are still numbers of Army officers who are not thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the new Army. . . . Army officers must first know what the new Army is and believe in what the new Army can do before they can be of maximum value to the new Army. Commanding officers must 'sell' the new Army first to themselves, then to their commands and lastly to the community in or near which they are located." This is from a letter from the Secretary of War to the Chief of Staff, published to the Service in Circular 113, under date of March 22, 1920. By all means, let us have a house-cleaning. Slow to tamper with what has proved good, with reverence for the Spirit of '75, let us strive to bring our fighting machine up to this model.

STUART W. CRAMER.

WORKING PEOPLE'S EDUCATION

BY ROBERT SHAFER

THE Bryn Mawr College "Summer School for Women Workers in Industry" has had a certain amount of public attention; just how much I do not know. It was started at the suggestion of President Thomas "to offer young women of character and ability a fuller special education and an opportunity to study liberal subjects." The control of the school was vested in a joint administrative committee composed of representatives of industrial workers, of the college, and of the alumnæ. It was opened on June 15 of the present year, with an enrolment restricted to 82. The students were chosen from as many industries and from as many parts of the country as possible. Each had a scholarship sufficient in amount to cover actual expenses at the college. Additional expenses, railway fare and the like, were in some cases provided for by clubs of women workers. The school was so organized that the life of its members should be approximately the same as that of usual Bryn Mawr students. Similarly the work of the school was collegiate in character. Of course the subject-matter of the teaching had to be restricted with regard to the preparation of the students, but this does not mean that the courses given were elementary. It means only that a distinction had to be drawn between subjects which require previous academic work and other subjects, equally within the province of higher education, for which adequate preparation can be got from experience of life. Such subjects were taught as modern literature, political and social history, government, and law.

This, in briefest summary, is the character of the school. It is too early to ask about its success, though about that something could be said; but it is not too early to ask what the experiment means. Is it merely a new freak of restless philanthropy? Or is there real need for such a school?

We shall get part of the answer to these questions by realizing that the Bryn Mawr Summer School is not an isolated novelty. Workers have not only begun to feel the need of education which at present they cannot get, but they have set about supplying it for themselves. Thus the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union supports a so-called Workers' University in New York; and the United Labor Education Committee, composed of members of some 30 different unions, conducts varied educational activities in the same city. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America are conducting lectures and classes in New York, Rochester, and Chicago. The Cleveland Garment Workers in 1920 inaugurated a Workers' University in that city. The Pennsylvania Federation of Labor in the fall of 1920 opened trade-union colleges in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and began holding labor classes in six other cities. So, too, there are recently established trade-union colleges in Washington, Boston, and Seattle; and classes in Chicago are held under the auspices of the Women's Trade Union League and the Chicago Federation of Labor. Amherst College also, through a committee representing the college and various labor organizations, has recently begun to hold classes for workers in nearby Massachusetts towns. A movement in being, with so many and varied manifestations as these, hardly requires proof of its need.

Americans do not have to be told the value of education. We have believed in it for everybody, and since earliest colonial days we have attempted to achieve it for everybody. Broadly speaking, we have encouraged education because this is a democracy, and democracies are hard to keep alive. People who have liberty do not instinctively prize it as do those without it; and to rule ourselves we should be able to think for ourselves. This, however, requires educated judgments and developed characters; it requires liberalizing education. But as America has developed industrially, schools all along the line, colleges included, have had to meet increasing demands for specialized vocational training. These demands have been met on the whole with success, and in one sense with fidelity to democratic principles; since it is obvious that vocational training has been a step towards equalizing opportunities.

On the other hand, there has resulted a line of cleavage running through our educational structure. On one side is "bread-and-butter" education, on the other is liberal education which is not necessarily concerned with earning a living. Which is "truer" education is a vain dispute, but the latter is the only kind which aims to produce responsible beings able to govern themselves. Yet liberal studies in their higher range have ever been expensive and have been the privilege of only the few. This is a national misfortune, though it is in itself really nobody's fault. For only the few have ever wished to go far in liberal studies, and probably only a few are capable of it. Moreover, it is certain that the love of wisdom was never successfully forced on anyone.

But there is no reason for supposing that the love of wisdom is confined to those with money and to the very young. On the contrary, depth of understanding and the aspiration to sound instructed thinking have always existed impartially in all classes of mature men and women. Yet in this country at this time there are vast numbers of people who are cut off from the possibility of full self-development. These people begin to realize their loss. Many of them are not seeking technical equipment, self-advancement, or the chance to lift themselves out of their surroundings; they are seeking along the line of what they know for liberal education. Caught with thousands of their fellows in a blind alley, the unconsidered result of our industrial development, they are seeking for what the rest of us would call merely some tolerable way of life. And with courage and spirit they have already set about the provision of liberalizing education for themselves. This is the inward meaning of the recent efflorescence of "trade-union colleges" in all parts of the country; this is the meaning of the Amherst College workingmen's classes and of the Bryn Mawr Summer School.

Here is the beginning of what is likely to be a great movement. It has rightly begun amongst workers themselves, for it could never have prospered otherwise. Experiments with "university extension" have shown that, if they have had no other good result. The truth is that the only education is self-education. Teachers can impart information and make suggestions,

but they are like sign-posts—they can only by example and precept point out the way. A sign-post is of no earthly use unless the person who consults it wants to go somewhere. So it is with education; if you do not want it yourself those who mean well by you can expose you to the most costly and painstaking instruction through year after year and you will never get it.

Hence the movement for education amongst workingmen is hopeful just because it has begun with them. Yet like every good thing it has its dangerous possibilities. Dangerous, because no one needs to be told that at present labor is constantly in a state of contention with the rest of civilized society. One of the conditions of this warfare is that labor is suspicious of all who are not within its own ranks. Its leaders must be bone of its bone. But there are some who strive always to intensify labor's feeling that it is a class apart from the rest of society and wholly self-subsisting. There are many who cry aloud sudden, violent, and millennial remedies for the condition of the oppressed "wage-slaves." And these demagogues are prominent amongst those who day by day are actually "educating" labor. Probably most labor-leaders are sincere men—the trouble lies not in that direction. Many also are sensible men. Few, however, are trained save in the rough tumble of experience, and few have informed, disciplined minds. All, moreover, are leaders in a deliberate class war, which if immediately successful would destroy alike democracy and culture.

These are harsh words, but I do not say them by way of implied justification of large capitalists. I speak candidly just to make it plain how inevitably labor-leaders are partisans. This is not their fault but it may be at any time society's misfortune. For these are the men who, as was said, are actually "educating" labor. In conversation and set speech, in periodical and book, in all the routine of building up a firm organization, these men have for years been hammering into the heads of their followers certain dogmas the drift of which we all vaguely know. Thus has been preparing that solidified class spirit necessary for the epoch of regeneration—the "dictatorship of the proletariat." And now that amongst some of the keenest men and women in

labor's ranks a sense not merely of material but of intellectual and cultural things missed has begun to arise, there is evident an effort to turn the new desire to the old purpose. Most, if not all, of the newly arisen labor colleges are frankly partisan, separatist institutions. The authorities of the Workers' College of Seattle say: "Education in our universities and colleges is essentially capitalistic, in that it glorifies competition and seeks to produce an efficient individual. Education that may properly be called labor education is essentially socialistic, in that it glorifies coöperation and seeks to produce an efficient social and industrial order."

There can be no mistaking the intention of this moderately worded statement, and it is only a sample. These schools in fact are not so much the instructors as the creatures of labor. They are educational closed shops. "Coöperation," writes Mr. Arthur Gleason in a recent pamphlet,[1] "except in such elementary subjects as English, with public school authorities may mean that a censorship and a control are exercised, or else that they may be imminent as a threat with the same results on freedom of discussion as if they were exercised." The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor formerly advocated coöperation with public authorities in the cause of workers' education wherever possible, but Mr. Gleason says that in so doing the Council's "naïve failure to distinguish between the existent institutions of the political state, and the experiments in industrial democracy made by the workers, cuts the tap root of labor education."

If this separatist spirit were nothing but a manly independence it might be good, but it is a different thing. Indeed the spirit of tyrannical dogmatism would feel comfortably at home in most of these "colleges." And education is not the name for what they attempt; propaganda is the word. It is an ugly word for an ugly thing. It is the effort deliberately to inculcate a predetermined doctrine on the assumption that here is contained the whole law and the prophets. This is about as far removed

[1] *Workers' Education.* Bureau of Industrial Research, 1921. A good survey of the subject is to be found in *Adult Working-class Education in Great Britain and the United States,* by C. P. Sweeney, Bulletin 271 of the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, 1920.

as possible from true education. The joint administrative committee of the Bryn Mawr Summer School has voted that "the Summer School shall not be committed to any dogma or theory, but shall conduct its teaching in a broad spirit of impartial inquiry, with absolute freedom of discussion and academic freedom of teaching." That is the spirit of true education, and without it you do not have education at all. It means simply that in any subject student and teacher alike should read not one but all the authorities and through discussion form their own independent opinions of each. It means that the one thing inculcated is faithfulness to the truth wherever it may be found. Such education, however, cannot issue from propagandists who are working in the supposed interest of an exclusive class.

But there is another side to the story. Repeatedly have public education authorities discouraged or fought workingmen in their efforts after education. Repeatedly have workingmen been refused even the use of school buildings for no reason that officials have been willing to state. And where workingmen have used public buildings this has too often been made the excuse for a censorship of opinions—proving the need of Mr. Gleason's warning, already quoted. In brief, such an attitude of hostility towards workingmen's education has been so evident in many parts of the country as inevitably to strengthen labor's tendency towards class hatred. Thus stupidly and insanely—there are no other words—has only too much substance been given to labor's contention that American educational establishments are themselves agents of propaganda, and that you can only fight the devil with fire.

Here is the opportunity for American colleges: that when keen workingmen want education they should actually get it, and get the best there is. By the path of their natural present interests they should be brought to some vision of education as a way of life; they should get trained judgments and informed intellects, issuing in some real understanding of themselves and of their surrounding world. Their teaching should be suited to mature men and women with experience of life. It should not consist of short, unrelated lecture-courses, of the "spoon-feeding" familiar to generations of undergraduates, but of

prolonged work upon definite subjects, carried on through discussion and reading and accompanied by written work. Teacher and student should be equals, helping each other and learning from each other; and above all the student should be made to feel as free as the teacher to express any opinion that he holds, and both teacher and student should have the wholesome experience of rigorous argument.

This will not be easy work. The first teachers will have to be chosen with extraordinary care, for much in after years will depend upon the kind of start made. But even harder will probably be the task of getting in touch with the "demand"—with workingmen themselves. I have attempted to show how inevitably these are suspicious of the colleges, and how this suspicion has been not allayed but re-inforced by the blindness of many educational authorities. Colleges will have to remember these facts, and to make allowances, and to "come back" after discouragement. Colleges should not mistakenly force their attentions, because they are well meant, upon any individuals or groups. They should, on the other hand, be eager to grasp even forlorn-looking chances for their work. They should never attempt exclusively to manage what they do, but should proceed by joint committees, after the manner of Amherst and Bryn Mawr, to coöperate with existing labor groups. They should see to it that representation on these committees is equal, in reality as well as in appearance, on both sides, and should insist only on freedom of teaching. And colleges should, perhaps most important of all, go in for quality, not quantity. It should be realized from the outset that such work as is here suggested will never attract the majority of workingmen, or of any other large class. Only the keenest will ever be drawn into it and held.

No one should suppose, however, that working people's education conducted on the highest plane is a visionary notion. The reception given to the mere announcement of the Bryn Mawr Summer School revealed a demand of probably unsuspected intensity. It is true, the response to Bryn Mawr's undertaking may be at present discounted on several scores. The apparent novelty of the scheme is one, and to this may be added the

fact that the courses given are very short, numerous, and diversified. Thus it may be thought that no matter how high the standard of teaching, the actual accomplishment cannot be great, nor can the work involve sustained effort on the part of the students.

Certainly these considerations have some weight, but there is another direction in which we may look for information and guidance. Education for working people is in England no longer in the experimental stage. Eighteen years ago, after other attempts along varied lines, an organization was instituted in a small way which has continuously grown since in numbers and in strength, and which has by now spread to Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and South Africa. This is the Workers' Educational Association, whose most important achievement has been the university tutorial class. In 1908 there were 2 of these classes, with 60 students; in 1919 there were 153 classes, with 3,799 students. This is the more impressive because the standard maintained is that for university honors work, and each student pledges himself to three years' work in the subject of his choice, consisting of attendance upon 24 two-hour meetings each year, besides much reading and study, and the writing of an essay every fortnight. At the conclusion of the work the students do not receive even diplomas or certificates, nor is the work intended to promote their material advancement. While in the beginning this undertaking was regarded as almost chimerical even by its well-wishers, it has prospered, has weathered the war-years, and is now firmly established as a valued part of England's educational system.

It is well also for us to know that at the outset of the movement in England there was general distrust of the universities, and even hostility against them, amongst workingmen. As the years have passed hostility and suspicion have been largely dissolved; and at no time have they seemed to work against the real success of the tutorial classes. Moreover the movement has already had a perceptible effect in bringing the universities and the people of England more closely together. The English movement has, in addition, been continuously exposed to hostile criticism from propagandists who are seeking to foment a class

war. This criticism has come largely from the Labor College, a socialist organization analogous to the Rand School in New York. The Workers' Educational Association has successfully met such criticism by holding solidly to its own high ideal.

This surely is full evidence of the practicability of working people's education involving prolonged effort and conducted on the highest plane. Its benefit to the workers themselves is obvious, and so great that it cannot be exaggerated. It means for the keenest of them the difference between stunted growth, intellectual starvation, and an incalculably enriched life, animated by new vision and hope. It means that amongst all of them will gradually spread new influences and ideals, taught in the only efficacious way, by example, not by precept, and taught also by those who are likely to become leaders. The colleges, too, will be strengthened; they will learn as much in such work as they teach, and they will become bound by ties of common understanding to the life of a large part of the nation from which now they are estranged. One cannot but conclude that there would result, even within the space of a single generation, a greater cohesion in the national life, a drawing together, not apart, of classes in recent years widely separated from each other. In these days, with no uncertain portents on almost every horizon, it should scarcely be needful to say that no other one thing is more to be desired if the cause of responsible liberty is not to perish from among us.

ROBERT SHAFER.

OUT OF THE DESERT

BY THEDA KENYON

DUSK

The great red sun-eye closes.
Over the desert, long lines of patient camels swing slowly, rhythmically to rest,
Their shadows falling weirdly over the sands,
Merging into their eternal peace at last. . . .

A little, shrill-voiced flute has caught the strain of eventide:
It warbles uncertainly,
Like a young bird essaying its first song, in early Spring.

I see the ponderous tent-rolls, gradually untwining,
Until the desert has blossomed, colorful as a Sultan's garden.
And you are untwining your silken limbs languorously,
Until your cushions, in turn, have blossomed with the pallid glory of you.

NIGHT

The myriad tents lie nestled to the sands,
Crimson and purple, hung with murmurous bells,
Of brass and bronze, and silver. . . . The low sky
Star-jewelled, hangs in heavy-lidded ecstasy. . . .

Oh, my Beloved, leave the inner warmth,
The enervating comfort of your tent,
Your drowsy cushions, lavender and rose. . . .
Fling off your jasmine-scented veils,
And leap, untrammelled, white, like a slim lily,
Blooming at night unguessed in desert sands,
To greet me waiting here in shadowy quiet,
By the love-singing stream. . . .

DAWN

They are very thirsty. . . . I watch them from a far hillside,
Running stupidly about, like sheep, whose shepherd has forgotten them,
Torn by thorns, footsore, where sharp stones have pierced their sandals,
Yet heeding only their thirst, and hunting foolishly, tirelessly, for sweet water.

They are your herdsmen . . . they have seen the slim form of you,
Swathed in your rainbow scarves, carried among them,
Like a soft mirage, day after day. . . .
Yet . . . they thirst!

And I . . . I sit afar, at the source of a little stream,
Moving my way-weary feet among its cool, opalescent bubbles. . . .
And looking toward the tents of your people,
I thirst!
But I cannot hope to slake my thirst at your fountain;
Your servants are too many! Ants rearing a barrier
Unconquerable, in the path of Kings!
I shall wander away through the morning,
To the little shimmering cloud of dust, where others like me are waiting. . . .
And I take my thirst with me!

Farewell, my beloved . . . you who have trodden out the red wine of my heart
Beneath your pale, blue-veined feet. . . .
Allah billiah!

IDYLL

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

Far, far from here,
Above Andritsæna,
In the naked hills that paling darkness covers,
A sandalled goatherd climbs the path
Behind his flock.
Vacant the sleeping pastures,
For the bees too still are sleeping,
Vacant and thick with dew and flower-strown,
Tempting to bearded goats.
Slowly he follows them,
Thongs criss-cross to his knees,
With short Arcadian skirt,
A stripling, brown and roughened by the sun.
Limpid breezes,
Running slim fingers through his burnt black hair,
Have touselled it to elf-locks;
Slender and straight,
His thighs are hardened to the upward pull.
Companionless he goes, half insolent,
His crook behind his shoulders,
A smile behind his lips,
A tuft of golden crocus buds
In one cold hand.
His arrogant, unamorous eyes, brook-brown,
Scorn to laugh, though flickering with laughter.

The pasture ground is reached,
A rocky hillside, rank with asphodel,
Beneath the temple-ruin shepherds know—
Bassæ, the healing god's gray windy house.
The flock apprise the field with yellow eyes,
Shallow and cold,
Then scatter, some
On hind legs reaching for the wet cool buds
Of stunted trees,

Some browsing where the scentless heliotrope
Patterns the ground with white and lilac bloom.
Below,
The brook sends up a breezy sound
From clustered laurel trees
That gad its mirrowy lengths along
To watch the crimson fillets of their buds
That smell and open to the passionate sun.
He stops, lays down his crook,
Then, catching up the world in one sure glance,
Draws from his leathern belt
The uncouth shepherd's flute,
Perches him on a ledge of seeded grasses
And, knees drawn up,
Fills it with steady breath.
His cheeks swell out;
His neck strains into chords,
Crimsons beneath the tan;
His mischievous eyes tilt upward in delight,
And raucous happy sounds insult the dawn.

Shadows whisk in the temple portico,
Advance on shaggy feet,
Drop down, again advance,
Scurry from bush to bush,
And crowd at last
The crest of hills that half encircle him
Noisy below.
But he pipes on and only hears his piping,
And never sees for all his laughing glances
Flat in the dew, with chin on hand and ears pricked up,
Biting a wisp of feathered grass,
The little wood-gods
Listening.

SOME ENGLISH WOMEN NOVELISTS

BY ALICE A. SMITH

Hazlitt, writing of Fanny Burney, said: "She is a quick, lively and accurate observer of persons and things; but she always looks at them with the consciousness of her sex, and in that point of view in which it is the particular business and interest of women to observe them." The modern reader who delights in the artless feminities of *Evelina* will not agree with Hazlitt in regarding this as a limitation, for it is the artist's aim to give expression to her personal experience of life. When Jane Austen was urged to write "an historical romance," she refused to forsake first-hand observation for second-hand learning. "No," she said, "I must keep to my own style and go on in my own way. . . . I am convinced I should totally fail in any other."

As the sphere of women's activities has expanded, so the range of the woman novelist has widened. Mrs. Aphra Behn gave ballast to the extravagance of the heroic romance by introducing real incidents from her early life in the Colonies. Learned contemporaries sat up all night, absorbed in Miss Burney's "plain tale of the everyday life of a delicate girl," burdened, it is true, with a somewhat fantastic bunch of relatives. In Jane Austen's work the analytic novel reached a perfection of workmanship that suggests miniature painting on ivory. In Charlotte Brontë's day the professional life of middle-class women was still limited to that of the governess. George Eliot's women look further afield, and reflect her interest in those economic and class questions that exercised the liberal minds of her day.

In the conduct of life, argues Socrates in the *Phædo*, folk may choose between two ways. They may seek the truth for themselves, or they may accept the best of human laws, "and embarking on these as on a raft, risk the voyage of life." One is prepared to find that the bulk of women writers accept the social order, and cast round it a romantic halo calculated to induce a

like complaisance in the reader. The good girl is rewarded with a Fairy Prince. The good boy wins land and wealth. The tale ends with the wedding feast, and we are left to conclude that they live happily ever after.

In reaction from this romantic optimism, the young realists who claimed the suffrages of intelligent readers in the decade before the European War, based their claim to view life with a candid eye on the principle laid down by Mr. W. L. George in *A Novelist on Novels*. Life, according to this view, is most vivid when it is most unpleasant. It is the novelist's aim to make life vivid, therefore the novel acquires merit in proportion to the unpleasantness of its subject. But life is a mixed affair, and neither realist nor romantic sees it whole. In *Legend*, Miss Clemence Dane's study in æsthetic egoism, Jasper Flood makes the suggestive guess that the romantic escapes into the world of dreams from the world in which he has to live; whereas the realist "lives in a fair world of his own, from which he peers at ours, and writes of it as we do not dare to write." What are vaguely termed "the novels that count," are distinguished from the mass of print that loads the library tables by virtue of the writer's individual vision of life. Purely technical achievement is more widely distributed. The author of a recent novel entitled *My Three Husbands* goes so far as to assert that no one bothers about style nowadays, for anyone can write. The "purple patch," beloved of the Victorians, is laid away in lavender in college text-books. Modern novelists are content to have less style than their predecessors if we will credit them with more ideas.

When we come to scrutinize these ideas we find in the younger women novelists a definite trend of thought about life, but they harbor no conclusions. Their male contemporaries have tended to belittle the importance of social sanctions by laying stress on the inadequacy, in particular cases, of general laws rigidly enforced. The subversive tendency that responsible elders are apt to bewail is a danger signal flown from the bitterness of thwarted youth. But bitterness is not a characteristic of women writers. They are not concerned to knock down the things they deem evil, though they may kill them with the slow acid of satire. The satire that pervades as a subtle essence the work of Jane Austen,

and in a less degree of Fanny Burney, is free from the *sæva indignatio* of Swift. Nor do they thump the cushions of sex controversy. With the exception of Miss Dorothy Richardson, they do not share the view of Manthis, in Mr. Norman Douglas's diverting allegory *They Went*, who held that the male is a blind opinionated brute, whose sole claim to ascendancy rests on his power to hit with his fists. On the contrary they are interested in men as lovers or potential lovers, and not at all in men as builders of Empire, or successful travellers in preserves and pickles. The first three great women novelists drew three types of men. We may call them types without implying that the individual portraits are lacking in personality, for "persons must be partly types, or they become monsters." Lord Orville, *Evelina's* hero, is the perfect gentleman, *sans peur et sans reproche*, who is generally regarded as "the woman's man," though he first sprang from the refined mind of Samuel Richardson. To Jane Austen men were of little account, whether by reason of temperament, or because her quiet life left her unawakened, we do not know. In England the word curate connotes either an assistant clergyman, or a piece of furniture designed to hold plates of cakes with a view to facilitating the circulation of these desirable edibles at afternoon tea. Jane Austen's young men are of the genus *curate*. Charlotte Brontë, the creature of balked passion, loved to portray "man the master."

These are not aspects of manhood on which the man writer tends to dwell. We are used to finding the critics making merry over "women's men," although we feel that there is something not quite nice about a mind that can decry Shakespeare's women as "men's women," which is the heretical view of Miriam Henderson, Miss Dorothy Richardson's heroine. It is an amusing and suggestive exercise to trace these three types in the writings of our contemporaries, to meet the perfect gentleman or the curate in Miss Meynell's sensitively adjusted families, or to espy man the master intruding in the cultured coteries of Miss Clemence Dane or Miss Amber Reeves. For the women writers prefer a limited efficiency to all-conquering genius, possibly because outstanding success depends, in some degree, on lack of ruth. Only in the naïvely unmoral pages of *Martin Schuler*, by Miss Romer Wilson,

does genius succeed with the completeness that is possible only to the complete egoist. But even here success is qualified, for Martin dies in the moment of triumph from heart-failure, brought on by ecstasy at the perfection of his own opera, or by chagrin at the orchestra's inadequate rendering of it. In the mental haze induced by Miss Wilson's brilliant inconsequence, one is in doubt whether to view Martin's demise as the gesture of Mephistopheles claiming his own, or as the apotheosis of one who had tasted all that the gods had to offer, but in either case the fatality is final. In Miss Clemence Dane's *Legend*, a country doctor, with nothing to say, wins Madala Grey from Kent Rehan, an artist of genius. Alwynne, in *The Regiment of Women*, by the same writer, "throws herself away" on Roger, whom Clare contemptuously dubs "the gardener." Miss Amber Reeves' prescient heroine in *Helen in Love* chooses no less dull a fellow in preference to a galaxy of intellectuals. Miss Dorothy Richardson alone will be placated neither by dullness nor by extinction. Male critics are wont to note with pained surprise that she cannot use the word *man* without getting cross. They assert plaintively that she really does not understand them. But Pastor Lahmann in *Pointed Roofs*, and Mr. Hancock, the dentist for whom Miriam Henderson works in *The Tunnel*, are men whose friendship, up to a certain point, gave her interest and mental radiance. Men darken her mind only when they, or meddlesome onlookers, drag in the clouding irrelevance, as she regards it, of sex, or when they are "sitting in studies doing something cleverly, being very important, men of letters, and looking for approbation." In *Interim* Miriam decrees "no more interest in men. . . . . They shut off the inside world." In *Pointed Roofs*, published in 1915, Miriam leaves her home, where economical make-shifts were coming to outweigh the delights of membership of a tennis club, and seeks "life" as a governess in Germany. Her sojourn there is brief, for complications threaten, and Miriam runs from complications on principle. We receive a vivid impression of the life of the school, for Miriam displays abnormal sensitiveness to physical detail. In retrospect, as we learn in *The Tunnel*, the time in Germany was a golden happy light, and she learnt there to distinguish good music from bad, but it was a drab tale at the first telling. Subsequent volumes describe

Miriam's experiences as a governess in England, and in a boarding house in London. Besides being a characteristic example of Miss Richardson's method, *The Tunnel* is an interesting document of the suburban girl's outlook in the days when she had begun to demand independence and a salary, but was not yet prepared to accept the expense and drudgery of professional training. Miriam at her desk in the dentist's office presents a dreadful picture of fussy inefficiency. "I must stop thinking," she remarks naïvely, "and become fearfully efficient."

The method which Miss Richardson originated, possibly without appreciating its æsthetic significance, has been adopted by Miss May Sinclair in her *Mary Olivier*, and defended by her in an appreciation of *The Tunnel*, with the vivacity and generosity of a sincere craftsman. Miss Sinclair maintains that Miss Richardson has simply imposed on herself the conditions that life imposes on us all. "In this series," she says, "there is no drama, no situation, no set scene. Nothing happens. It is just life going on and on. It is Miriam Henderson's stream of consciousness going on and on." In harmony with this method, the style goes on and on. Commas, like incidents, may or may not happen. In either case selection is taboo. Mr. J. D. Beresford in a Preface to *Pointed Roofs* says that Miss Richardson goes head under, and becomes a very part of the human element she has described. The reader, whose mind staggers on the brink of delirium, after a frenzied pursuit of ten minutes' worth of Miriam's consciousness, would fain retort that it is the author's job, and not the reader's, to make Miriam's experience coherent.

In *The Pelicans*, by Miss E. M. Delafield, Hazel is deemed an arrant pagan, when she asserts that every girl owes it to herself to do what seems right to her with her own life. A candid egoism is the outstanding quality of Miss Delafield's heroines, and well-meant meddlesomeness is a favorite *leit-motif* with her. For some of her material she goes to the same world as Miss Richardson. She, too, describes middle-class girls, earning their living as milliners or secretaries, and living drearily in boarding-houses or clubs for working women. But she writes of this life as a spectator. She composes a plot and tells a tale. Her portrayals are almost photographic in their clearness of outline, and provide

us with a varied record of English life in town and country-town. She chooses as the victims of her laughter-loving satire efficient busybodies like Cousin Bertie in *The Pelicans*, who thinks that to understand children is a God-given knack, that one is simply lucky enough to possess. "'One' does not sound particularly egotistical, and conveys 'I' quite successfully to a practised listener." In *Tension*, the state of nerves that overtakes all and sundry has its source in Edna Rossiter's passion for propaganda, which is, Miss Delafield believes, a vital characteristic of those who know least of human nature.

In Miss Clemence Dane's novels we are shown two pictures of women whose egoism, craving for power, impels them to meddle with their friends' destinies. In *Legend*, the life-story of Madala Grey comes to us piece-meal in the clever talk of some literary æsthetes, who have just learned that she is dead. To them she was a symbol, a legend. They mourned the departed genius; for the warm-hearted girl and the happy wife they cared not at all. To Anita Serle, Madala's closest friend, her death gives the chance of a lifetime. For Anita has studied her, and intends to achieve greatness by writing her biography. "I tell you," she says, "I've got her naked, pinned down, and now I shall make her again. Drained her? Yes, I meant to." In *Legend*, as in Mrs. Constance Holme's prize novel, *The Splendid Fairing*, the nervous strain of a lifetime is concentrated, with explosive effect, in the action of a few hours; but in Miss Dane's *Regiment of Women*, emotions gather and fester as the school year drags on. In the stifling atmosphere of fussy importance and enthusiasm, Clare Harthill's dominant personality fed its lust for power. She rejoiced when in Louise's young heart "she toppled God off his throne, and the vacant seat was hers, to fill or flout as she chose." Anita and Clare are vampire-women. They act with the deliberation of the serpent in the Garden of Eden. But the interference of well-meaning women with other people's lives is hardly less dangerous. "We women are born meddlers," says Elsbeth to Roger in *The Regiment of Women*, "we think it's our mission to put things to rights."

In Miss Stella Benson's *Living Alone*, after the witch had had a glimpse of the Statue of Liberty, and flown back to England, Sarah Brown stepped over the threshold of the greatest home of

all, into the House of Living Alone. In the poem with which she prefaces this "little alien book, written for the magically inclined minority," Miss Benson shows the soul, stricken by the years of war, seeking peace, and finding it neither in memory nor in hope:

> I will divorce myself. . . .
> I have sold myself for silence, for the jewel
> Of silence, and the shadow of a vision.

If we accept life as the world offers it to us, we shall find only second-bests. "Seek not the best," chants Miss Benson in *This is the End:*

> Seek not the best, the best is better hidden,
> Build up no plan, nor any star pursue.

When Kew was killed, and there seemed nothing left in life, Jay agreed to marry Mr. Morgan, and Anonyma said that it was well that little Jay had found Romance at last. But Mr. Russell laughed a little—"Yes," he said, "this is the end." Humbug is the oil that lubricates this world's wheels. "No humbug!" shares the honors with "Hands off!" as the slogan of the woman novelist. Miss Marchrose, who had thought, "like fools of girls always do," that love meant happiness, saved her life from barrenness by accepting, like Jay, the second-best. But she keeps herself right with her Creator by doing it with her eyes open. "You have your scale of values clear," Edna's husband said to her, "and once that's done you can afford to accept the truth."

This somewhat barren doctrine is suggested again in *Columbine* by Miss Viola Meynell. Here the suggestion that love is not all is the more unexpected, in that her novels have no theme but "passion," as Miss Meynell roundly terms it. Nor does she shrink from pluralizing her emotions. In *Columbine*, Dixon Parish loved Jennifer and Lily at the same time, while, in *Modern Lovers*, Effie was simultaneously absorbed in Clive and Oliver. Miss Meynell's heroines spend their lives expecting to fall in love, falling in love, and, with surprising frequency, falling out of love. They are concerned as little as *Evelina* with the march of events or the claims of citizenship. Social questions, thought Martha in *Martha Vine*, are matters of purely professional interest and advancement for a curate. This attitude is as characteristic of

Miss Meynell's Londoners as of the country-bred girls of her earlier books: Dorcas in *Cross-in-Hand Farm*, *Lot Barrow* and *Martha Vine*. The world's erratic course does not deflect the orbit of these delicately ordered lives. The action is inward only, yet it is catastrophic. Passion falls like a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky. The young people are too honest, too simple, too certain that their feelings are all that matter in the world at the moment, to conceal its course. They are hysterical, remote from modern life, but they are drawn with the crystalline sincerity, and the incommunicable and astounding naïvete, that blend in the delicate sampler-work of Miss Meynell's art.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith alone locates, consistently and definitely, the source of happiness that is hid from her contemporaries in a secret place, to be seen perhaps only in some sunset hour, when the light dying in the west reveals for a moment the isle of dreams. For Miss Kaye-Smith Mother Earth is the Great Healer. At times the sense of earth in her work is as strong as Knut Hamsun's in that epic of earth, *Growth of the Soil*. Sussex is the locality from which she draws her inspiration. In a lecture that she gave recently, on the place of local color in fiction, Miss Kaye-Smith noted that Sussex came next in popularity to Cornwall among novelists seeking for the spirit of place. Now the quality of the Sussex landscape is harmonious and responsive. In the perfect proportions of the Down country there is variety, but details are not obtrusive. Miss Kaye-Smith's studies in personality blend with this background, and draw from it something of its ample and fundamentally stable character. The pursuit of a man's ambition is the theme of *Sussex Gorse* and *Tamarisk Town*. In the latter, Monypenny pursues his plan of making Marlingate a successful watering-place with a concentration of purpose that is too intense for perfect sanity. He succeeds, and, realizing too late that success had cost him his love and his sense of beauty, conceives the monstrous idea of destroying his own creation. In *Sussex Gorse*, Reuben Backfield determined, as a lad of sixteen, to devote his life to subduing the moor on Boarzell. The wild places should be tamed as young bulls are tamed. He pays no heed to his father's warning: "What's the use of hundreds of acres if you ar'n't comfortable at home? I've no ambi-

tions, so I'm a happy man." Reuben exhausts his wife, maims his brother, and drives his children to rebellion, but he succeeds. In *Little England*, a story of war-time that is in some respects Miss Kaye-Smith's most vital achievement, the earth did not fail Mr. Sumption, blacksmith and preacher, when his boy Jerry was shot for staying behind the lines with a girl, and his congregation turned against him, all except Thyrza Beatup.

American reviewers have said that the modern English novel leads them to believe that the standards which civilization has been centuries in erecting are falling into chaos, or even that "all moral standards are being let down." But the young women novelists who refuse to embark on the raft of custom, and seek the truth for themselves, are not concerned to uphold things as they are, nor even to represent things as they ought to be. They hold the mirror up to their little corner of life, and they probe and wonder and question, as though they would echo Robert Louis Stevenson's appeal to the spae-wife:

> O, I wad like to ken—to the beggar-wife says I—
> The reason o' the cause an' the wherefore o' the why,

and the English life that they reflect, the life of town or country, of country-town or suburb, is the life of an England in transition. Close behind them lies the "progressive" nineteenth century, when the rich had their definite responsibilities and the poor their definite duties; when the daily round, the common task, furnished all that girls needed to ask. Quite clever children were still expected to obey their parents when Miss Amber Reeves was at school. When Miss Richardson was a girl, to live in rooms in London was dreadfully emancipated, and it was a daring act to cycle in a skirt without a petticoat, as we learn from an almost lyric passage in *The Tunnel*. Miss Stella Benson's young women have crossed the threshold into this less manageable age. Jay in *This is the End* was a 'bus conductor,—'bus conductors do not wear skirts,—and to disobey was an instinct with her. The witch in *Living Alone*, with her "How d'you mean?" was one of those provoking young women who eternally question things that well-brought-up people simply know are just so. The devoted parents of Miss Meynell's love-absorbed boys and girls stand aside in suf-

fering silence. They are too modern to interfere, too old-fashioned to trust their children's freedom. In *The Pelicans*, Miss Delafield afflicts Cousin Bertie, whose notions of right and wrong are clear-cut and definite, with a daughter who maintains that every case has its own laws. Human life seems less like a progress than the last generation imagined, and more like the swing of a pendulum. With the increasing power of women to determine their own lives, our younger novelists are feeling after a new confession of faith in which one may discern genuine mystical quality. They sense a self-fulfilment, a happiness, dependent neither on success, as men esteem success in life and love, nor on mere self-sacrifice, as men esteem self-sacrifice—in women. But they present us with no Utopia labelled "for immediate entry," they hawk no universal panacea for human ills. The secret of their art is not assurance, nor achievement, but "the passion for the search."

ALICE A. SMITH.

THE CENTENARY OF FLAUBERT

BY WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY

SINCE his death in 1880, the fame of Flaubert has steadily grown. Remy de Gourmont early acclaimed him as the chief writer of his century in France; François Coppée styled him "the Beethoven of French Prose"; and Jules de Gaultier declared that he alone among the French could rank with Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Goethe. Flaubert regarded his consecration to art as a priesthood, and prose as an art even more difficult than poetry. Scorning popularity and in no hurry to "arrive," he replied at thirty-one to Maxime Du Camp, who had urged him to "get his name into print": "As for myself, I am not seeking port but the high seas. If I am wrecked there, I excuse you from mourning for me." Although never included in the French Academy, Flaubert is now eagerly claimed by romanticists, realists, and naturalists alike. On May 22 last the celebration of his centenary was officially opened at Rouen and at Croisset by Léon Bérard, Minister for Fine Arts. Chief among the addresses were those by M. Bérard and J. H. Rosny of the Goncourt Academy. But the grand climax of the centenary will not come until December 12, Flaubert's natal day, when there will be unveiled in the Jardin du Luxembourg in Paris a fitting monument to his memory. Thus in the same year that France has observed the centenary of de Maistre, Baudelaire, and Feuillet, she will pay homage, also, to three more broadly national personages—Napoleon, La Fontaine, and Flaubert.

This arch-enemy of everything "bourgeois" was born of a typical bourgeois father, married to a woman of aristocratic stock. From his Norman mother Flaubert inherited romantic traits—pride, imagination, contempt for the mediocre, fondness for the grotesque and love of art. From his father, a surgeon of Champagne descended from a line of physicians, he derived his realistic qualities, his scientific method and his critical spirit. In personal

appearance, Flaubert was distinctly Norman. Big and robust, a bull-necked giant, he wore a heavy moustache that might have done honor to the companions of Robert Guiscard; and his large gray eyes shone with the melancholy light of the North. As a youth he was restless and disillusioned, living in an imaginary world. He read with zest the poets and romancers, but submitted at the same time to the scientific discipline demanded by his father. This father, a pupil of Cabanis, Bichat and the philosophic school, felt for religion mild disdain. Gustave's mother had been reared in the Deistic tradition of the eighteenth century. Accordingly, he could not be expected to like the priests. A born pagan, he was convinced that death ends all. His father, who was as indifferent to literature as to religion, doubted the use of writing except for mere amusement, and confirmed his son in the belief that the world hated art. Indeed, according to Paul Bourget, Flaubert had not an idea in common with his father or with the good people of Rouen. Little wonder that he was a rebellious pupil with scant respect for his masters.

To the realm of letters, however, the precocious lad devoted himself, acknowledging the sway of Rabelais, Montaigne, Ronsard, Shakespeare, Spinoza, Goethe, and the romanticists. His first writings were saturated with reminiscences of *Faust*, *Hamlet*, *René*, and *Childe Harold*. By the age of eleven he had composed thirty tragedies and melodramas, many of which were enacted with friends in the family billiard room. During the next decade, plays, short stories and essays continued to flow from his pen. Unlike the works of his maturity, these were often autobiographical, reflecting his dreams and disappointments. Thus, in his *Voyage en Enfer*, written at fourteen, it is this present world that turns out to be Hades, and similar disenchantment marks his autobiographical essay, *Mémoires d'un Fou* (1838) and the early version of his first novel, *L'Éducation sentimentale* (1845). In the essay he wrote: "I have scarcely seen life, yet a deep disgust has entered my soul; I have carried to my lips all its fruits, but they seem to me bitter; I have refused them, and now I die of hunger. To die so young, without hope in death, without being sure of sleep in the tomb, without knowing if your peace be inviolable! To throw yourself into the arms of annihila-

tion and to doubt if they will receive you!" In *Novembre*, the hero declares: "I was born with the desire to die. Reared without religion, like others of my age, I lacked the dry satisfaction of the atheists and the ironic nonchalance of the sceptics." Here occurs the macabre reflection: "It is sweet to imagine that one has ceased to be. It is so calm in the cemeteries." Even though life seemed to the youthful author "a continuous indigestion" and "a succession of partial deaths," he found consolation in the thought that his ashes might serve to make the tulips grow.

Broodings of this sort imply in Flaubert no pathological weakness, for up to the age of twenty he was physically perfect. He merely voiced the romantic weariness of his generation. At sixteen he had complained of "the burden of life" which had "weighed upon him from birth." "Yes," he declared in his essay on Rabelais, "life rests heavily upon those who have wings; the more ample the wings, the more we agonize." Indeed, he spent his days in trying to prove that for man it is thought that constitutes the source of his worst sufferings. Since to think and to suffer are the same, the most intellectual man is also the most unhappy. Flaubert never saw a child without reflecting that it would grow old, nor a cradle without thinking of a tomb. His griefs were crowned when his father made him study jurisprudence. "I know of nothing more foolish," he wrote, "than the law, unless it be the study of the law." He now beheld the future, which he had dreamed of as beautiful and poetic, turned into something monotonous and dull. But a nervous breakdown in 1843 spared him the torture of practising a "bourgeois" profession. For some years following his collapse Flaubert lived in seclusion, except for a short journey to Italy. After the deaths of his father and his sister Caroline in 1846 he went to reside with his mother at Croisset, below Rouen. Here he spent the remainder of his life, save for a short sojourn in Tunis and an occasional visit to Paris.

After 1850 the only events in the life of Flaubert were those connected with the conception, the elaboration, and the publication of his books. His work, much as he sought to eliminate from it his personality, remained the product of his character, his temperament, and his time. He was both proud and timid, disliking

those who differed from him, feeling himself superior even as a school boy to his fellow pupils and his masters, yet afraid of them. He resisted direction and resented any failure to respond to his friendship. As romancer and dramatist he got on but poorly with his colleagues, scorning publishers and critics. Of the critics he would say: "Why worry over what the blackbirds chatter?" Even Sainte-Beuve's "lymphatic licorice water" did not escape his sarcasm.

Flaubert, by reason of this pride, timidity, and irritability, was a lonely misanthrope. "I have so often been humiliated," he wrote to Louise Colet in 1846, "that I have long since come to recognize that in order to live at peace one must live alone, and shut his windows against the poisonous air of the world." He liked it at Croisset because there he was "far from the Rouennais, who were offensive to him as only compatriots can be." At thirty-two he declared that daily he felt growing within him an aversion for his fellows. He never believed in moral perfectionism, nor yielded to the sensibility and humanitarianism then in fashion. With him it was a principle that "Intellectual egoism is the heroism of thought." Travel no less than seclusion fostered his contempt for mankind. Owing to these various influences, there developed in him a sort of monomania of dislike for brutality, and the bourgeois. He studied both in order to hate both the more. So he became a literary ascetic, regarding humanity with a malign laughter sadder than tears. In this he remained true to his earlier conviction. At the age of seventeen he had affirmed: "I admire profoundly only two men, Rabelais and Byron, who alone have written in order to decry the human race and to laugh it in the face."

Such was the character of Flaubert's dual temperament, fundamentally romantic, but in maturity exhibiting, also, profoundly realistic traits. Flaubert, indeed, seems to have incarnated the literary tendencies not only of his own generation but also of that which preceded his. His genius was double, he confessed, although at heart he preferred romanticism. Hence his interest in imaginative and satiric writers. Although he disliked Lamartine and Musset, his favorites were Homer, Plautus, Rabelais, Ronsard, Shakespeare, Chateaubriand, Byron, Victor Hugo.

Although he admired the art of Boileau, he cared little for calm, unimaginative temperaments such as Sophocles, Horace, Descartes, and Racine. He rarely mentioned the Classicists of the seventeenth century. He lamented the fact that realistic themes "forced themselves upon him." Probably, as one critic has expressed it, imagination was his Muse and reality his conscience. In other words, he deemed it a duty to divide his attention between the two forms of art. Thanks to his sense of proportion, however, when striving after perfection in either he borrowed from the other only what was appropriate.

In Flaubert's chief works, then, realism and romanticism alternate. After the realistic *Madame Bovary* (1856), followed the romantic *Salammbô* (1862); after the realistic *L'Éducation sentimentale* (1869), the romantic *Tentation de Saint Antoine* (1874); then came *Trois Contes* (1877), combining both, and the unfinished realistic *Bouvard et Pécuchet* (1881). Thus he swung between the two, governed by beauty, sweet with mystery and truth, bitter with doubt.

There was no evolution in Flaubert's method of composition, at least among his major works. In *Par les Champs et par les Grèves* (1847), as in *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, written thirty years later, we find the same meticulous care in polishing individual passages. "You do not realize," he wrote to George Sand, "what it means to remain all day with your head in your hands, pressing it to find a single word. Ah, but I have known the agonies of style!" He excelled in producing powerful effects through metaphors, compressing into a single line an image of imposing proportions. He excelled, also, in rendering eloquent the slightest objects. His language was rich but simple. Unlike the Goncourts and other "impressionists," he refused to do violence to it, attaining his ends by using words in their natural and ordinary meaning. He possessed a keen sense for the music of words, knowing the exact cadences appropriate to produce the effects he desired.

Naturally this devotee of art for art's sake wished the artist to be no defender of a doctrine, political, moral, or social. Such preoccupations, he felt, would diminish the dignity and universality of his work. He never wrote for the masses, whom he dis-

dained. He felt that art was a thing sacred and apart, to be profaned by stooping to the vulgar. It was his reluctance to confide in his readers that caused him to formulate a creed of impassiveness and impersonality. As early as 1846 he boasted: "I have always refused to put anything of myself into my works." Respect for truth, however, compelled him to add, "And yet I have included much of myself there." The second part of this confession is not less significant than the first. In Flaubert's words, the author in his work should be like God in the universe, present everywhere and visible nowhere. In the opinion of Flaubert, an artist is not his own master. "To express what I think! That is something charming of which I have deprived myself." Accordingly, he sought to depict tastes, visions, and sensations contrary to his own. "I was born with a lot of vices," he used to say, "which have never put their nose out of the window. I like wine, yet I do not drink. I am a gambler, yet I never touch a card. Debauchery pleases me, yet I live like a monk. I am a mystic, yet I believe in nothing." In other words, his advice to a writer was this: "You will depict wine, love, women, and glory on condition that you are neither a drunkard, nor a lover, nor a husband, nor a soldier. In the midst of life, one sees it badly; he suffers, or enjoys too much."

At the suggestion of his friend Louis Bouilhet, Flaubert took the theme of *Madame Bovary* from the actual matrimonial woes of an obscure country physician, Delamare, who had practised at Ry, a village in Normandy. Of this theme the novel presents two chief aspects. One is the study of the decline from grace of a woman heartless and vulgar but fond of luxury and the satisfactions of sense. The other is the scrupulous portrayal of the pettiness of provincial life. If Balzac had a piercing eye, he lacked the large and comprehensive glance that could include much at a time. This gift Flaubert possessed. Whereas Balzac first made the framework to hold his action before introducing his characters, Flaubert taught his disciples to paint in their backgrounds while developing situations and amid the dialogue. The picture of provincial manners here is rivalled by that of the characters.

The fond illusions of the unfaithful wife are comparable only

to the dull naïveté of the unsuspecting husband. Emma's life is a struggle between her real self and her imagined self, a false ideal, resulting in her misery and suicide. Her husband is a nonentity, deficient in intelligence, will, and imagination, but given a distinct individuality by the author.

Six years after the publication of this masterpiece, appeared the epic romance *Salammbô*, the finest specimen of Flaubert's romantic art. To him ancient Carthage stood for the Orient, the desire for which obsessed his romantic life. He was homesick for the exotic as affording an escape from the commonplace. Such a subject permitted him to employ also the rich vocabulary that he had learned from Victor Hugo. If he loved Carthage, it was because she offered him so many living types; and if he regretted anything, it was that the present seemed so inferior to the past. Hence the melancholy that permeates *Salammbô*. As usual, Flaubert went to the pains of thorough documentation, reading for his reconstruction of antiquity not less than fifteen hundred volumes. The work turns upon the conflict between the barbarian mercenaries and the Carthaginians who employed and deceived them. History furnished him his chief personages: Hamilcar Barca and his son Hannibal; Matho, a Libyan; Spendius, a Greek; Narr' Havas, a Numidian; and the Carthaginian leader Hanno; but Flaubert created the character of the beautiful Salammbô, sister of Hannibal. The true heroine, however, is Carthage itself, luxurious and incredibly rich. The novel, swift in action and fairly free from digression, is remarkable for its portraits and descriptions. Here too may be found the most perfect expression of Flaubert's pessimism. His hatred of human brutality, shown slightly in *Madame Bovary*, and increasingly in *L'Éducation sentimentale* and *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, rises to a climax in *Salammbô*.

This novel, then, and *Madame Bovary* must rank as the best creations of Flaubert, the romanticist-realist. Yet, some critics have held that these are excelled by some of his other works. Whereas Brunetière characterizes the charming short story, *La Légende de Saint Julien*, as Flaubert's poorest piece, Émile Hennequin considers it "the most divine prose of its century." Whereas *La Tentation de Saint Antoine*, an allegorical poem on the theme of

Faust, impresses Brunetière as "bizarre and tedious," it delighted Saintsbury, and is styled by Remy de Gourmont as "more than a masterpiece." Similarly, *L'Éducation sentimentale*, a study of the malady of the will, disliked by some, is regarded by others as the novelist's supreme creation. Equally divergent are the opinions expressed concerning *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, which seems to point the uselessness of all activity, mental and physical. Not less disenchanting is the message of *La Tentation*, an allegory which catalogues the follies of men and exhibits the inevitable cycle of faith, philosophy, and agnosticism. Here, according to Émile Hennequin, is reflected Flaubert's troubled soul, torn between his love of reality and his dislike of it, yearning for beauty yet finding it only in an imaginatively recreated antiquity. Scarcely more attractive is life as portrayed in *Un Cœur simple*, the story of a humble servant. Abandoned by her lover, maltreated by her first employers, bereft of her beloved nephew and the daughter of her second mistress, Félicité eventually bestows her affection upon a parrot, only to see this creature poisoned by a miscreant. Similar disillusion marks *L'Éducation*. Frédéric Moreau in his declining years realizes that life, far from affording the enchantment that he had sentimentally anticipated, weaves for him only a colorless web of deceptions and disappointments.

Flaubert thirsted for the absolute; but, unable to discover it, within or without himself, he conceived it to lie in the Written Phrase. With Buffon, he believed that the fashion in which truth is enunciated is even more useful to humanity than the truth itself. Thus he professed contempt for Comte's *Cours de philosophie positive* because of its defective style. Nor did lucidity alone satisfy Flaubert. He desired a unity in activity among the phrases in a book like the motion of leaves in a forest, all different though associated. His patience, his courage, his artistic honesty, will always remain an inspiration. In sacrificing everything to art—pleasure, money, success, and health—this master of realism gave the finest example of practical idealism.

WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY.

WHY NOT TEACH FRESHMEN?

BY STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

SAY what you like about teaching, *I* intend to teach. For one thing, I like to teach Freshmen. I like to teach them chiefly because they are not Sophomores. I have taught Sophomores, too, and that is fun; I should not dare to become sniffy about Sophomores. I am a very young man, and they might put me in my place; or out of it. Only yesterday one of them remarked, earnestly: "Sir, don't you think Sophomores have an air of careless grandeur?" Nobody would affirm that a Freshman had "careless grandeur." Everyone concedes "grand" and all its cognates to Sophomores. The Freshman is not grand, or grandiose, or grandiloquent; he's just Freshman; he is *sui generis*. College "men"—a debutante friend forces me to say "men"; college "boys", she says, belong to the 'eighties, and are found only in musical comedies—declare: "He's a Freshman," precisely as girls say damningly, "He's a married man"; or, turnabout, as married men classify, "He's a bachelor." In each case reference is made to a species. When you mention the fact that your nephew is a Junior, you allude to a technicality in the curriculum; when you call him a Freshman, you characterize a condition of society. A type? How terrible? Not at all. Tadpoles are not morbid about being tadpoles; froghood is near. And for the Freshman—well, there is the approaching beatitude of "careless grandeur." In fact the Freshman is so important that one eastern university has segregated him. Talk with him of college. You gain a faint premonition of three other years, but somehow you learn that there is only one year, and that is the Freshman Year.

For the first months the Freshman is hopelessly hybrid; he does not yet belong to the University. The right tailor, the right talk, the right tobacco—these he embraces blindly, passionately. He is a neophyte in orthodoxy. Part of him is still on

the farm, or in a high school in one of those large rectangular States in the middle of our map, or on the athletic field of St. Numbskull's. The truth is, his mind is in short trousers, though he has craftily covered his legs. In small colleges he wears a cap, its ugliness focusing in a button, a burlesque *biretta;* in universities he is ignored. Both procedures are superfluous; you can tell a Freshman as readily as a Paris *cicerone* can spot a tourist. Being a Freshman is a state of mind made glaringly public. Like Longfellow's maiden, his feet are where the brook and river meet; not, however, in the least reluctant, but eager, and fearfully well-shod. No longer boy, not yet man; between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born.

But let others sing the glories of the Freshman on the campus. My epic is of the combat with him in the class-room, and of the Achilles-hero-instructor who meets him there. When I first meet him in 200 Sampson Hall, he is a bit uncertain, but desperately alert. His attention is strained, intense, and has, I cynically realize, nothing to do with what I am saying. He is examining *me.* When Abelard, like millions of professors before and after him, sketched the "nature and scope" of the course—that academic *ignis fatuus!*—his Freshmen, I am convinced, scrutinized his face, his hands, his cuffs, his socks—if Abelard went in for socks. My Freshman is in front of me, his moon-face in an orgy of concentration. So gaze the undoubting at the miracle of St. Januarius. I stare back, quite inadequate. Surely such devotion merits more than an assignment in *Henry IV*, Part 1. Ought I not to stand on the desk and sing to such zealots?

Just then I have a Vision of Truth. For I comprehend that though the Freshman would be mildly surprised, if I sang, he would give no sign. What he has been examining is not my remarks on the text, nor even, fundamentally, my socks, but his new college, one aspect of which has become deceitfully incarnate in me. To him for a moment I am Harvard, Princeton, Yale. Before this thought cynicism vanishes. This awkward, shy, eager, kindly specimen before me, this astounding blend of malleable impulses, this irritating, delightful baby, is at my college, waiting and hoping. He has become part of that fellowship which I revere. He is an idealist. At last he has "got in" to

the University, the University, perhaps, of generations of his family. He is on his mettle, and he means to "make good." And on my side is the consciousness of the keenness of his attitude. It is a challenge to give of my best that I dare not refuse, even if I incredibly wished to do so. And our relations are already appallingly personal. There is no whiskered parent in the background cutting a club about my size; no elderly matron, she of the lorgnette. These are in Alameda, California, praying for John's success in this very course.

I do not mean to say that this first, fine rapture endures. The mere fact of being in college will not maintain that ecstatic attention of the first day. An ideal realized is an ideal created; in this case the ideal is to attain "careless grandeur"; to be like an upperclassman. In April or May I remind this Sophomoric crowd, by a tactful insult or two, who they are. Falstaff's most maddening taunt to Mistress Quickly was: "Go to! you are a woman." I employ the same artistic economy of epithet: "Go to! you are a Freshman." This is effective. But if sophistication sets in, there is a compensation. The first day I peered over my desk I saw merely long-legged bodies crowned by apple-cheeked faces expressing a dauntless faith in Santa Claus. But now I behold individuals. Jack Sanford's face is like Ruskin's at the age of twelve, but his brain is stubborn; he exhibits a singular resistance to knowledge. He played baseball at school. How he hopes I will let him out to play this afternoon! Next him is Bob Ring, *ætat.* 24, with two years' service in the First Division as a cultural background. "When do we finally know that Charlotte Corday means to kill Marat?" I once demanded. "Oh, not till she sticks him in the last chapter!" Bob roared. I am now æsthetically blunted to Collins's evil taste in scarves. Murphy's smile is not unwelcome. In brief, the compensation is that I know my men. There has been a Ragnarök. That mysterious thing has developed called "the personality of the class."

But this epic, I repeat, deals with the instructor. How does he teach them? "What does he do in there?" I heard a student ask another concerning a teacher. "Oh, he talks,—you know," came the reply; "wind, of course; rising and falling action—that stuff!" Then the speaker suddenly raised his head,

dripping, from a basin of cold water. His voice was uncomfortably loud as he added: "But I keep awake. Do this every day before I go to class." That's just it. What do we do in there? Well, sometimes it is a pedagogical three-ring circus, and we admit it, though the details of such horrors shall not be revealed in this paper. There is, for instance, the daily paper; like, if I may be ironical, a Greek tragedy; regular in its beginning, inexorable in its ending, and possessing a purification through suffering. For ten minutes Pity and Terror are supreme. Then there are questions, penetrative, Socratic, flooding the student's mind with intellectual light, leaving him breathless, wistful, sad with the whole of pleasure. (How I wish you would believe this true!) The hour flows on majestic, like the River Oxus, and the Freshman, shedding a tear, leaves the room with bowed head.

Oh, does he? Alas! not in my divisions. Not a bow. Nor a Socratic question. Unless you call this Socratic: "Now, what did he do next?" Or this: "Mercutio drew his sword, advanced, and attacked—whom, Mr. Flatfoot?" I am not defending these inanities; I merely find them necessary—sometimes.

Here, by implication, two ways of handling the young animal have been indicated; one, a toy Socratic dialogue, with its infinite possibilities of inspiring or falling flat, and the other, an alphabetical examination of the text. I shall mention two or three other ways of instruction, coercive or persuasive, and state in advance that I think these, however important, only corollaries in teaching Freshmen. *Porro unum necessarium!* The greatest of these is—something else!

One of these ways is a great pother about technique, as some teachers like to call it. Their aim is to evoke a startled interest, and their legerdemain rivals that of a Belasco stage-manager. The nuances of this black art are magnificent. Two of my brethren once arrived at a bitter impasse concerning the particular position of the instructor when teaching the balcony scenes in *Romeo and Juliet.* From the back of the room? Billiken-like on the desk? (Here I suggested the pirouette, but was ruled out as a profane spirit.) In studying Tennyson's *Lotus Eaters* realism is the thing: "What *I* do," said one of these, with definite implication, "is to close every window, draw the curtains, turn on the

heat, and then read the poem in a dreamy voice. When I finish," triumphantly, "every man in the room is asleep." This was superb. Next to distributing lotus-blossoms, what could be better?

Then, too, the art of bullying has its votaries. If a written paper is a split-second late, it is dramatically dropped into the waste-basket. To look out of the window means zero; to whisper to a neighbor is a recitation, a valueless one, and so zero; and to borrow a pencil is zero. Under this *régime* the object of the wretched class becomes to raise its general average to zero. Football captains have been known to achieve as high as forty below zero, or by super-effort to reach exactly zero. In all this there is something of the humor of Tantalus, and something of the grimness of Pusey's conception of sin. Yet such terrorism has tickled the fancy of many students. Under this Prussianism they have grown and prospered. They increase in sorrow, but in knowledge also.

By all these devices I am interested, but not wholly convinced. One man may throw chalk at his Freshmen; another may sing under his breath; still another may teach, amid roars of laughter, with his foot in the waste-basket. Some of these things are for me in teaching my young cubs, but they are secondary. I am persuaded that the essence of it all is something else; and, trite and vague as it may be, this I intend to examine. It is the mysterious *unum necessarium* on which I found my faith as a teacher, and of which I intend to speak. This means a digression, or rather a retrogression. It means a brief *résumé* of the training of the college teacher.

When at graduation from college he announced to his friend in business that he intended to teach, the latter remarked: "If you don't know what to do, teach; if you don't know what to teach, why, teach English." In this case, at least, the pleasantry was irrelevant. We are talking not of the drifter, but of the man—there are some—who wishes to teach. He cares for it so definitely, that he submits to the Ph.D. At the end of one year of a three years' sentence he is in a welter of books,—books, books, and books about books. He recalls now with understanding the fervor of the undergraduate in chapel as he pronounced the verse:

"Of the making of many books there is no end! Selah!" One night he dreams he is a vast cistern, deep as Mahomet's Hell, into which are being poured the libraries of the universe. Classmates returning wither him with crusades of practical achievement. "Three more years of study, eh?" they comment quizzically. He overhears two undergraduates discussing "that bird who looks as if he slept in a swamp"—undeniably a fellow graduate student. At a convention of teachers he hears, "I shall always remember my graduate years; they were the most melancholy years of—" "Of a melancholy life," the eavesdropper adds *sotto voce*. He is weakening. How about the grain and feed business?

At the end of the second year the water has crept higher. The man who wished to teach Freshmen has a University fellowship, but no other, in any sense. He now has to select a subject for his thesis, and he wavers between two seductions: *The Whale in English Literature*, or *A Correlated Study of the Cells in the Hind-Legs of Grasshoppers in the More Biological of the English Poets.* This delicate decision, he is told, involves his whole future happiness. Where is the young man who wished to teach English literature to boys? Isn't he just a little bit frayed? Well—how about selling bonds?

But at last teaching begins, and he likes it, even in this first year, the trying year of dress-rehearsal. But there are other quicksands. He is requested to publish a vermiform appendix to his thesis. In addition he is put on the Committee for the Direction of Intra-Curriculum Passivity, which is to report to the chairman *pro tem* of the faculty as an acting committee of the whole whether pen and ink or pencil should be used in final examinations. He discovers that Carlyle was wrong: a university is not a collection of books, but a nest of committees. He spends his week-ends counting commas in the college catalogue which is to be delivered to an anxious world with a revised table of contents. One evening he attends the reading of a paper on *The Origin of the Expression, "Cold Feet," in the Early Piedmontese Dialect.* On the moonlit campus below some boys begin to sing. Listen. It is that exquisite lyric of George Withers's, written centuries ago in a quiet English library; it rises, dauntless, plaintively entreating, "Shall I wa-a-sting in despair—" borne into the

room on the fresh voices of youth. A young savant looks up over bone spectacles, rises, and closes the window with a bang. Philology triumphant!

Again at home, in more or less sybaritic apartments in Lost Divinity Hall, darkness floods the young man's soul. He is impelled to cable for Thomas Hardy, so many are the evening's little ironies. For as he picks up a current magazine he opens to an airing of the professorial budget; and, without stirring, he can read the last words of a letter from a classmate, lying on the table: ". . . shame . . . you fellows should be better paid. . . ." But the perfect moment is yet to be his. He opens a letter from a maiden aunt, and reads a clipping from a school journal, the *opus* of a Western Superintendent of Schools:

> In my many years of teaching work I have found a thousand reasons to rejoice and be glad that I am a teacher. I am glad each year when the time draws near for the new school year to begin; I am glad when the day finally arrives; I am glad to hear the school bells ring, calling the boys and girls back to their books and their work; I am glad to meet them skipping gleefully on their way to school; glad again to meet and greet their teachers. . . . I am glad to visit the class-rooms and see the eagerness and joy with which they pursue their work, strengthening the chords of effort in their desire to achieve and excel. . . . I am glad when the day's work is over and doubly glad when the new day begins. Yes, it's a wonderful thing to be a teacher—teaching is a labor of love, it's a labor of joy.

The clipping vanishes into a crumpled ball, and outside his door two Armenians and a negro divinity student are startled by a burst of sardonic and hellish laughter.

* * *

It is just here that the *unum necessarium* plays its part. Love of technique in the class-room, and mild interest in teaching, will never survive the discouragements which have just been outlined in this brief biography of the instructor. The real test of a teacher is in these darker moments. Does he now wish to meet these youngsters again, and daily? If not, then by all means, hurrah for the grain and feed business, and quickly! But this particular individual does; in fact he could not give it up. He even thinks of the row of young faces of the next morning—this dark mood past—with something very like content. He realizes

that in spite of theses, committees, salaries, there is something which makes him wish to teach Freshmen. This something he cannot name, though he regards it as an *élan vital*. Perhaps it is not unlike "keeping the faith"; perhaps it is merely a twist in his brain; perhaps this entire paper demonstrates a platitude—the value of enthusiasm. Perhaps it is only that. But in teaching it is first and, relatively, the other things are nowhere. This is vague, but it is certain. The soul of a recitation with Freshmen is the will and spirit to teach them. Only last week an older teacher said to me, with a kind of battle fury in his eye: "I could teach 'em. I used to feel, 'Let me get in there!'" (I thought of King Lear's boast: "I have seen the time when with my good biting falchion I could make 'em skip.")

So, after all, the sentiment of the school superintendent is relevant. Something may be said for the joys of the flesh, but these do not compare favorably with the joys of a good recitation with Freshmen. After such the teacher floats lightly down the stairs and across the campus with thoughts like those of the gods. Sometimes he feels like turning to his Freshmen—by no means every day!—and saying confidentially: "You know—I like this game, for many reasons, but the real charm of it is *you*."

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

MILTON AND THE PURITANS

BY R. SCOTT STEVENSON

THE tercentenary of the Pilgrim Fathers, recently celebrated, is suggestive of the great conflict for civil and religious liberty, which had waxed warm from the days of "Bloody Mary" and Elizabeth, and in John Milton's day became a real battle. Thirty years after the landing of the Pilgrims, Milton armed himself to champion this cause of liberty for the common people, so vital to the Puritan. Had Milton lived forty years earlier, he might have been a Pilgrim. As the Pilgrim needed a New World in which to live and work, so in later years the Old World needed Milton to muster and guide the forces of justice and truth in the mighty struggle.

The greatest period in English literature, opening with the publication of Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* in 1579, ended in the heroic sweep of the blind poet in his *Samson Agonistes*—a century of noble song, whose harp-strings vibrate still. From this high course of thought and imagination, descending like a fresh, invigorating mountain stream, the poets and literary men and women of succeeding generations drank deeply and freely.

"England," says the historian Green, "became the people of a book, and that book the Bible." How that Book should be interpreted in relation to the practical problems of Church and State, was the question that formed the line of contention. On one side, the State Church and the King, supported by the learning of the time; on the other, free religion and the Parliament, supported by English Puritanism. Even in the glorious reign of Elizabeth there were "petty subterfuges", and then, as now, the human heart was deceitful. James I came to the throne as a man comes to his private property, and his personal interests and selfish inclinations were supreme. The statesmen of Europe looked with astonishment on his childish sport in the affairs of a mighty people. The claim to divine right, so conspicuous and

bold in the "spacious times" of the great queen, began to yield to the more reasonable right of the people to dictate measures for their safety and comfort. This great change found its centre and motive in the Puritanism that so remarkably affected the life and work of Milton.

In the home of the poet's childhood, any "Queen Elizabeth gentleman" was cordially welcomed. His father had celebrated, in verse, the name and fame of that peerless Oriana, and had produced other poetical and musical compositions which made no small impression on the plastic soul of the son. Three characteristics, at least, were the inheritance of the youth, John: musical genius, predisposition to weakness of eyes, and Protestant faith, for which his father was disinherited; and we must not forget the sweet gentleness and charity ascribed to his mother. His education, culture and aspirations all seemed to place him in company with those who afterwards stood so loyally for the King. He visited foreign lands, and was received with great respect by cardinals and nobles, and was honored and praised by men of rank. A Latin poet at Rome, like Dryden in later years, exalted him above Homer, Virgil and Tasso. But, as Milton meekly confesses, it was a custom then and there to indulge in "flattery and fustian", and in turn his own compliments were sweetened to the taste of his gallant and hospitable friends in those queen cities of Florence, Rome and Naples, Venice, Geneva and Paris.

He visited the famous Galileo, who had grown old, and was then a "prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." And here Milton's soul must have flamed with indignation at such bigotry and tyranny over the natural rights and freedom of his fellow creatures. His convictions and purposes were rapidly forming. While in Naples, planning to visit Sicily and Greece, news came to him of civil strife in England, and he turned his face homeward, thinking it "base to be traveling abroad for his pleasure" while "his countrymen were contending for their liberty at home". In the struggle that followed, he adopted the pen as mightier than the sword. He "would not be wanting to his country, church and fellow-citizens in a crisis of so much

danger". By books, pamphlets and poems, he hurled the missiles of his burning convictions like bombs into the camp of the enemy.

In *L'Allegro*, a poem written when youth was merging in manhood, he touched on the lighter phases and traditions of Merry England; and as yet there was no unmistakable evidence that the Milton of those early fancies and songs was to become the mouthpiece of Puritanism. The transition gradually assumed form and character as the cause of the Puritan broadened and deepened from the times of Elizabeth. This movement toward the triumphs of civil and religious toleration was as rapid as it could be not to produce confusion and disaster in its path. Elizabeth dreaded the privilege of private judgment. It was the opening of the flood-gates of anarchy—this sacred liberty of the people—and she would prevent all church privilege and exemption, in view of the welfare of the nation.

The controversy waxed warm. The selfish reigns of James and Charles did not lend the charm of peace. And when Milton's poems *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* were published, Puritanism had become an emphatic protest against the tyranny of the King's party, and though the struggle had reached but its first stages, to a thoughtful and tender spirit like that of Milton, the outcome was not far distant, and of no small moment. The three poems, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso* and *Comus* were not written simply for pastime, or the playful indulgence of poetic fancy. They are adorned with classic and traditional lore, but the current of meaning runs deep, and is revealed as the thought and purpose of the man's soul are revealed in the intimate relationships of his mental transition. Honestly and fairly he measured the claims of each contending force. His soul burned within him and his hand trembled under the mighty influence of his convictions, while he penned his poetic versions of the times.

Standing alone *L'Allegro* would be but poorly understood, and not of considerable purpose. Associated with *Il Penseroso* and *Comus*, the profligate ease and pleasure pictured in *L'Allegro*, and the "scorned delights" and serious devotion described in *Il Penseroso*, point clearly in *Comus* to the poet armed with Puritan armor. Mirth, ease, superficial elegance, are on the one side;

somber reflection, devotion to books and the sterner relations of life in Church and State, on the other. These opposing elements, conditions and influences are the very soul of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. And when Milton had seen and felt more of the outer world, its joys and sorrows, and had studied more carefully the tendency in social and political spheres, he was ready to tell their story and point their peril in his *Comus* and *Lycidas*. In these poems he pictures the debauchery and open sin in court and prelate. And these pictures are not too strongly colored.

The poets favored at court, and indeed the mouth-piece of the King, wrote what their constituencies demanded, moving in highest strains on the floods of flattery and falsehood. Milton was not a favorite at court. He did not desire to be. He stood on the battlement, a hero for the truth.

If Mirth can give what she promises in *L'Allegro*, he will abide with Mirth; if Melancholy can give what she promises in *Il Penseroso*, of pleasures and sweetness, he will abide with Melancholy. In *Comus* he discovers and proclaims the "glozing lies" of *L'Allegro's* mirth, seen and verified in the brilliant display of Royalists, who seemed utterly void of honor, and gloried in their shame. They boasted of refinements, but these were transported from France and Italy, by the son of Bacchus and Circe, the wine and sloth of a degenerate age. These were the guises thrown over the perils to which the youth of the land were exposed. The light fantastic spirit of *L'Allegro* would conduct them with bowed heads to receive the crown of stolen gems from unholy hands.

In *Comus* are the wandering notes from the song of levity, and the poet rather praises than scorns the pleasures that are humble and holy, and all that is true to Nature, as she stands without pollution or stain before the immaculate Presence, and exalts them as the inheritance of the good and wise. In this mask of *Comus*, also, the poet lifts the veil from the profligate court of Charles. The gorgeous extravagance of the palace of Comus is but a dim picture of the wanton practices in the palace of the King. It is written in history that Charles expended for jewelry alone 30,000 pounds in eighteen months. And the immorality and wild luxury of the court of the King were equalled, if not outdone, by the brilliant ritual and wicked practices of the court of

the prelate. Thus the Church sat, like the lady in the enchanted chair, "in stony fetters, fixt and motionless".

But as there were seven thousand in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal, so there were many Puritans in England who aspired

> To lay their just hands on the golden key
> That opes the palace of eternity.

These, Milton would arouse. He urged them to lay hands on the sorcerer. And this they did, but they failed to seize the wand and bind the enchanter, and the poet points again to the Church still in chains and distressed, and pleads with them to employ Purity to complete the task. And yet there is danger:

> Lest the sorcerer entice
> With some other new device.

He hastens to the conclusion, resting his confidence on Virtue:

> She alone is free;
> She can teach ye how to climb
> Higher than the sphery clime;
> Or if Virtue feeble were,
> Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

After a brief silence the poet comes forth again, piping his soul's lament in the sadder strains of his *Lycidas*, celebrating the virtues of Edward King, a learned friend of Cambridge days, as in later years Lord Tennyson trailed his darker plumage in the depths of a sea of woe. And like the modern poet, the private anguish of his soul bore with it a prophecy of England's coming grief, sounding in trumpet-tones the doom of the King's tyranny and of the bigotry of prelate-cloister. In *Lycidas* we reach the open door of a new transition, through which the poet goes forth into a new day of toil and triumph. The meadow-streams of his beloved haunts he has left forever. His life has fallen on "evil days". Now his whole strength is thrown into the struggle for liberty, for which he so ardently pleaded in his poems. He smites with his Damascus blade the Gordian knot that held in its folds the freedom of mind and conscience, the right of free speech, and the power of a free press.

The Puritans, of whom Milton was the avowed champion, were

neither vagabonds nor fools. They were patriots. Macaulay said they were a "most remarkable body of men—no vulgar fanatics". Their peculiar faith saved them from the terror of death, and they grew stern and harsh, ignoring the charm of pleasure—the King's court had perverted and degraded pleasure. Their manners in many respects were absurd and foolish. And we may not wonder at this, for they were an ignorant people, rising with what tact they had in defense of the grandest principles for which a people ever fought. Green says that the temper of the Puritan was intolerant "of the lawlessness and disorder of a personal tyranny"; that it "was no temper of mere revolt". The Puritan resisted, not because of "any disdain of kingly authority", but because of "his devotion to an authority higher and more sacred than that of kings". He fought for civil liberty principally because civil liberty involved much that is vital to religion. The Royalists were more charming and elegant in manner, but their cause was that of bigotry and tyranny.

Milton stood between the Royalists and the Puritans. He was a moral and religious eclectic. He was the survival and embodiment of the fittest, drawing to himself from both sides all that was good and great. He hated the wild manners and delusions of the Puritans, he had no patience with their ridicule of science and pleasure. He was like them in that he kept himself always "in his great Taskmaster's eye". Hence he had within him the secret-power of their heroism. On the other hand, while Milton hated the tyranny of the Royalists, he adorned himself with all that was truly admirable in them.

The great and heroic work, the glory of which is attributable to Milton alone, is his valiant charge for freedom of the mind, liberty of the press, and the expansion and development of moral principles. Perhaps the most conspicuous monument of these labors is the *Areopagitica* which has been pronounced "the most splendid argument, perhaps, the world had then witnessed in behalf of intellectual liberty".

As the second period of Milton's life and work thus ends in darkness and glory, we see England entering the dawn of her modern day of greatness. And, too, in this transition, a reaction occurs, vicious and dark. The fittest of Puritanism is ruthlessly

swept aside. Godliness is flouted and scorned. "Duelling and raking become the marks of a fine gentleman," says Green, "and grave men winked at the follies of 'honest fellows' who ended a day of debauchery by a night in the gutter." In this fearful and disastrous clash, after his heroic struggles with his pen for civil and religious liberty, and as Latin Secretary under Cromwell, Milton naturally fell into the clutches of the Royalists. They hated him with unmitigated hatred for many things, and particularly because his prodigious quill of 1650, in the *Defense of the English People*, told all Europe that the execution of Charles I was justifiable. The hangman burned his book, and he was cast into prison. When he was set at liberty, his head was bowed under the rage of a blinded populace. He suffered the loss of property by bankruptcy and fire, and in his old age and poverty he was compelled to exchange his library for bread and home.

In the twelfth book of the *Paradise Lost* the poet rebukes those who had welcomed the return of the Stuarts to power. He censures them for yielding to the baseness within them, which which naturally resulted in the tyranny over them. There were those who had fought bravely in the cause to which he had sacrificed his talents and his life, and as a monument to their heroic efforts he wrote *Samson Agonistes*.

As a poet and statesman, says Macaulay, Milton was "the glory of English literature, the champion and the martyr of English liberty". He lived in an age of exalted privileges in culture and learning, and without restraint exhausted every available means in the improvement of his superior talents, and yet perhaps no man of genius ever toiled against greater odds than he. It is a safe criterion, that a great poem, produced in the midst of advanced and refined conditions of life and thought, is itself the evidence of remarkable genius. In the rude beginnings of any nation, when the forest wears its undisturbed beauty, and beast and bird and flower are supreme, the poet sings most easily and sweetly. The England of Milton's day demanded that men philosophize, analyze and build. This is not the poet's business. And yet Milton served his generation well. He philosophized, analyzed and builded, and withal was one of the truest poets the world has known.

If we cannot fully approve the doctrines of the Puritan, if we cannot justify some of his peculiar practices, if we cannot glorify Milton for everything he said and did, we may at least reflect with gratitude and praise that, without the Puritan, England would have sunk to the level of France and Spain, which was alarmingly low in Milton's day; and without Milton, Puritanism would have been misjudged, and perhaps effectually persecuted and subdued before its work was done. Without Milton, the glory of free speech and a free press would have remained befogged by the ignorance and tyranny of many years.

This, our age of liberty and peace—and war—is indebted to the heroic fortitude and superior wisdom of Milton, who, in the midst of grave reverses, poured forth the convictions and the music of his soul in the pæans of conflict and in the anthems of victory. And with all his faults, to say that he was great, is like saying that the sun is glorious, or that the rose is beautiful.

R. Scott Stevenson.

"THINGS ARE IN THE SADDLE"

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

HAD nature planned to give an object lesson on the danger of defeating, with many trivial interests, the supreme possibilities of the soul, she could hardly have furnished a more striking analogy than in the picture of a great ship, prevented from its majestic sweep across the sea by millions of little barnacles.

Our minds—with a miraculous power, akin to that of the soil, in which tares, roses or Sequoias may be raised—sometimes produce little more than a riot of weeds. If a woman inordinately addicted to shopping had a phenomenal memory, so that she could collect all her thoughts for a day, and then for a month, she might discover what manner of woman she was. I mention such a woman to illustrate my point, because she is preëminently a victim of Things, the wide influence of whose present domination should give us pause.

Among the many explanations which have been given for empty churches, and the increasing demand for literary "ready-bits," I have seen no mention made of Things, the myriad things which we think we possess, when quite as often they possess us. If we need other evidence on this score than the feeblest memory can offer, we may find it in the long lists of merchandise advertised by any dry goods shop, or by taking a stroll through any of the department stores of any of our large cities. Unless one makes such a tour of inspection in the first shopping-hour of the day, the word *stroll* will as inadequately convey an idea of the experience of such a passage through the Kingdom of Things as would the word saunter applied to the charge over Vimy Ridge. It would be rhetorically if not historically accurate to say that Adam and Eve took a stroll in the Garden of Eden, since the distractions there could hardly have marred the serenity implied in the word stroll.

But let us imagine our scape-goat ancestors attempting an eleven o'clock stroll through Drang's ten-story department store.

Can we not hear the tense ejaculations of our first Mother before the mountains of unknown things, wools, satins, silks, challies, organdies and muslins, piled ceiling-high before her? Even Adam, who has a reputation as a namer of things, might well drop all his Miltonic airs of superiority, and say for once in some dainty form of Edenic language, "Eve, dear, I certainly am out of soundings. I can find names easily enough for birds, beasts and fishes, but all this" (with a gesture of meek hopelessness) "is out of my zone. Yet I am sure it is all intended for your sex; for I'm thinking no man would gear himself up in any of this—duffle"—if one may help him to a word.

Then Eve, if true to her old Edenic form, would retort:

"But Adam, dear, you can't deny that it is all most tempting, and I am going to pick right away some of that soft, cloudy stuff, the color of a sunrise; I'm sure it would be much prettier than fig-leaves for a dress."

Then Adam, also, if true to his legendary ductility, would assent, while Eve bought something over the pattern required for an Edenic frock of the shell-pink chiffon which she had admired. In due course of time Eve would make it just as plain that she needed scores of other dresses and all the laces, linings, beads and other trimmings that belong to a modern toilet. Here, the least astute reader may foresee that Adam would abandon—as most of his male descendants have their Eves in a similar situation—all further attempts to shop with Mrs. Adam, leaving her to discover alone in a new and unforbidden Eden the amazing fruits of the modern tree of knowledge. She would find in a specialized department store that literally millions of things had been manufactured to protect and adorn her modern descendants, from their jeweled hat and hairpins to their silken hose and gemmed slipper-buckles.

Here it is palpable wisdom for us also to part company with Eve; for no tourist's guide ever undertook such a formidable task as would be a personally conducted excursion through the labyrinthian catacombs of a modern department store. It might, moreover, tax her aboriginal credulity if she were told, in the millinery department, that the American woman's hats alone cost eleven million dollars every ninety days, and in their composition represent handiwork from well-nigh all the corners of the earth.

Passing down from milady's hats and veils no further than her eyes and ears, we find in eye-glasses, lorgnettes, opera-glasses and ear-jewels, several thousands of other things that claim the attention of her much divided mind. For her face and hands, alone, it is well within moderation to say that thousands of different kinds of cosmetics have been manufactured. The same spirit of diversity has presided over her collars, neckties, necklaces and other jewels. Nor even yet have we touched the multitudinous subject of her blouses, dresses, suits, and sweaters and more intimate raiment.

In addition to all the things demanded for milady's personal adornment, her house and each room in it, upstairs and down, illustrate in countless details the specialism of every craft under the sun. This is true even of those who do not own winter and summer residences, which double the demand for furnishings, and automobiles that also require their kits of tools to keep them in order, as do all machines from bicycles to airplanes.

"With further lookings-on," we may confidently expect—on the basis of miracles already achieved—that individual motor-wings, whose condensed power will be supplied under the wings, will be among the indispensables of every well-to-do household. Furthermore, unless all precedents are broken, milady will have several pairs of these motor-wings, in color to match each costume with which they are to be worn. In rhyme with the sequence of history, all the children of the family will likewise be equipped with little wings to match their various suits, for the domination of Things does not stop with the adult population.

Let the psychologist, especially the paidologist, visit the toy departments of any store, or the playrooms of pampered children in ultra-luxurious homes. For little girls he will find duplicates of almost everything in the way of clothes and household furnishings that the girls' parents have, including doll's bedroom and kitchen furnishings, doll's manicure sets and—*credite experto!*—doll's powder puffs! For all these things the father of the family, unless he has inherited wealth, must add many an extra hour of labor, perhaps in some stuffy city office.

The small boy, also, has toys without end: a kiddie motor car, with all its outfit, engines innumerable, and metal, wood and wool

replicas of most of the animals mobilized by Noah. If the child is not strong, his poor little Thing-sated mind is wearied by the over-stimulus made upon it. "I don't let my little son play in here,"—a room packed to the ceiling with toys,—"because it seems to tire him," was the confession of a wealthy father whose small boy had been so literally smothered with playthings that it had robbed him of his play-spirit and devitalized him, as many adults are devitalized by the mere attrition of Things.

The creative faculties of a child, subjected to a continual barrage of toys, are either dwarfed or deadened for lack of challenge to invent and manufacture playthings for himself, no matter how crudely, as did boys and girls of earlier generations. Some of the happiest memories of old-fashioned New England boys and girls are associated with playroom days, when they made wonderful jumpers of old barrel staves and an upright seat, water-wheels, buzz saws, tops, mouse-traps, and bows and arrows. But now, boys and girls, as well as men and women, are manacled by their manufactured possessions. Nearly everywhere in the Occident, at least,

> Things are in the saddle
> And ride mankind.

In accelerating the pace of this nefarious riding, the demands of every sense have furnished a spur. The amazing complexity of things which answers the feminine question, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? has also answered its companion queries, What shall we eat and what shall we drink? as well as the profane addendum, What shall we chew?

While millions of little children freeze and starve, the United States, according to statistics, spends yearly eight hundred million dollars for tobacco. While millions of little children starve, or have one meal a day, the United States spends yearly fifty million dollars for chewing-gum. While millions of little children starve and freeze and famine stalks in half the countries of Europe and Asia, the United States spends two hundred million dollars yearly for soda water, three hundred million for candy, and four hundred and fifty million dollars for moving pictures.

In their freedom from the tyranny of any of the wherewithals which perplexed mankind, the lower animals may well excite our

envy. When a dog, cat, or larger quadruped goes travelling, he never has any care about his baggage, trains or hotels. If Tabby signals Friskit to go for a stroll in Squirrel Glen, Friskit never wastes a golden moment looking in a mirror, dabbing on powder, or adjusting a hat, veil, gloves, coat and rubbers. Still less impeded by the human handicap of many possessions are the birds of the air, for their exquisite raiment is on to stay, save when they moult a few feathers. Part of their apparel also serves as a self-starting airplane that needs no tools or tinkering to keep it in repair. Nor are they less happy in the beauty and simplicity of their homes and their furnishings. Many a three-story mansion has been built chiefly to gratify the vanity of some one-story man or woman. But no bird was ever known to build a nest that was not perfectly proportioned to the needs of the little family that is to occupy it. As a result of their exemption from the cares that infest the days of man, the so-called lower animals always have an abundance of leisure, that clothes them with a kind of regal dignity unknown to the being that is always splintering his hours into minute fragments with trivial pursuits. A cat will hurry while she is catching a mouse, but when that necessary claim is met, she knows how to take her *otium cum dignitate* with the superb composure of those who "leave hurry to slaves".

How grave a malady a Thing-ridden mind may be it will help us to estimate if we remember that two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time, a principle which also holds in the mental and moral world and perfectly explains why we cannot prepare for peace and war at the same time.

Unless we of the twentieth century take periodic inventories of our mental stock, there is danger that our minds may be so preempted by Things that man, whose apprehension Hamlet found so like a god, will find his brain degenerating into a kind of mental "five and ten". Even some of our modern poetry, so-called, in the clanking ring of its hardware lines, bears witness to our Thing-possessed souls. If one may write it with one sad and one merry eye, were all the products of the book-market subject to a literary duplicate of the pure food laws, many an alleged poet would be obliged to pay a heavy fine for labeling his intellectual haberdashery as poetry.

These meditations, however, are least of all for the true poet, who in every age has refused to clutter up his mind with the ownership and consideration of too much worldly gear. "Getting and spending we lay waste our powers," wrote Wordsworth, even in the days when getting and spending were very juvenile transactions compared with the prodigality of our time. Related to the poet have been all the great ones of the earth in their instinct for keeping Thing-free some spacious chamber of their being, as a watch-tower for visions and dreams. Mere chance cannot be made to account for the attitude of the mighty ones who have utterly cast off the material fetters of the world, that their eyes, being single, might be full of light. Socrates, Assisi, Savonarola, and the Man Who had not where to lay His head, still march across the ages, a shining procession, calling to all of us to drive the money-changers out of our inner temples. Far more than of old, we need to hear the cry, Ye cannot serve God and mammon! which was the Messianic statement of the law of spiritual impenetrability, as it was paraphrased again in the poetical admonition to consider the lilies, to "go and sell all that thou hast", and yet again in the warning to Martha, who was careful and troubled about many things.

When we remember that every added possession means an added tax on mind and time to care for it, we may give heart-whole credence to Professor James's tale of the man who lost all his worldly possessions in the Civil War, but instead of bewailing the fact, lay down on the grass and rolled over in boyish delight, declaring that he had never before in his life felt so happy and care-free. From his point of view, what the world might call a calamity was a stroke of good fortune that helped to clear all his decks for action. At last with an undivided mind, he might meet the daughters of Time, and choose from their offerings of "bread, kingdoms, stars and sky that holds them all."

Yet is this review of undeniable conditions far from any protest against the legitimate demand for beauty in our apparel and in our homes. Any rose or robin, as well as a poet, can tell us that a thing of beauty is a joy forever, and hence should serve as a sartorial cue to the children of men. Still less can we afford to ignore in our homes and their furnishings that insistent law of

beauty which has not only passed its wand of enchantment over the whole earth, but has stored away in hidden veins and quarries and marvelously grained trees material with which man, also, may create for himself a finite world of beauty.

Without such beauty, the very freedom from mental tension for which we plead would be defeated. A becoming gown may release the mind for higher uses, relieving its wearer from all thought about her clothes, as a shabby dress could not. The same principle holds with the furnishings of a house, whose harmonies may soothe and liberate the mind, or whose discords may nag it or even assault it with a heavy battalion of Things. Unfortunately the accurate perception of the little more and the little less, which are such worlds away, is not the birthright of all the sons and daughters of democracy. It takes the same kind of feeling to know when a room or a table is overloaded, or a dress overtrimmed, as it does to know when a sentence is trimmed with too many adjectives or adverbs. A house, a room or a dress may parallel in the simplicity of its beauty the Gettysburg Address, or *Crossing the Bar;* or with its excess it may overcome us like a Johnsonian flood of syllables. Thing-ridden as we are, one concedes that there are more people to-day who know how to illustrate the beauty of simplicity in their dress, diction and diet than ever before. On the other hand, there are also more people who are obsessed by Things than ever before, and it is their ears that we would indirectly catch.

The Occident prides itself on its material triumphs, its untold conveniences which sometimes encumber, its inventions that assist speed in getting away from Here, when Here, or any place along the route to There, is often as good, or better, if roadside observation is not speed-killed. But when all the bedazzlements of modern dwellings and equipages have flashed upon our outward and inward eyes, some switch-key of memory throws upon our mental screen the restful picture of the Arab, his tent and the stars.

Ellen Burns Sherman.

THE THEATRICAL SITUATION

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

THE drama and the theatre seem to be Siamese twins; and when one of them is ailing the other is likely soon to be affected. As the drama cannot flourish unless the theatre is prosperous, those of us who are keenly interested in its vitality must needs keep an eye on the show business, which, like any other business, has its fat years and its lean years. In fact, the show business is almost as exact a barometer of economic conditions as the steel industry. Just now a prolonged boom has been followed by a sharp slump. These are hard times, and managers are bringing out fewer plays; they are hesitating longer before they decide to send out new companies; and they have less difficulty than usual in securing New York theatres in which to house their wandering enterprises.

The managers lay the blame for their present discouragement primarily on the general depression, and secondarily on the increased rates on the railroads, on the increased rentals of theatres, on the increased salaries of actors, and on the increased demands of the various theatrical labor unions. There are some persons, however, who think that the managers themselves are more or less at fault for the falling off in the audiences; they hold that many playgoers have been disgusted by the arrogant greed which unduly inflated the cost of an evening's entertainment, thereby driving to the inexpensive movies a host of spectators who would prefer to behold a real play. There are other persons who have seized the occasion to express their total dissatisfaction with the present theatrical system. And at this juncture, or to be more precise, just as the last theatrical season was coming to an end, Mr. George Arliss wrote a letter in which he advocated a change in the existing organization of the theatre and a return to the practices of an earlier generation.

As might have been expected, Mr. Arliss's letter brought about a heated discussion. But before considering his interesting suggestions it may be well to point out that the organization of the theatre in the United States is now quite different from what it was fifty or sixty years ago, and quite different from what it is in England and in France, in Italy and in Germany. We are so accustomed to it that it appears to most of us as the only possible system; and yet it is unlike any other system in any other period in all the long history of the stage.

We all know what our system is. A manager selects a play, engages a company of actors, orders the scenery and properties and costumes, and assumes complete responsibility for every detail of the production. After several weeks of rehearsing, he gives a trial performance in a small town; and then as soon as he can he brings out the play in a New York theatre. If it has a successful career in New York, the entire production—play, players, scenery, properties and everything—is sent to the chief cities of the country one after another. When it ceases to attract paying audiences, the company is paid off, the scenery and properties and costumes are stored or sold, and the play is laid upon the shelf. The desire of the producing manager is to pick out a play which will draw crowded houses in New York for a year and which will also have a corresponding attractiveness in other cities for two or three or four years.

The advantages of this system are obvious. If a play proves to possess a wide and deep popular appeal, then the manager, the author and the star (if there is one) will each of them reap a rich reward. The actors have long engagements, generally in congenial parts. And the playgoers are assured of a performance as nearly perfect in every detail of acting, mounting, lighting and stage management as the manager's skill and taste and experience may provide. In many cases, moreover, a dozen other cities enjoy a performance more or less identical with that which originally pleased New York.

The disadvantages are perhaps less obvious, but there are not a few of them. The manager, hoping always for the grand prize, is under a constant temptation to seek only the more melodramatic or more farcical pieces, likely to attract the main body of play-

goers; and he is inclined to reject plays of a more delicate texture, less likely to win immediate and widespread popularity. The actors are compelled each of them to appear in only one character, month after month, which, to say the least, is not helpful to their artistic development; and they are condemned to be tramps forever on the road and able to have homes of their own only during the summer months. As the companies are migratory, no city can feel any proprietary right in any one of them, and the actors cannot establish that intimate relation with local audiences which was customary half a century ago when every town had its own resident stock company, retaining the same membership almost unchanged season after season.

Since the breaking up, now a quarter of a century ago, of the long-established resident companies managed by Lester Wallack, Augustin Daly, A. M. Palmer, and Charles and Daniel Frohman, the great city of New York has had no company that it can call its own. The valiant attempt of Winthrop Ames to revive the old tradition at the New Theatre in 1909–1911 did not succeed, for a variety of reasons, the chief of them being the unsuitable situation and exaggerated size of the theatre itself.

II

New York is no worse off than Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston, than St. Louis, St. Paul and San Francisco. But in so far as it has no company of actors that it can call its own, its position is inferior to that of London and Paris, of Vienna and Berlin. This is because this country is far larger, far less compact in the distribution of its inhabitants, than England or France, and because New York, although it is the chief city of America, is not the capital of the United States and not near the centre of population, whereas London and Paris are capitals swiftly accessible from most of the smaller cities.

London is the heart of England, Paris is the heart of France, but New York, metropolis though it be, cannot claim to be the heart of the United States; it has energetic rivals and it is only the first among many. London and Paris have no rivals and their supremacy is indisputable. So it is that the managers of London

and Paris are concerned with only the audiences of London and of Paris; they do not send their companies to the smaller cities; and they expect to have the playgoers of these smaller cities come up to the capital to do their playgoing. In the course of a twelvemonth Birmingham and Liverpool, Edinburgh and Dublin, Bordeaux and Marseilles may not see a single first class play performed by a first class company, whereas Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston are every year privileged to behold exactly the same performances as New York. The foremost actors and actresses of England and of France rarely appear except in London and in Paris, whereas the foremost actors and actresses of the United States may spend only a small part of the theatrical season in New York. The loss of New York is the gain of the other American cities.

To most managers, most stars and most playwrights this system is satisfactory; and it has enormously increased their possibility of profit. The show business as a whole is necessarily more or less of a gamble; it always has been and it always will be, since no one can ever gauge in advance the attractiveness of an untried play. But even if the show business as a whole is not less precarious than it was, there are now more grand prizes than ever before and these grand prizes are larger. It is only since the present system was evolved in response to geographic conditions and to economic pressure that the rewards of dramatic authorship have become important enough to allure ambitious men of letters; and the present system, whatever its defects, may claim its share of credit for the unprecedented productiveness of American playwrights and for the invigoration of the American drama, which has changed the United States from a play-importing country into a play-exporting country.

Although the present organization of the theatre in the United States would seem to place a premium on the production of the more robustious type of play most likely to please the unthinking majority of playgoers, it does not work as badly as it might. It supplies the smaller cities with too many empty song shows of varying quality and it fails to provide them with the opportunity for seeing a sufficiency of plays really worth while. This must be admitted and deplored. But it must be admitted also that the

theatres of New York offer a larger variety of dramatic fare than can be seen in a single season in any of the capitals of Europe. This happy condition is due to a heterogeny of causes—to the cosmopolitanism of our population with its accompanying divergence of desires, to the more discriminating appreciation of some of our managers, to the aspiring ambition of some of our actors, and to the ardent energy of several groups of theatrical progressives.

Here in New York we do not get as many or as adequate performances of Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies as we ought to have, although it is a sadly impoverished winter in which we do not see half a score Shakespearean plays. We rarely have a chance to revive our memories of the so-called "Old Comedies" which Lester Wallack and Augustin Daly kept in their repertories forty years ago and of which the traditions are destined to be lost unless they are rescued. But as an offset to these deficiencies we have set before us every season a very varied bill of fare, to tempt appetites of all sorts and conditions of playgoers, whether they have sturdy stomachs for the solid meat of exotic problem plays or whether their palate is more easily titillated by the whipped-syllabub of poetic fantasy. The outstanding money-making successes are likely to be plays of American authorship; but favorable fortune may also befall pieces of alien origin, British or French, Italian or Hungarian. Far more of these imported plays are exhibited here than in any European city. Not only are these exotic dramas more often brought out in New York than in London or Paris, but they are more likely to prosper in the playhouse. For example, the Hungarian *Liliom* made a hit in New York; it failed in London; and it has not yet been attempted in Paris. Unless I am in error, *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife* had a longer run in New York than it had in Paris; and it has not yet been seen in London.

III

What Mr. George Arliss proposed was a partial abandonment of the present organization and a partial return to the system of fifty and a hundred years ago, when every town had its resident stock company and when only the stars had to travel. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that what Mr. Arliss suggested was

a combination of the system of the past with that of the present. It would be idle to expect that local companies could vie with the carefully organized travelling combinations which provide the song shows and the spectacular pieces, the presentation whereof is a legitimate subdivision of the show business. These would have to be migratory; and in every city there would have to be theatres set apart for their accommodation.

In other words there would be a classification of the playhouses in the larger cities. One or more theatres would be given over to the pieces which please the unthinking and which may on occasion provide relief and even delight for the playgoers who do not check their brains with their hats. One or more theatres would be devoted to the drama, strictly so-called, to tragedy and comedy, to melodrama and farce, to problem play and poetic fantasy. Each of these non-spectacular theatres would be in the control of a single manager, independent and master in his own house. This manager would engage a competent company of actors; he would retain the services of an experienced stage-manager; he would have his own scene painters and stage carpenters; he would be prepared to bring out new plays and to revive old plays; and he would invite visits from stars who would come assured in advance that the local company could give them loyal support and that their pieces would be satisfactorily mounted. This was the organization of the theatre in the United States and in Great Britain until toward the end of the third quarter of the last century; and readers of Macready's diaries and of the autobiographies of Anna Cora Mowatt, Joseph Jefferson and Clara Morris have been made acquainted with its merits and its demerits.

Mr. Arliss's letter evoked a host of hostile replies, in which it was pointed out that the demerits of this old-time system far outnumbered its merits and that it had been abandoned because the present system was more satisfactory to the playgoing public. It was urged that a company specially engaged for a play, with scenery and properties specially selected, could not fail to give a performance of this play far better than any that could be expected from any stock company. It was urged also that it was hopeless to expect any group of actors to be versatile enough to present in successive weeks American farce, British society com-

edy, French melodrama and Scandinavian problem play. It was urged moreover that American audiences had become hypercritical, having been educated to demand the utmost propriety in scenery, costumes, furniture, hangings and properties of all kinds, a propriety which could not be improvised in a week. And finally it was urged that the manager of a local stock company could not afford to pay the high salaries now demanded by actors and actresses of assured reputation.

No one who recalls the stock companies in New York fifty years ago will dare to deny the force of these assertions. There is no doubt that we are now accustomed to finished and polished productions such as Daly and Wallack never gave us. I recall with keen pleasure the original performances of *The Shaughraun* and *Diplomacy* at Wallack's when the company was at its strongest; but I have to confess that in each of these performances there were two prominent parts cast to performers who were not fitted for them, but who had perforce to undertake them because they were the only available members of the company. They were round pegs in square holes. I must admit also that the stock scenery and the stock furniture at Wallack's and even at Daly's was sometimes shabby and sometimes inappropriate. Neither at Wallack's nor at Daly's did we ever see a set as complicated and as characteristic as that which Mr. Belasco provided as the fit and proper home for Peter Grimm, alive or dead. I do not doubt that if I could see the performances of a distant yesterday with the eyes of to-day I should discover many a deficiency and many a delinquency.

One of the managers who were invited to comment on Mr. Arliss's proposal went so far as to assert that—

> The day of ill prepared, slipshod, second rate performances, with makeshift scenery, has departed never to return, so far as first class theatres in the cities of the United States are concerned. And under the conditions proposed by Mr. Arliss the performances must perforce be ill prepared, slipshod and second rate: it is inevitable.

IV

It is probably true that the performances of most stock companies half a century ago were ill prepared, slipshod and second rate. But is it inevitable that modern stock companies could not

succeed where the old stock companies failed? In a second letter Mr. Arliss defended his position. He admitted that the mounting of plays would be less elaborate; and he pertinently inquired whether this would be a calamity. Certainly the tendency in the past decade has been toward a simplification of scenic embellishment. Mr. Arliss saw no reason why every theatre should not have a few good drawing-room and library sets; and he asserted his belief that an audience comes "to the theatre mainly to see good acting," and that it will easily forgive the reappearance of a set seen a few weeks earlier. And if special scenes were necessary, they would have to be built. "Many years ago" Mr. Arliss was "in a stock company which invited stars, and even at that time we built surprisingly effective scenes for a play that should run only a week or two at the most."

More than one of those who took part in the discussion called attention to the notorious fact that the company presenting a play on the road is rarely exactly the same as that which won the favor of Broadway, and that the travelling troupe may not contain more than two or three of the actors who created the parts. Attention was also called to another fact, that the members of a migratory company are likely to be worn by constant travel and to be wearied by the incessant repetition of the same part before audiences for which they may have little respect.

Other correspondents pointed out that what Mr. Arliss proposed had been accomplished in several cities, in Los Angeles, in Boston, in Toledo and in Indianapolis. At the Majestic Theatre in Los Angeles the average run of a play was four weeks; and most of the actors came directly from New York, preferring a smaller salary for a definite period to the uncertainties of Broadway. Probably these actors were also moved to accept smaller salaries by their natural desire to settle down for a season and to have homes of their own. And once acclimated in a city, they soon came to feel that the audiences knew them and were glad to see them in part after part. Thus the performance of a resident stock company is rarely as perfunctory and as careless as that of a travelling troupe tends to be, especially toward the end of a long season. Moreover the ambitious actor cannot but rejoice at the opportunity of playing many differing parts in swift succession.

It must be noted, however, that these more or less successful local stock theatres have not opened their doors to wandering stars, which is what Mr. Arliss advocated and which is what was the universal custom sixty years ago. It would not be prudent for a star to set out on his travels unprovided with his own company, his own scenery and his own staff, unless and until there is a chain of stock theatres ready to open their doors to him. This hospitality the stock company will be loath to proffer, since the appearance of the local company in support of a succession of stars would necessarily diminish its power of drawing audiences when it was deprived of the services of distinguished visitors. Sixty and seventy years ago there was a saying that it was not good policy to play stock after playing stars; and in those days a shrewd manager was likely to rely on the attractiveness of his own company until the middle of the season, when he was more willing to profit by the vogue of the commanding personalities of the hour.

In one way it would be distinctly to the advantage of the younger members of the stock companies if they were called upon to support a succession of stars; it would permit them to study at short range the differing methods of performers of assured authority, than which nothing could be more stimulating. They would profit by his practice and possibly by his precepts. They would be taken into the workshop of a master of the craft and they would thus have a chance to study his processes and to spy out his secrets. It would be for the young actor very much what the privilege of entering the studio of a distinguished artist is for the young painter.

V

The correspondence evoked by the two letters of Mr. Arliss made it plain that there is dissatisfaction with the present organization of the theatre in the United States; that it is widespread even if it is not deep; that efforts are being made now and again, here and there, to establish local stock companies; and that there is no immediate probability of any important modification of the present system, because this provides more and larger opportu-

nity for pecuniary gain than any other organization. It is for the greater profit of the successful manager, the successful playwright and the successful actor. Whatever its defects, and they are not a few, it is now established on a solid economic basis. And the show business, like any other, has to pay its way.

But every system is certain to change, and sooner or later the existing organization will cease to be. Quite possibly the theatre of fifty years from now will be reorganized more or less in accord with Mr. Arliss's suggestions.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

PUBLIC condemnation was swift and scathing upon the threat of a general railroad strike, to a degree and an extent never surpassed; for a multiplicity of reasons, all cogent and sufficient. It was felt that it was nothing short of monstrous to propose such a thing in the present economic condition of the country, unless for cause immeasurably stronger than any that was suggested in this case. It was perceived that the strike would be a direct and contemptuous flouting of a great agency of Government which had recently been constituted at the request of the very men who were organizing the strike, and which was looked to by the nation with a large measure of hope as calculated to avert precisely such disturbances. Perhaps above all, however, public disapproval was aroused by what was admitted to be the real purpose of the strike; a purpose concerning which, for almost the first time in such controversies, both the labor unions and the corporations, the Brotherhoods and the Directors of the roads, were in exact agreement. It was not to be a strike for higher wages, nor for shorter hours, nor for improved conditions of employment, nor for recognition of the unions. It was not to be a strike against the reduction of wages last July, though that was the actual pretext and was the only issue upon which the rank and file of the men voted. It was to be a strike—though probably not one man in ten among the prospective strikers realized it or wished it—to compel the transfer of the railroads of the country from corporate to Government ownership and control. Memories of the Adamson law, and of the plasticity of the Government Railroad Administration during the war, moved ambitious labor leaders to think that under Government ownership they would be able to dictate terms and to exact concessions far more easily than under corporate control. It is gratifying beyond expression to have ground for believing that it was that feature of the strike threat that most aroused the

nation-wide reprobation and opposition of the people; for, let there be no mistake, that is the one supreme issue in the transportation problems of this country, which must at some time be fought out to a finish.

Immeasurably gratifying, too, was the course pursued by the President in calling for what is colloquially known as a "show-down" on the question of the validity of the Railroad Labor Board and its orders. He purposed, as the first step toward settlement of the controversy, to find out whether that Board really amounted to anything as an agency of Government. If it did not, if it was futile, there was no occasion for its continued existence; the dust-bin yawned for it. But if it was not futile, its orders should be obeyed, or should be enforced, just as are those of any other department or bureau. Of course, the President's demand for a "show-down" was a two-edged sword. It applied to the railroad corporations as well as to the labor unions; insisting that the authority of the Labor Board should be recognized by the one as well as by the other. We have said that the strike order was a direct flouting of that authority. But it is not to be denied that some time before there had been defiance of the Board by some of the railroad corporations. That was reprehensible, and would largely have vitiated the case of the companies in the strike controversy had they been one of the principal parties thereto. But they were not. Nominally against them, the strike was in fact threatened against the Government and the people who constitute the Government.

The collapse of the strike, in such circumstances, was inevitable. The Brotherhood leaders realized that they could not hope to win a fight against the American nation and its Government, and so they called it off. In one sense the result was what President Wilson called "peace without victory"; so far, that is, as the two nominal antagonists were concerned. The Brotherhood had to give up the strike, let the July wage reduction stand approved, and postpone the drive for Government ownership. On the other hand, the railroad executives had to postpone their plans for another reduction of wages, and to face the prospect of

a substantial reduction of freight rates. But it was peace—or at least an armistice—with a genuine and important victory for the third and chief party in interest, the Public. It meant that there would be no disturbance of travel and transportation, no demoralization of the business which is hopefully struggling toward restored prosperity, and, above all, no flouting of public welfare and Governmental authority by either capital or labor. The President's potential intervention was effective. The Labor Board was proved to be valid and efficient. The Railroad law was vindicated as a part of the real law of the land. In such results there is cause for profound satisfaction; and for confidence that the maintenance of such a spirit will assure right settlements of all future renewals of the controversy.

The Senate, acting against the counsel of its leaders, perpetrated an unworthy bit of *brutum fulmen* in the passage of the bill for repealing Panama Canal tolls on American coasting vessels; its purpose in so doing being something into which it would not, for sheer shame, be pleasant to inquire. It quite ignored all three of the essential considerations which should prevail in dealing with the tolls question. The first is, whether for economic reasons it is desirable to seek remission of the tolls. The Canal, as the advocates of remission volubly and vociferously remind us, was built with American money. Yes; and it is not yet paid for, and it is not yet getting anywhere near to paying for itself. We have seen no reason for exempting any of the shipping which uses it and profits from it from the necessity of contributing its just share toward paying for the Canal. We have seen no reason why all the rest of the nation should be taxed to pay for the Canal, while those who use the Canal most are freed from tolls. The Suez Canal has long been so profitable that it has been necessary to reduce tolls from time to time in order that the dividends may not exceed the maximum permitted by law. When the Panama Canal reaches that happy state, it will be time to consider reduction or abolition of tolls. The second consideration is the method of securing exemption for our shipping, provided it be economically desirable. Concerning that there can be no doubt. It must be done by diplomatic negotiation, not by act of Congress. It is indisputable

that the understanding of both countries in making the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was, that American shipping was to pay the same tolls as that of any other country. Exemption of our vessels would therefore involve amendment of the treaty, and that can be done only by the same powers and processes that originally made the treaty. This is practically conceded by the chief advocate of the bill which was passed by the Senate. Senator Borah is reported as saying that he supposed there would have to be diplomatic negotiations over the matter, if and after his bill was enacted. Surely, then, in urging passage of his bill he was putting the cart before the horse. It is stultifying to enact legislation and then to seek approval of it by diplomacy.

The third consideration is that of time. Had the initiative been left, as it should have been, to the treaty-making department of the Government, we could confidently have trusted to its discretion to select an appropriate time for the negotiations. We may be sure that it would not have selected the time of all times when there was danger of embarrassing if not of balking other diplomatic negotiations of incomparably greater importance. It may be desirable to relieve a favored class of American commerce from the burden of paying its way. It is certainly immeasurably more desirable to relieve the entire nation and the entire world from the burdens of needless armaments. Years ago President Wilson asked for repeal of a former exemption act in order that he might not be embarrassed or handicapped in some unspecified diplomatic transactions which were vaguely referred to as possible in the future; and on that ground Congress made a favorable response. In the present case the act of the Senate was to be deprecated because of the danger that it might embarrass immediately impending transactions of the most specific character and of transcendent importance. We have hope that such embarrassment will not be realized. But if it is not, that will be simply because the action of the Senate will be regarded as mere "buncombe" not to be seriously taken and certain not to be confirmed by the House of Representatives. But is that a dignified or worthy light in which to regard the Senate of the United States?

The ratification of the treaty of peace with Germany was effected in gratifying fashion. All the Republican votes were cast for it save two; the votes of those two Senators who, however considerable their ability, are above all others habitually inclined to eccentricity of course and to disagreement with their colleagues. It is related of Anthony Trollope that at a dinner or in a drawing-room, hearing imperfectly some statement made by someone at the other end of the room, he would roar with full diapason, "I totally disagree with you, sir! *What was it you said?*" On the Democratic side a few more votes were recorded against than for ratification; but it will not be invidious to observe that the minority—a numerous minority—favoring ratification included most of those who are esteemed as the intellectual and moral leaders. Ratification was therefore performed in an exceptionally impressive manner, auspicious of a fine degree of patriotic coöperation in the further settlements and readjustments consequent upon the ending of the war.

The universally regretted death of Senator Knox suggests another rebuke to those *laudatores temporis acti* who are constantly harping upon the decline and degeneracy of the United States Senate. It is easy to count upon the fingers of one hand the Senators who, even in the "golden age" of that body, outranked him in the genius of legislative statesmanship. It is impossible to name any who surpassed him in patriotic integrity and devotion. His services to the nation, both in the Cabinet and in the Senate, were so great that at this nearness to them few observers can have the sense of perspective and proportion to estimate them aright. They were crowned, of course, by his efficient leadership of the opposition to the Covenant of the League of Nations, in which he distinguished himself with constructive as well as destructive proposals. Not more than once or twice in all our history has it been the happy fortune of any Senator to participate in a greater service to the nation than that; and the pain of his loss is in a measure mitigated by the fact that he lived to see his course approved by the people and vindicated by the logic of events with a fulness and emphasis unsurpassed in history, and to see the crowning detail of the work, and the one to which he especially ad-

dressed himself—the making of peace with Germany—substantially assured. It would have been grateful to have him spared, to vote for ratification of that treaty. It was a splendid tribute to his statesmanship that, though he died before the vote was taken, the influence of his words and work remained potent to assure the right result.

From the point of view of sentiment, and of piety, the greatest possible interest invests the paying of international honors to "unknown" soldiers of the World War. Such tributes, at the Arc de Triomphe, at Westminster and at Arlington, are a due memorial service to the heroic dead and also, we must believe, are vital and valid bonds of irenic affection among the nations which participate in them. But they have a still more profound and profitable significance, in the reminder that "common mortals", so obscure that their very names are unknown, are the participants in and victims of war, no less than the great commanders whose names are inscribed in the Pantheon and in the Hall of Fame. There is truth in Cowper's lines, that—

> War's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
> Kings would not play at.

But now kings have become subjects and subjects kings. The recognized danger of war now lies not in the will of kings, but in the militarist emotions and passions of the people. The recognition of the "unknown soldier" is a valuable admonition to belligerently-inclined peoples, that the issues of peace and war are now with them, and that by them must the costs of war be paid if they elect to play that game.

> *"We falter on, now hoping, now despairing,*
> *And hour by hour drag out life's little span;*
> *They passed in one tremendous deed of daring—*
> *They lived for Honor, and they died for Man!"*

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE BOOK OF JACK LONDON. By Charmian London. New York: The Century Company.

Although any attempt to label and pigeonhole human beings according to an arbitrary system is doomed to comparative failure, a classification based upon temperaments and instinctive dispositions seems quite as likely to be fruitful as the well-known anthropological divisions into *dolichocephalous* and *brachycephalous*, or *makroskele* and *brachyskele*. Of these, indeed, no one appears to have succeeded in making much, while William James's distinction between the tough-minded and the tender-minded continues to prove fertile and will not down. Without crossing James's tracks, one may make some use of the popular distinction between the "primitive" and the "civilized" type; and this in the present case, seems a proper thing to try, because, from one point of view, an attempt to clarify this distinction appears to offer the only fair and promising approach to Jack London.

Of course, before defending such a classification, one has to make the usual apology. The division is merely theoretic. Neither the purely primitive, nor the purely civilized human being exists: we are all mixtures of the two, or intermediate types. But in this regard one is, after all, in the same boat with the anthropologists, who cannot discover any "pure" races; and the value of a distinction does not depend upon its being hard and fast.

By way of further hedging, one must define the two types in such a way as to exclude the idea of a steady evolution from primitiveness to civilization. A survey of human development suggests the idea that the two types have existed side by side from the earliest times. The civilized type appears sporadically among primitive peoples, and the primitive type comes into existence occasionally among highly civilized peoples. Thus certain American Indians become good doctors and lawyers, and show no essential difference from their white brothers—in fact, there is no difference—while certain inheritors of the culture of the ages suddenly abandon the orderly ways of civilization and go to live, for a period, among the Eskimos.

Finally one has to insist, with all possible energy, that the distinction is not intended to be invidious. Which type is best, who can say? Certainly mankind can be too "civilized", as our wonderful success in destroying life and our sacrifice of certain higher values for the sake of material progress seem to show; while on the other hand the primitive man has never been especially brutal, being, at worst, more nearly a brute than a brutal human being. The earliest men, one gathers, were, apart from certain tribal customs, kindly and gentle,

and the archæologists tell us that the skeleton of a modern criminal may be much more gorilla-like than that of a prehistoric mammoth-hunter. The too-civilized man really shocks most of us quite as much as does the too-primitive. If our ideal is not the prize fighter, neither is it, as Veblen points out, "the finikin skeptic in the laboratory or the animated slide rule."

On the whole, it is the primitive man who has produced romance, poetry, religion; while the civilized man has created law, business, and science. With few exceptions, the greatest literary figures have had a broad streak of the primitive in their natures.

But, though all are descended from both strains, the broad distinction holds, and it is in nothing more clearly marked than in this: that the predominantly primitive man does not really understand his (mainly) civilized brother. Your primitive outdoor man believes that the civilized recluse nourishes within his heart a secret joy in bare-handed struggles and bloodshed, and regards pretenses to the contrary as mere hypocrisy. He sincerely believes that there is always a woman in the case and is skeptical about voluntary celibacy. He drags his bored civilized friend off fishing with him and cheerfully ignores the latter's fathomless *ennui*. And the civilized is just as blind and much more offensive in his estimates. He denies to the primitive, intellect, imagination, and sensitiveness of feeling.

The misunderstanding and the hostility are chronic. Thus, Jack London despite his hyper-sensitiveness and his eager intellect was often, by innuendo, represented as a man of low proclivities. He was not. On the other hand, London himself declared: "A physical coward is the most utter of abominations"—to which dictum every civilized person responds from the depth of his heart with an assured "No!" More in the same strain: "Say what you will, I love that magnificent scoundrel, Rupert of Hentzau. And a man who can take a blow or an insult unmoved, without retaliating—Paugh!—I care not if he can voice the sublimest sentiments, I sicken." Mere fustian from the viewpoint, let us say, of William Dean Howells; while, on the other hand, a reviewer of primitive mind seems to have thought that he had said almost the last word about Howells as a novelist when he remarked that at a critical point in one of the great man's stories, "the villain throws the hero's hat out of the window."

Some of the greatest imaginative writers have stood as interpreters between the primitive and the civilized in us; and because they have had to feel and to be both types at once, they have been afflicted with unrest. In Shakespeare this is perhaps observable both ways: that dissatisfaction with the too-too primitive men about him which made Hamlet lean on the over-civilized Horatio, and again a yearning toward Arcadia. In general the nostalgia is for a primitive state of society and for the things that are of the earth earthy. The civilized man, on the contrary, dreams, like Mr. H. G. Wells, of the future, and sickens for a scientific Utopia.

Jack London was one of these interpreters, and herein lies his significance.

To say that he was primitive, with the full grasp and keen critical analysis of civilized conventions, which the high-brained primitive, even the savage, always manifests, is no dispraise. And he had in him, too, a civilized heredity of no mean strain. He was both types at once, and he is not to be understood by such as are primitive after the manner of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, who sometimes delighted in masques and revels and bear-baitings "almost altogether"—a mock primitiveness, this!—nor by those in whom, according to James's formula for grown-up, civilized people, instinct is almost wholly supplanted by habit.

All his leading traits as they appear in his biography confirm this general diagnosis. It is primitive to be sensitive, but not nervous. It is primitive to dislike hysterics in a woman and to rather enjoy anger in a man. It is primitive to be impressible—to take in impressions wholesale and then to react to them instead of sifting them at the start. London was not a cave man; he was a sensitive chap; but hear his disclaimer: "I am a funny sort of fellow, I guess," he once said to his wife. "Because I have sung the pæan of the strong, and despite the whole heart I have thrown into showing the weak how to become strong, as I saw it, the world has given me the personal reputation of a cave man. How much of a cave man have you, or has anyone found me? . . . even in my 'violent' youth a woman was always to me something to handle tenderly." London absorbed books eagerly, and he assimilated exactly what he liked. Ouida's *Signa* and Spencer's theory of style affected him most! But everything from dime novels to Nietzche went in and had some effect; his mind was not screened by conventions, but accepted all, coarse and fine.

London was super-acute in his sensitiveness to pain. If unjustly used, he hotly cherished his revenge. He had the courage and the absence of nerves of a savage, yet he reacted strongly to supernatural dread. He was a born chief and understood the secret of chiefship. He preferred a sail boat to an automobile. He was a socialist—a direct actionist—yet he went in for physical rather than political adventure. He was not a pessimist. What primitive can be? "I am not a pessimist at all", he said to a reporter. "Why, I exploited to you that love is the biggest thing in the world, and held out my arms to you and to all the world in love while I was talking to you. No man who is a lover can be a pessimist. When you have grown a few years older, you will realize that a man who disagrees with your political, economic and sociological beliefs, does not necessarily have to be a pessimist—especially if he be a self-proclaimed lover." (Will the reader please try to imagine Thomas Hardy as saying this!) In short, he did what none of the civilized can accomplish: he managed to be a meliorist and a materialist at the same time.

He was not always wholly moral, but his sins were the sins of nature and weighed not heavily upon his conscience. The primitive conscience does not, indeed, accept natural sins as sins at all. But the unnatural is abhorrent to it. When the civilized type sins, it does so with an ill conscience and justifies itself by sophisticated reasonings. Compare DeQuincey's experiences as an opium

eater and London's bouts with John Barleycorn. The "intellectual being" does not seem the more agreeable.

Finally Jack London's deepest trait was sincerity. Sincerity is the prime virtue of the primitive. Reserve is the affectation of the barbarian. Irony is the vice of the civilized.

And so one may conclude that London was one of those gifted persons with a deep vein of the primitive in them and a sufficiently sturdy civilized heredity to enable them to cope successfully with the conditions that the civilized have mainly created. Was he one of the great interpreters of human nature? For this is the real test. The answer, one thinks, must be that on the whole the primitive was too strong in him, not balanced with sufficient delicacy against the civilized element. Despite his eager mentality, his intense philosophizing, he did not attain a literary poise. Refinement of taste, a certain aloofness of soul—things which Shakespeare (to make an unfair comparison) miraculously understood as well as he understood primal motives—he never perfectly comprehended. To the end he seems to have had a somewhat childlike faith in instinct along with a somewhat childlike faith in logic—"Convince me," he would say. "Just show me where I am wrong." The red-blooded theme was somewhat overstressed; the materialism and the socialism—phases of intellectual virility, no doubt—seemed shallow. His synthesis was not complete —he was not quite one of the great interpreters, though he had the twin nature and the divine unrest. God rest him!

As for the book as biography, it is such a thing as no man could write, being both utterly frank and not at all critical. The truth is all there, and there is no concealment, no bias, but the narrative manages to be all eulogy. It is a great book for warm admirers of London, and a great love story. We have had in recent years several remarkably frank biographies, but the frankness of biography can never have quite the same value as the frankness of autobiography.

JULIEN T. DAVIES: MEMORIAL OF A LEADER OF THE BAR. By Joseph S. Auerbach. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The experienced in such matters know that the hardest man to write about is the admirable man. The biographical sketch of a mighty and gifted scoundrel is a golden opportunity for the literary man and a feast for his readers, Strong contrasts are the particolored raiment of readable biography and small eccentricities are its gems. The just man seldom gets his due. No one wrote a biography of Aristides, while the sins of Alcibiades are written in gold all over the history of Athens. The life of Benvenuto Cellini will always be read for its entertainment and for its vivid revelations, and that of John Wilkes furnishes a biographer with many an effective opportunity for laudation.

And so Mr. Auerbach has undertaken an unusually difficult task, for the subject of his sketch is an all-round admirable man, a great and good man, not

showily conspicuous, a man too like what most of us desire to be to permit of much praise without either affected eloquence or dull commonplace.

Mr. Auerbach, however, has discharged his difficult task not only with spirit, but with singular success. He says simple things well. He limns with distinguished clearness plain ideals of intellect and honor; he makes us feel that the good man, the pillar of society, the salt of the earth is simple in principle but complex in mind, and that his problems are none of the simplest. Successful goodness, honorable success, are organized achievements, not the easy outflowing of untempted minds or happy dispositions; and every such accomplishment ought to stand out like a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.

Of Mr. Davies he says: "To be in doubt as to the propriety of a course of conduct was to be resolved against it; and his whole life was a rebuke to the shallow cynicism that the law is what is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained." It is an unobtrusively big saying, for the dry-rot in our lives is not so much rascality as cynicism and professional narrowness. And in a day in which lawyers are perhaps the least popular of expert and hard-working men, Mr. Auerbach, without at all writing *pro domo*, has truly represented the ideal of the good lawyer as approaching more nearly that of the "happy warrior" than is commonly deemed possible.

The little memorial of Julien Davies will be preserved as a just and fitting estimate, and, like few such tributes, will sometimes be read for its literary—that is, its essential—merit.

Turkey: A World Problem of To-day. By Talcott Williams. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

Mr. Williams knows Turkey, and he has faith in the United States. Consequently he wants the United States to accept a "receivership" for Turkey. The term seems ill-chosen. Most of us would rather accept a mandate than a receivership any day. But then Mr. Williams is not the king of phrase-makers: he is just an exceptionally interesting and well-informed writer. He urges his point persuasively, vibrates the strings of our better natures—and leaves us unconvinced.

Geographically and economically, the situation of Turkey is such that no one Power may venture to take it all. "The attempt would bring a European coalition." But, on the other hand, "no division can be anything but temporary. . . . A network of agreements as to railroad rates, concessions, and loans to native governments is needed to provide for, but cannot prevent, future friction between France and England over Mesopotamia and Syria." There are many other and similar aspects, of course. On the whole, it is a very pretty problem, and what Power can solve it if not America?

History shows that under ordinary circumstances civilization is of slow development. While England went through centuries of political experience, the German Empire was a forced growth. We cannot expect the Turkish region to

develop into a modern commonwealth under present conditions. Yet recent history shows that isolation under favorable circumstances can work wonders; witness the marvelous development of Japan. "How swift the growth may be if there be isolation, security, and teaching from without, Japan shows. Given these, and a nation may be born in a day. The United States, a nation, detached, could give Turkey isolation."

The Turk is a man and as an individual is rather a fine type of manhood; his sins are sins of the government, conceived not at all after the fashion of Western governments (not the Government of Turkey, but the government *in* Turkey) and sins of collective action. If a certain cosmopolitanism, a tendency to praise all races rather aggressively, be something of a pose with the widely read and widely travelled man of journalistic training, if provincialism comes to seem to him at last the unforgivable sin, there is little sign of bias from this cause in what Mr. Williams writes, and his intimate knowledge of the Turkish people gives weight and interest to all his words.

Of course, religion and religious institutions like polygamy complicate the problem. The Koran has been harmful to Turkey; the harem is harmful. But religious differences and prejudices are not very different from sources of intolerance that we understand better as being closer to us. The Turk is not a peculiar fanatic. "The Moslems feel about living under the rule of Christians exactly as southern whites do about living under the rule of negroes." From all this is fetched the argument that the United States as the only truly non-sectarian Power is alone fitted to undertake the rule of Turkey.

One of the most interesting and novel portions of Mr. Williams's treatise is that which describes the origin and history of the pasha system—really an odd device that has had curious consequences. This, while highly instructive in itself, supplies a new reason for American participation. "The revolution in Turkey raised to the rank of pasha men of high character, scholars of eminence, patriotic and able administrators. These are the hope of the empire and of all its races. They once constituted a party in favor of accepting and loyally supporting the supervision of the United States under a mandatory. If this were undertaken, the new administration could come in without a shock. This is the specific administrative reason why, if America assumed control, there would be no such resistance as a ruling class, a trained bureaucracy, factions, or fanatical elements can give."

Finally, Turkey, in common with all Asia is bankrupt—a state in some degree curable by modern organization. The causes are understandable and in a measure remediable. They are not merely laziness or incompetence or, one infers, procreative recklessness. The factory system in Europe swamped Asiatic industry. Modern transportation, the increase in ship tonnage, destroyed the usefulness of the old trade routes. The industrial revolution has proved in the end a boon to the West, but the East has not even had an industrial revolution. The people of Asia are "where we would be if cottage industries and town trades, weaver, spinner, joiner, cordwainer, tailor, smith, and

tanner, had been put out of business, and miner, farmer, and small shop-keeper had gone with them."

Like almost every book by a journalist, even a great journalist, Mr. Williams's discourse is a somewhat perplexing mixture of exposition, authoritative assertion, explanation of personal opinion, history, and argument. The author is somewhat given to bold, forthright statements: Another great war is certain. India is bound for self-government. Lincoln would have approved our acceptance of a mandate for Turkey. He lays a good deal of stress upon the fact that no country save Turkey has given an important cabinet post to a woman—a fact of the sort justly prized by the journalistic mind, but susceptible of many interpretations. He scorns niggling, has the air of writing fast, and frequently embodies in the middle of a paragraph a statement that would serve its purpose much better as a note at the foot of the page. He has written, however, an exceedingly informing, provocative, variously interesting, and reliable book about Turkey. He not only gives the facts, but contributes his ripe opinions of their importance. His case is logically complete. Only he fails to convince us that we should accept the trusteeship; he has not found the arguments to persuade the doubters, and may even confirm them in their doubts.

My Life Here and There. By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Speransky, *née* Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Probably no more entertaining reminiscences have been written in recent years by a native American woman than these by the former Julia Dent Grant, granddaughter of one of the three most prominent men in our annals. And this is remarkable because to a coldly critical eye there is in the story little that is of great significance or stimulus. But the charm of the narrative is great; and this is probably due to the fact that in all the subjects the author treats, from the last days of General Grant to the last court function at St. Petersburg she is so thoroughly and simply American. Adaptable, dauntless, glowing with enjoyment and good feeling, making ardent friends of cynical old diplomatists, conciliating without effort the Dowager Empress of Russia, tactfully subduing the too-devoted Crown Prince of Germany, awakening no spark of jealousy, the American woman goes her way through the most exclusive European circles, liked by everybody, not too critical to enjoy it all, and quietly triumphant. Need one say that the Grant blood does not permit of the too obsequious manner or the too admiring gesture, and that verve in the high-bred American does not imply a tiresome vivacity?

Really, most of the book is about dressing and dancing and court functions, and about people not too deeply analyzed, but its pictures are familiar and vivid, and as the story of a happy, successful life, a continuous victory of the American temperament over strange conditions, a sort of splendid vindication of the type we admire, it is in its naturalness, spontaneity and unconscious charm, almost unrivaled.

A Defense of Liberty. By the Honorable Oliver Brett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Democracy, like every other political device," writes the author of *A Defense of Liberty*—which is really a defense of Liberalism—"has two roads on which it may travel, backwards towards State control, or forwards toward individual liberty." Individual liberty, Mr. Brett apparently regards as a goal rather than a direction, if one may judge from the following passage: "Many people who are afraid of the damp never walk on the grass except when there is a notice forbidding them to do it. All decent men exceed the speed limit, and endeaver to elude the tax-collector. For the instinct of personal liberty is, fortunately for humanity, deeply ingrained in human nature." Such a pronouncement, when compared with the off-hand dictum that Julius Cæsar was almost certainly the greatest human being that ever lived, does not inspire confidence—even in a lifelong admirer of Cæsar!

The instinct of insubordination is, then, wholly good, and the instinct of submissiveness generally bad; and this is to be our touchstone. There is in this book hardly a trace of recognition of the idea that progress may be in the nature of a spiral in which humanity seems to move now forward and now backward, both conservative and liberal forces helping to determine the actual movement and its real direction. On the contrary, there must be no compromise between the two political forces. Though political history is simply the story of the long struggle for adjustment between liberty and government, the main thing is to be liberal.

Really, Mr. Brett's main idea is that Socialism is not progressive but reactionary. Curiously enough Mr. Hyndman uses the same argument—or, more specifically, the argument that Socialism is nothing new, but rather a return to primitive and formerly successful ways—as a justification of his creed. It would seem as if the controversial value of this half truth might by now be regarded as exhausted. Absolute State control is, of course, reactionary and pernicious, and one does not see to what else Socialism tends, but it is not true that everything not individualistic is reactionary; increased sympathy, increased coöperation for the good of all mankind—these things, however arrived at, are not reactionary but progressive. Similarly, in so far as Socialism involves sudden or rapid change, it is not conservative but radical.

In short, in talking about Conservatism, Liberalism, Radicalism, Socialism and the like, one is always in danger of merely playing with words. The terms—especially the vague pair, *Conservatism* and *Liberalism*—are scarcely subtle or definite enough to be useful in dealing with the facts. Thus, one finds in Mr. Brett's book chiefly platitudes, such as the statement that "Human development rather than national must be our political objective; laws and States exist merely for the purpose of increasing the private happiness of those who live under them and in them; they are not and cannot be ends in themselves"—and passages that imply sweeping conclusions, like one already quoted.

WILLOW POLLEN. By Jeannette Marks. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

A certain looseness of form in the new poetry certainly favors a freer release of sentiment and imagination, and gives, sometimes, a charming effect of naturalness and spontaneity. Whether this release makes on the whole for greater concentration and fineness of workmanship is another question.

However this may be, no one would be inclined to complain of looseness of form in the following lines—a favorable but not exceptional specimen of Miss Marks's poetry:

> The rain upon my roof is the rain of apple blossoms,
> At my feet the water willows stand knee-deep in rushes;
> A swaying mirror for the sun the lake swings and tips,
> Spilling broken drowsy shadows and silver leaves.
> In the willow pollen the bees hum;
> In the apple bloom the bees hum;
> Fluttering up like a begging hand
> The ash tree twirls its mystic seven-fold leaf,
> The thrush its song.

The more one dwells upon this passage, the more one perceives that it is a true picture. Beneath the purely literary magic of the lines, they bear the marks of verity. But the poem goes on—

> O beautiful world, what are you?
> And who made you?
> Are you no more than a fragrant dream,
> A jewelled crust of loam for sun to shine upon,
> A swaying mirror,
> Willow pollen,
> A twirling song,
> A crumbling leaf?

This is disappointing—an inexpensive kind of intellectual reverie, approaching banality.

It is a hard rule which requires that even lyric poetry should have, besides its personal touch, an element of the universal—and that this element should not be a mere abstraction or attenuation of thought or a mere enhancement of feeling, but a real insight—a distinctive way of thinking and feeling. But there appears to be no other way: poetry should make firm, indelible impressions, conveying thought in such a form that truth seems to suffer if a word be changed. Always a little too personal, Miss Marks's poetry never quite achieves this high distinction, tending to become merely rhapsodic at the point where real revelation ought to begin.

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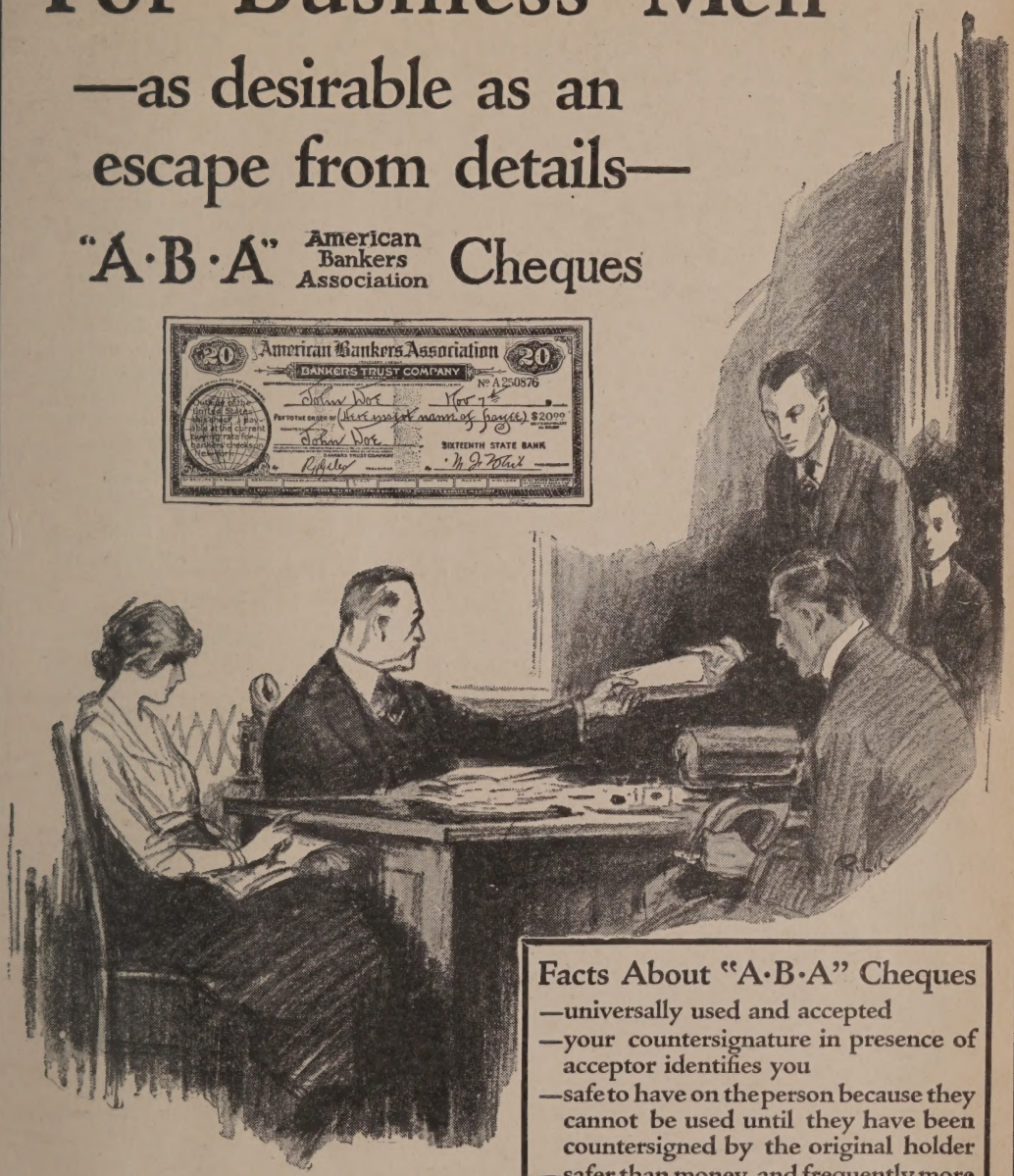

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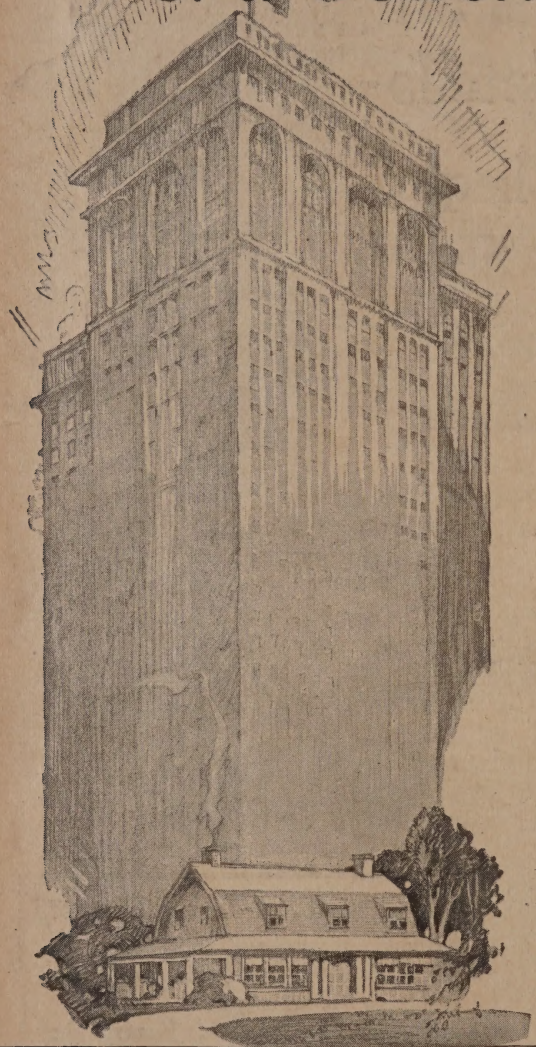

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Their Variety, Their Fitness, Their Value, with Reasons for Purchasing Them for Gifts

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

Holidays were made for books, not books for holidays. If, then, it be asked what mean we by Holiday Books, the answer is forthcoming. They are the books for which holidays are made. And if there be an exception to our rule, it is a small one, and is growing less. Like all Gaul, the realm of books may be divided into three parts; or, to adopt the latest version of the ancient text, it is a whole divided into three parts; analysis of which confirms our proposition.

The first part is the exception to the rule. It consists of books which are conceived, composed, written, illustrated, printed, published and further disposed of as holiday gift books, and nothing more; of which, kind Muses, may the tribe decrease! Indeed, already it is decreasing, toward the vanishing point. Rising in the days of "The Ladies' Wreath," "Friendship's Offering," and what not other bibliomorphic anomalies, attaining perihelion amid "Queen Anne" cottages and "Eastlake" furniture and plush lambrequins trimmed with macramé, such horrors haste now to their setting.

The second category comprises standard works of special interest, and perhaps in specially sumptuous editions, designed for gifts as well as for permanent additions to the libraries of true bibliophiles. Among them are books for old and for young; books of biography, of history and of travels; books on literature, music and art; newly written works and reprints of classics; precious in contents, splendid in illustration, handsome in binding; such as will enrich the season of holiday gift making and will no less be a lasting pleasure in all seasons to come.

The third part comprises all books that are worth writing, publishing, purchasing and reading. Every such book is, *ipsissimo facto*, a holiday book, fitted to be a holiday gift. Why not? You give at Christmas time an umbrella, a box of candy, a picture, an automobile. But you certainly would not give an umbrella which would not ward off the showers of June as well as the sleet of December, or candy that would not be fit to eat on the Fourth of July as well as at Christmas, or a picture that would not be beautiful beyond the limit of Twelfth Night, or an automobile that would not run save during the holidays. Precisely so is it, or should it be, with books. The standard works of genuine merit, good for reading at any time, they are the best holiday gifts.

So, then, we repeat our initial proposition. Holidays are made for books, not books for holidays. That is to say, the holidays give the special opportunity, suggestion, incitement, to the purchaser and giver, and also, let us hope, to the reader, of books, while the books, which are made for all times and seasons, merely—and that to a very limited extent—adapt themselves to and take advantage of the opportunity.

We say that they adapt themselves thus to only a limited extent, because there is no need of more. They are already adapted to the occasion. For we may confidently declare that of all conceivable holiday gifts books are, on the whole, the most desirable, satisfactory and commendable. That is, for one thing, because of their almost infinite variety, which adapts them to every purse and to every taste. There are those who cannot afford to make Christmas presents of diamonds and emeralds, and there are those who would scorn to give merely a box of candy or a pair of gloves. But the giver of limited means can for the price of the box of candy or the pair of gloves give a thoroughly worthy and attractive book, which will be a far more lasting and more precious possession than they, while even the cost of diamonds or emeralds may also be paid for books which in contents and form and in beneficence to the recipient will be abundantly worth the expenditure.

Mark, too, oh, most practical of Americans, the convenience of book giving, particularly to him or to her who has many holiday remembrances to bestow. The intending Christmas giver wonders what to give this one and that one. "I gave her gloves last year;" "I don't believe he would care for a smoking set;" and so on. Why, the common testimony is that the hardest part of holiday present making is the deciding what to give. But if we choose books the problem is solved. "Avaunt, perplexity!"

For let it not be objected that we are thus merely incurring another question, "What books shall I give?" That is a trifling, a negligible, problem. Note the innumerable aids to its solution, nay, the ready-made solutions, which are freely offered. . . . Nor is it necessary always to select a book to suit precisely some individual taste, because there are many of the best books of all kinds which are universal in their appeal. They should be read by everybody, just as everybody should carry handkerchiefs and wear gloves. We knew a very clever woman who had forty presents to make one Christmas, and who just got forty copies of a single book and distributed them—with the result that forty recipients were mightily pleased!

As for the pretence that some people do not care for books, and that therefore gifts of books would be unsuitable for them, away with it! Everybody in the world ought to care for books; and if there are some who do not, why that is a perfectly convincing reason why books ought to be given to them, to be a rebuke to them, and, perchance, to rescue them from the error of their ways.

Wherefore all ye who would commemorate the holidays with the making of gifts, listen to the voice of wisdom. Give books; and again, give books; and yet again, give books! Give books to the bibliophile, because he loves them. Give books to the bibliophobe, because he ought to love them. Give books even to the bibliotaphe, until by the very plethora of his shelves he is constrained to share his treasures with others. Saith the Preacher that of making many books there is no end? Then we reply that of making many gifts there is no end. And saith not Euclid that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other? Therefore books and gifts are equal to each other: *Quod erat demonstrandum!*

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LONDON OF THE FUTURE. By The London Society, Under the Editorship of Sir Aston Webb, K.C.V.O., C.B., P.R.A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. ($15.00)

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MOLTKE. By Lt.-Col. F. E. Whitton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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EDGE OF THE JUNGLE. By William Beebe. New York: Henry Holt and Company ($2.50)

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Democracy

"—of the people, by the people, for the people"

People of every walk of life, in every state in the Union, are represented in the ownership of the Bell Telephone System. People from every class of telephone users, members of every trade, profession and business, as well as thousands of trust funds, are partners in this greatest investment democracy which is made up of the more than 175,000 stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

If this great body of people clasped hands they would form a line more than 150 miles long. Marching by your door, it would take more than 48 hours of ceaseless tramping for the line to pass.

This democracy of Bell telephone owners is greater in number than the entire population of one of our states; and more than half of its owners are women.

There is one Bell telephone shareholder for every 34 telephone subscribers. No other great industry has so democratic a distribution of its shares; no other industry is so completely owned by the people it serves. In the truest sense, the Bell System is an organization "of the people, by the people, for the people."

It is, therefore, not surprising that the Bell System gives the best and cheapest telephone service to be found anywhere in the world.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

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